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THE author of these pages tells us that they 'were written during a few short intervals of leisure, which he has employed rather in deriving instruction and amusement from the works of others, than in attempting to afford either by his own.' He adds, that 'some of his letters had already been published without his knowledge; and that others of them might probably appear hereafter, when he could no longer correct them.' There needed no apology for publishing any part of this volume. With the greater number of the pieces in *verse* which it includes we have for years been familiar; but the form in which these were originally printed must have prevented their circulation from equalling their merits. The new poems are not unworthy of the author's taste; and his prose, to us entirely new, is certainly honourable to him in every respect. We have seldom seen so much wisdom, wit, knowledge of the world, and sound criticism, comprised in so small a space, or expressed in a more nervous and graceful style. The moral tone is throughout delightful: we have constantly before us a pure and generous nature—the warm sympathies, and the calm happiness, of a heart and mind that have come unwithered and unshrunk through the passions of youth and the cares of manhood. As the writer has dated several of his pieces from *Fredley Farm*, he cannot mean to conceal his name; and in mentioning that of Mr. Richard Sharp, we do enough to excite the curiosity of all who have known any thing of the most distinguished society of this metropolis during the last half century. Old enough to have been the friend of Burke and Johnson, may he long continue to be the instructor and ornament this our third generation,—for we cannot but think of the great bard's introduction of Nestor—

It is impossible to close this volume without regretting—though not perhaps on account of its author himself—that, with so strong a passion for letters, habits of reflection and composition so early formed, and so many opportunities of observation, he should have published so little as he has done. No one can doubt that but for the possession of external advantages and allurements, Mr. Sharp might have long ere now earned a name and place in English literature hardly inferior to what have been achieved by any of his friends. As it is, however, he has done enough to secure himself with posterity against the fate of so many distinguished table-talkers. When dozens and dozens of persons who have put forth books upon books, and been puffed by themselves or their gossips into contemporary notoriety, shall be as entirely forgotten as the lowest heroes of the Dunciad would have been by this time, had they not attracted the killing but preserving touch of Pope's caustic—these "*Letters and Essays*" will survive in the station to which their modest author has limited his ambition.

With a book of this kind—for the prose part, that is, much the greater part of it, belongs in fact to the class of *ana*—reviewers have little choice as to their manner of dealing. We affect no more than to justify our general recommendation by a few extracts, selecting, of course, passages in which the traces of the author's peculiar caste of thought or expression seem to us to be especially marked.

Among the earliest *Letters*, we find the following, addressed to Henderson, the actor, on a remarkable occasion—the *debut* of John Kemble on the London boards. Who can read it without being astonished at the precision with which this gifted observer prophesied, at first sight, the outline of our great tragedian's whole career!

"*London, 1785.*—I went, as I promised, to see the new '*HAMLET*,' whose provincial fame had excited your curiosity as well as mine. There has not been such a first appearance since yours: yet Nature, though she has been bountiful to him in figure and feature, has denied him a voice—of course he could not exemplify his own direction for the players to

Τὸ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μάλιστα γλῶσσης εἶναι αὐτοῦ.

Τὸ δ' αὖθις αὐτὸν γλῶσσαι μετέωρον ἀνέβλεπον

Ἐπὶ δ' αὖτ' ἐπὶ πρὸς αὐτὰν αὐτὰν αὐτὰν αὐτὰν

Ἐν Πόλει ἐπὶ αὐτῇ—ΜΕΤΑ ΔΕ ΤΡΙΤΑ ΤΟΙΣΙΝ ΑΝΑΞΕΝ.

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'speak the speech trippingly on the tongue,' and now and then he was as deliberate in his delivery as if he had been reading prayers, and had waited for the response. He is a very handsome man, almost tall and almost large, with features of a sensible, but fixed and tragic caste; his action is graceful, though somewhat formal—which you will find it hard to believe, yet it is true. Very careful study appears in all he says and all he does; but there is more singularity and ingenuity than simplicity and fire. Upon the whole, he strikes me rather as a finished French performer, than as a varied and vigorous English actor; and it is plain he will succeed better in heroic than in natural and passionate tragedy. Excepting in serious parts, I suppose he will never put on the sock.

"You have been so long without a 'brother near the throne,' that it will perhaps be serviceable to you to be obliged to bestir yourself in Hamlet, Macbeth, Lord Townley, and Maskwell; but in Lear, Richard, Falstaff, and Benedict, you have nothing to fear, notwithstanding the known fickleness of the public, and its love of novelty. I think I have heard you remark (what I myself have observed in the History of the Stage) that periodical changes have taken place in the taste of the audience, or at least in the manner of the great performers. Sometimes the natural and spirited mode has prevailed, and then the dignified and declamatory. Betterton, eminent both in comedy and tragedy, appears to have been an instance of the first. Then came Booth and Quin, who were admired for the last. Garrick followed, restoring or re-inventing the best manner, which you have also adopted so fortunately and successfully. Mr. Kemble will be compelled, by the hoarse monotony of his voice, to rely upon the conventional stateliness that distinguished Garrick's predecessors, which is now carried to inimitable perfection by his accomplished sister."—pp. 16—18.

We have only to observe, that Mrs. Siddons outgrew, though John Kemble never did, this 'conventional stateliness,' and was, as we recollect her, the most natural and passionate, as well as the most majestic of performers. Kean's ambition, of course, was, in adherence to the law of change mentioned by our author, to play Garrick to Kemble's Quin; and, probably, our next great tragedian will affect the Roman grandeur again. The *interregnum* has now lasted so long, that many people have given up all hope—but we cannot even yet part with the pleasing dream of seeing Macbeth and Hamlet again before we die. But enough of the stage—let us come to the real business of life.

From a very interesting and affectionate series of letters "to a young friend," dated in 1806-1809, we must take several specimens. The first is part of a letter to the young man when at Cambridge: we doubt if many young men will listen to the doctrine it sets out with; but we are quite sure no old man will refuse his *hear*!—

"Lukily you have not to overcome the disadvantage of expecting to inherit from your father an income equal to your reasonable desires; for though it may have the air of a paradox, yet it is truly a serious disadvantage when a young man, going to the bar, is sufficiently provided for.

'Vitam facit beatiorum

Res non parva, sed relicta.'

says Martial, but not wisely; and no young man should believe him. The Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, 'Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession.' In your case I have no doubts but such as arise from my having observed that, perhaps, you sometimes may have relied rather too much on the quickness of your talents, and too little on diligent study. Pardon me for owning this, and attribute my frankness to my regard. It is unfortunate when a man's intellectual and his moral character are not suited to each other. The horses in a carriage should go the same pace and draw in the same direction, or the motion will be neither pleasant nor safe.

"Bonaparte has remarked of one of his marshals, 'that he had a military genius, but had not intrepidity enough in the field to execute his own plans;' and of another he said, 'He is as brave as his sword' but he wants judgment and resources: neither,' he added, 'is to be trusted with a great command.' This want of harmony between the talents and the temperament is often found in private life; and wherever found, it is the fruitful source of faults and sufferings. *Perhaps there are few less happy than those who are ambitious without industry; who pant for the prize, but will not run the race.* Now, this defect, whether arising from indolence or from timidity, is far from being incurable. It may, at least in part, be remedied by frequently reflecting on the endless encouragements to exertion held out by our own experience and by example.

'C'est des difficultés que naissent les miracles.'

"It is not every calamity that is a curse, and *early* adversity especially is often a blessing. Perhaps Madame de Maintenon would never have mounted a throne had not her cradle been rocked in a prison, Surmounted obstacles not only teach, but hearten us in our future struggles; for virtue must be learnt, though unfortunately some of the vices come, as it were, by inspiration. The austerities of our northern climate are thought to be the cause of our abundant comforts; as our wintry nights and our stormy seas have given us a race of seamen, perhaps unequalled, and certainly not surpassed, by any in the world.

"'Mother,' said a Spartan lad going to battle, 'my sword is too short.'—'Add a step to it,' she replied: but it must be owned that this was advice to be given only to a Spartan boy. They should not be thrown into the water who cannot swim: I know your buoyancy, and I have no fears of your being drowned."—pp. 24—27.

Again he writes to the same favoured person:—

"There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance. A passionate desire and an unwearied will can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and the feeble. *If we do but go on, some unseen path will open among the hills.* We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by the apparent disproportion between the result of single efforts and the magnitude of the obsta-

cles to be encountered. Nothing good nor great is to be obtained without courage and industry; but courage and industry must have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had nicely compared the effect of a single stroke of the chisel with the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled. All exertion, too, is in itself delightful, and active amusements seldom tire us. Helvetius owns that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours, though he could play on an instrument all day long. The chase, we know, has always been the favourite amusement of kings and nobles. Not only fame and fortune, but pleasure is to be earned. Efforts, it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. The globe is not to be circumnavigated by one wind. We should never do nothing. 'It is better to wear out than to rust out,' says Bishop Cumberland. 'There will be time enough for repose in the grave,' said Nicole to Pascal.

"As a young man, you should be mindful of the unspeakable importance of early industry, since in youth habits are easily formed, and there is time to recover from defeats. An Italian sonnet justly, as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river and is lost in the sea. The toils as well as risks of an active life are commonly overrated, so much may be done by the diligent use of ordinary opportunities; but they must not always be waited for. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike it till 'it is made hot.' Herschel, the great astronomer, declares that ninety or one hundred hours, clear enough for observations, cannot be called an unproductive year.

"The lazy, the dissipated, and the fearful should patiently see the active and the bold pass them in the course. They must bring down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble, and should not vainly hope to unite the incompatible enjoyments of indolence and enterprise, of ambition and self-indulgence. I trust that my young friend will never attempt to reconcile them."—pp. 28-30.

We are afraid a great many of Mr. Sharp's "young friends" have, to his sorrow, and the curse of their country, made the attempt he here denounces. Posterity will note with admiration the audacious and successful ambition of our shallow and voluptuous states-boys and states-dandies. What insects have been allowed to eat away the heart of oak!

To a "law-student," smitten with a premature ambition for a seat in parliament, Mr. Sharp writes as follows, in 1817:—

"The House of Commons is so different a body in its construction and in its purposes from any, either ancient or modern, that its idioms, both of thought and of language, must be caught before a man can talk in such a manner, or even understood. It is a place of serious business; and all ostentation, if perceptible, is ridiculous. Perhaps one or two individuals may be tolerated, and allowed to amuse, merely by ornament or by wit and humour; but an attempt to succeed in this way is ruinous to a new member. It is unfortunately necessary to have something to say,

and facts or striking arguments the House will always listen to, though delivered in any terms, however homely, or with any accent, however provincial. Speeches also for constituents are heard with indulgence, if not too frequent nor too long; but debate, real debate, is the characteristic eloquence of the House; and be assured, that the India-house, a vestry, a committee, and other meetings of business, are far better preparatory schools for parliament than debating societies are. In these latter, self-possession and fluency may be learnt; but vicious habits of declamation, and of hunting for applause, are too often formed. I remember being told, that in the first meetings of a society at a public school, two or three evenings were consumed in debating whether the floor should be covered with a sail-cloth or a carpet; and I have no doubt that better practice was gained in these important discussions than in those that soon followed on liberty, slavery, passive obedience, and tyrannicide. It has been truly said, that *nothing is so unlike a battle as a review*.

"As an illustration of this spirit of serious business, I must mention a quality which, presupposing great talents and great knowledge, must always be uncommon, but which makes an irresistible impression on a public assembly of educated men—I mean the merit of stating the question in debate fairly; and I mean it as an oratorical, and not merely as a moral, superiority. Any audience, but especially an educated and impatient audience, listens, with a totally different kind and degree of attention to a speaker of this character, and to one who, tempted by the dangerous facility of a feebler practice, either alters, or weakens, or exaggerates the language and sentiments of his adversary.

"Mr. Fox was an illustrious example of this honestest, best, and bravest manner: nay, sometimes he stated the arguments of his opponents so advantageously, that his friends have been alarmed lest he should fail to answer them. His great rival formerly, and another accomplished orator now living, have seldom ventured on this hazardous candour. In truth, the last-mentioned possesses too many talents; for, *betrayed by his singular powers of declamation and of sarcasm, he often produces more admiration than conviction, and rarely delivers an important speech without making an enemy for life*. Had he been a less man, he would be a greater speaker and a better leader in a popular assembly."—pp. 43-46.

Mr. Sharp's criticism on the late Mr. Canning was as just, at that period of his career, as it is tersely expressed. Mr. Canning, at a subsequent stage, the happiest one of his political life, had overcome in great measure the propensity here alluded to; but it returned on him, with more than even juvenile violence, during the two or three seasons of jealousy, suspicion, and on his part, we fear, of unworthy intrigues, that preceded the breaking up of Lord Liverpool's cabinet—and would have, of itself, been enough to turn into gall and wormwood the few tempestuous months of Mr. Canning's own premiership. Mr. Pitt is reported to have said of Mr. Canning, at a very early period of their acquaintance, "That young man might do any thing, if he would but go straight to his mark;" and this was not less true of him as an orator than as a politician. He was a man

of rare genius—and he possessed many amiable and even noble feelings; but there was, we are sorry to say, one great and incurable defect in his mind: he had not that high instinctive integrity without which no talents however brilliant, no impulses however generous, can win entire respect. It was said of him, with bitter spleen, but not without something like truth, by one who lived to “stick his knees in his back,”—“Canning can never be a gentleman for more than three hours at a time.” From Mr. Sharp’s opinion as to that infinitely greater man, Pitt himself, we must dissent. We venture to say, that every real argument that ever was advanced by the anti-national party during his government may be found fairly and honestly stated, as well as completely answered and refuted, in his parliamentary speeches, even as we now have them. But to return to our text:—

“It is not without something misgiving that I perceive with how much more interest you talk of parliament than of chancery. It is very usual and very natural to prefer the former. Let me entreat you to consider well. I have heard one of the ablest and most efficient men in this country (actually at the time the chosen leader of the opposition, enjoying the fame of such a situation, and looking forwards, doubtless, to high office) own, more than once, with much emotion, that he had made a fatal mistake in preferring parliament to the bar. At the bar he well knew that he must have risen to opulence and to rank, and he bitterly regretted having forsaken his lawful wife, the profession, for that fascinating but impoverishing harlot, politics.

“If you should abandon your Penelope and your home for Calypso, remember that I told you of the advice given, in my hearing, at different times to a young lawyer, by Mr. Windham, and by Mr. Horne Tooke—not to look for a seat till he had pretensions to be made solicitor.”—pp. 46, 47.

The last rule must now be modified. The aspiring lawyer must henceforth be admonished not to look for the solicitor-generalship until he has more than pretensions to a seat.

From another letter to the same “law-student” we transcribe some paragraphs:—

“Satirical writers and talkers are not so clever as they think themselves, nor as they are thought to be. They do winnow the corn, ’tis true, but ’tis to feed upon the chaff. I am sorry to add, that they who are always speaking ill of others, are also very apt to be doing ill to them. It requires some talent and some generosity to find out talent and generosity in others; though nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults. It is much easier for an ill-natured than for a good-natured man to be smart and witty—

‘S’il n’eût mal parlé de personne.
On n’eût jamais parlé de lui.’

“The most gifted men that I have known have been the least addicted to depreciate either friends or foes.—Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Fox were always more inclined to overrate them. Your shrewd, sly, evil-speaking fellow is generally a shallow personage, and frequently he is as venomous and as false when he flatters, as when he reviles—he seldom praises John but to vex Thomas.

“Do not, pray do not! ‘sit in the seat of the scorner,’ whose nature it is to sneer at every thing but impudent vice and successful crime. By these he is generally awed and silenced. Are these poor heartless creatures to be envied? Can you think that the Duc de Richelieu was a happier man than Fenelon!—or Dean Swift than Bishop Berkely?”—pp. 53-55.

These are wise words—most of them. There is, we believe, no human being of real capacity whose opinions of his fellow-creatures, both of their moral qualities and their intellectual powers, do not grow more and more favourable as he advances in life. But we cannot think Mr. Sharp was entitled to speak of Swift as he here does. The dean was not certainly a man “to be envied”—he had in him from his birth the seeds of the insanity in which, as he himself foresaw and foretold, he was to end; but a “heartless creature” he was not. He was a morbid genius; and he resented injuries, and lashed quackery, with a demoniacal zeal; but he was a warm and steadfast friend, a most kind and generous master, and in his native character as pure and dignified as either Fenelon or Berkely—whose talents put together and doubled would not have made the tithe of his. Rioting in his own wit, in such pieces as Gulliver, he appears to have no sympathy with mankind—but consider the facts of his life, or read his inimitable letters, the best in our language, and you will do justice to the inborn manliness and steady benevolence of Swift. That terrible epitaph of his on himself is flanked in St. Patrick’s by a most touching one to the memory of an old servant! They who spend their lives in trying to make themselves appear worse, must at least be preferred to those who are always passing themselves off for better than they are. Mr. Sharp well says, at p. 61—

“Oh! it is very easy to cherish, like Sterne, the sensibilities that lead to no sacrifices and to no inconvenience. Most of those that are so vain of their fine feelings are persons loving themselves very dearly, and having a violent regard for their fellow-creatures in general, though caring little or nothing for the individuals about them. Of sighs and tears they are profuse, but niggardly of their money and their time. Montaign speaks of a man as extraordinary “Quiait des opinions supercélestes, sans avoir des mœurs souterreines.”—pp. 50-61.

Another letter to the same young gentleman begins as follows:—

“If your low spirits arise from bodily illness (as is often the case) you must consult Dr. Baillie. I can do nothing for you. Perhaps you should fast a little, and walk and ride. But if they are caused by disappointment, by impatience, or by calamity, you can do much for yourself. The well-known worn-out topics of consolation and of encouragement are become trite, *because they are reasonable*; and you will soon be cured, if you stendily persevere in a course of moral alternatives. You have no right to be dispirited, possessing as you do all that one of the greatest as well as oldest sages has declared to be the only requisites for happiness—a sound mind, a sound body, and a competence.

“An anxious, restless temper, that runs to meet care on his way, that regrets lost opportunities too

much, and that is over-painstaking in contrivance for happiness, is foolish, and should not be indulged.

'On doit être heureux sans trop penser à l'être'

"If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humour are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head or in his hand. Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases. I cannot help seeing that you are dissatisfied with your occupation, and that you think yourself unlucky in having been destined to take it up, before you were old enough to choose for yourself. Do not be too sure that you would have chosen well. I somewhere met with an observation, which, being true, is important—that in a masquerade, where people assume what characters they like, 'how ill they often play them!' Many parts are probably preferred for the sake of dress; and do not many young men enter into the navy or army, that they may wear a sword and a handsome uniform, and be acceptable partners at a ball? Vanity is hard-hearted, and insists upon wealth, rank and admiration. Even so great a man as Prince Eugene owned (after gaining a useless victory) that 'on travaille trop pour la Gazette.' Such objects or pursuits are losing their value every day, and you must have observed that rank gives now but little precedence, except in a procession.

"But I am really ashamed even to hint at such endless and obvious commonplaces, and I shall only repeat the remark, which seems to have struck you—that in all the professions, high stations seem to come down to us, rather than that we have got up to them. But you, forsooth, are too sensible to be ambitious; and you are, perhaps, only disheartened by some unforeseen obstacles to reasonable desires. Be it so! but this will not justify, nor even excuse, dejection. Untoward accidents will sometimes happen; but, after many, many years of thoughtful experience, I can truly say, that nearly all those who began life with me have succeeded or failed, as they deserved. 'Faber quique fortunæ proprius.' Ill fortune at your age is often good for us, both in teaching and in bracing the mind; and even in our later days it may be often turned to advantage, or overcome. Besides—trifling precautions will often prevent great mischiefs; as a slight turn of the wrist parries a mortal thrust."—pp. 48-50.

In the foregoing passage there is much that deserves reflection. Mr. Sharp, however, wrote this letter in 1817, and then assuredly there was no approach to truth in Mr. Sharp's dictum that "rank now gives little precedence except in a procession!" When that is the case, the hour of processions (except those of the Unionists) will be very near its close. Far down beyond 1817 rank has continued to be of enormous importance in our country; so much so, that, without it, it has been the most difficult thing in the world for any one to do much serious mischief in any department of public life. And it is ex-

actly this cant of the day, into which Mr. Sharp has for once given, about the nothingness of rank, that has so turned the heads of many of Mr. Sharp's "young friends," and made them, taking the homage paid to their rank for the honest tribute to their talents, indulge such egregious self-esteem and self-confidence, and convert their own rank into the lever for upturning the whole system to which that rank belongs. The men of no rank may now abide their time; they may now indeed possess their souls in patience, well knowing that the great blow has been struck—that the felled tree may put out buds and leaves for a spring or so, but will make no more timber; and that even at this hour, had the reformed constituencies sent one single young plebeian, of desperate fortunes, genius, and courage, into parliament, Lord John Russell would no more have thought of taking precedence of him in a procession, than of Mr. Gully in a prize-ring, or of Mr. Ducrow, who will, we hope, be the next member for Lambeth, in a circus.

Another passage in our last quotation is not quite so clear as we could have wished. "In all the professions," says Mr. Sharp, "high stations seem to come down to us, rather than that we have got up to them." We think we could point out instances in which persons have mounted into very lofty stations by means of very long and very dirty ladders, and afterwards, indeed, made these high stations come down—not to, but with them.

In one of his Essays we find Mr. Sharp returning to the subject of rank—the Essay bears no date, and may therefore be of 1834:—

"In De Rulhiere's Anecdotes of the Revolution in Russia, there is a short story exemplifying that decay of the ancient respect for rank, and that growth of a regard for wealth so observable of late in most parts of the world. Odart, a Piedmontese conspirator for Catharine, used to say, "I see there is no regard for any thing but money, and money I will have. I would go this night and set fire to the palace for money; and when I had got enough, I would retire to my own country and there live like an honest man." More than once the empress offered him a title: "No, madam, I thank you," said Odart; "money, money, if you please." He did get money, went to Nice, and there he is said to have lived as became a gentleman."

We really cannot see so much reason to wonder at a Piedmontese adventurer's preferring Russian gold to such a nothing as a Russian title; but Mr. Sharp evidently means to strike home, and giving him all credit for sincerity, we must humbly observe, that as far as we have seen, the persons in this country who talk the most contemptuously of rank are often those who would be the most apt to leap over the table for the least rag of for themselves. He will perhaps answer, that this is the case simply because rank hitherto has commanded among us 'money or money's worth'—that the fire-new coronet has had its price on Cornhill, &c. &c. This is a controversy into which we shall not at present enter. As to the high respect of our time for wealth itself, there can be no doubt. Wherever it appears, it has Flattery kissing the dust before it, and (though Mr. Sharp may fancy that the revolutionary spirit of the age aims only at rank)—envy whetting the knife behind. He proceeds in this

tone—which we fancy will amuse posterity, in a volume published in the year 1834.

"Since this over-estimate of wealth is almost universal, it can be no wonder that the rich are so vain and the poor so envious. I know that it is only repeating the tritest of commonplaces to observe that both exaggerate its advantages.

*'Je lis au front de ceux qu'un vain faste environne,
Qua la Fortune vend ce qu'on croit qu'elle donne.'*

"It must, however, be owned, that the greatest are willing enough to consider the humblest as their fellow-creatures, when they stand in need of their help. A prince in danger of being drowned would not wonder at being saved by the humanity of a common sailor; and a general, before a battle, addresses his 'brave fellow-soldiers.' Indeed many persons do the poor the honour of expecting them to be spotless. *Too often is it deemed a good excuse for refusing them alms, that they have failings like our own.*

"There are many advantages in this variety of conditions, one of which is boasted of by a divine, who rejoices that, between both classes, 'all the holidays of the church are properly kept, since the rich observe the feasts, and the poor observe the fasts.' To be more serious—it is fortunate for the Christian world that our public worship tends at once to abase the proud, and to uplift the dejected; while a similar effect results in a free country from its elections, where the haughtiest are obliged to go hat in hand begging favours from the lowest. Nor should the lofty be ashamed, for it has so happened that the best benefactors of the human race have been poor men: such as Socrates and Epaminondas; such as many of the illustrious Romans—and the inspired founders of our faith."—pp. 73-75.

We confess that we have extracted these sentences with some feeling of doubt and wonder. They are not from a letter to some nameless stripling, but from an Essay to the English public. Can Mr. Sharp seriously think it necessary to remind bearded men that poverty has often been found in companionship with the highest genius and the purest virtue? This is an academic flourish, surely. It might have been a fair stroke, if Mr. Sharp had stood for reformed Calne, to spout from the hustings, that if Socrates and St. Peter had lived in our day, they would have owed their elective franchise to Lord Durham; but some Unionist would have been ready to answer, that Diogenes could never have taken rank as a ten-pounder.

We forget the name of the ingenious Frenchman who wrote a clever and amusing book to prove that no change in any man's external circumstances (barring the case of absolute indigence) can alter the individual's essential feelings of comfort and happiness for more than three months; but that little volume, read many years ago, made an impression on ourselves which can never be obliterated, and which all subsequent experience has confirmed and deepened. Mr. Sharp, as it seems to us, considers the whole of this matter too much *en millionnaire*—he thinks only of the very rich and the very poor. He enters into none of the delicate pains and struggles of the classes between. He passes abruptly from his own domestic luxury to the beggar crawling by his window. There is, however, truth and good feeling in the passage we are about to quote: it will remind many of our readers

of what Robert Burns said as to the misery of a poor father's death bed.

"When a child is taken from an opulent mother, she comforts herself by saying, 'I thank God that all that could be done has been done to save it;' but the grief of the poor woman is heightened into agony by the belief that a physician and proper attendance might have preserved her little one. Such thoughts are the harder to bear, because the social affections of the needy are necessarily cherished by the habit of doing those humble services to each other which are rendered to the rich by their menials; and perhaps this necessity alone may counteract the inevitable, and, therefore, pardonable selfishness arising from scanty subsistence."—pp. 77, 78.

We must, however, take leave to observe here, that in London and in all our great towns, thanks to the high and generous tone of feeling hitherto characteristic of the medical profession in this kingdom, the poorest have easy access to the best medical advice as well as surgical assistance—*gratis*. No man of eminence in any walk of the profession, but admits, for a certain part of every day, patients from whom no remuneration can be expected: no operation but what is daily performed with consummate skill on our paupers. This is, perhaps, the only advantage that the poor of towns have over those of the country—but it is a great one.*

The passages we are next to quote occur in another of Mr. Sharp's Essays, undated, but entitled "On Political Agitations." We conceive there can be little doubt that this is a very recent production: how it may be received at Brooke's is another question.

"A French gentleman said to Monsieur Colbert—'You found the state-carriage overturned on one side, and you have overturned it on the other.' This was

* We cannot resist the temptation to quote a short passage from an excellent pamphlet lately published on "The Medical Profession in England." We recommend it to the candid attention of Lord Durham and Mr. Warburton:

"Let it be supposed, according to the cry of the present day, or, to express it more justly, according to the leading feeling in the minds of many, that there should be free trade in every thing; free trade in the sale of the products of the mind as well as of bodily labour. Now if this doctrine be applied to the profession of physic, the argument may be familiarly illustrated in the following manner. The first difficulty that presents itself is, that the purchasers of the articles are no judges of it; they must buy upon confidence therefore; and confidence is an ingredient that always enhances the price of a commodity, as is observed in trade, where a dealer in good articles must have a remuneration for their worth, proportionate to the character he bears for supplying no bad materials. Experience has taught mankind, that it is safer and cheaper to deal with such persons in all articles of which purchasers are not perfect judges, than to go to those who profess to sell cheap. The common reason of the world teaches, that, where honesty in tradesmen is equal, cheap articles must be inferior; the proverb that *cheap fish stinks* is universally applicable. Now, suppose that the practice of physic be reduced to a mere trade for lucre, and it is not difficult to conceive this; nay, it is the inevitable consequence of bringing all the present denominations of practitioners under one head, and giving them all equal rank. If the man who has studied several years in an university, and qualified himself with every accomplishment which the best education this country affords, is to be upon the level of a five-years apprenticed apothecary, who has lived behind a shop-board, mixed up and dispensed medicines ac-

probably untrue, but it must be confessed that there is always some danger of destroying institutions by unskilful or violent changes. A conflagration may be extinguished without a deluge. It is not only hard to distinguish between too little and too much, but between the good and evil intentions of the different reformers. *One man calls out 'Fire!' that he may save the house; another, that he may run away with the furniture.* I am inclined to believe, that in revolutions more harm is done by hurry and self-conceit than by mischievous purposes. Very few indeed should presume to lay their hands on the Ark, but—'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;' and unluckily, 'A down-hill reformation rolls apace.' When honest men infer from their desire to do good, that they have the knowledge and talents requisite to govern wisely, it is incalculable what evil-doers they may innocently become! What an eternal shock of purposes where each man pursues his own crude schemes, with all the obstinacy of self-satisfied integrity!"

"Gradual improvements are not only safer but better than sudden ones, and more, much more, may be learnt from their example, when well recorded; but history is addicted to dwell on the latter, and rarely investigates the former. Their effects, also, are more permanent and more extensive; *anarchy being only*

cording to the order of his master, attended as many lectures as may enable him to pass an examination, and to be licensed as soon as he has attained the limited age; why, then, in a few years there will be none but the lower order of practitioners. No man will either pass through the labour, or be at the expense of a better education, if he is neither to have superior station nor superior emolument. Conceive, then, the condition of gentlemen in the profession to be at an end, and the business of physic to have become a mere trade, in which there is a competition of tradesmen to supply the article of advice (and, let it be remembered, in the most anxious and dangerous conditions of life) at the cheapest rate. Bear in mind also, that the article sold to you is one of which you are no judge: what happens? The informed and educated man, if such remain in existence, having become a mere trader, at once makes the best market of his article that he can, and having no longer any feeling of professional character, deals with his patients as he would do upon a bargain of TIMBER or of COALS. Fears, anxieties, distressed feelings of relations, the miseries of sickness to the sufferer, are ample opportunities for making great bargains with individuals. A person of reputation for the cure of diseases under this free-trade system would not only have no scruples, but would think he did not do himself justice if he forbore to take advantage of such opportunities; as he who dealt in TIMBER or in COALS would avail himself of the rise in the market to sell his goods. This is but a short hint at the evils of such a change—add to them another. The charitable assistance which is afforded by all branches of the profession to the poor, or to persons in indifferent circumstances, would at once be stopped. For that high character for benevolence which has been cultivated in the profession of physic from the commencement of the institution of THE COLLEGE, and has, by the example afforded been diffused to all branches of medical practitioners, and raised the whole of the profession to a higher state and condition in England than in any other country in Europe,—will be lost. Each individual will consider that his advice and medicine is his stock in trade against such competition as will not allow him to dispose of any of it in charity, lest he lose his daily bread. The probable result of such a state of things, or of any change approaching to it, would be that the lowest orders of society would be worse off than at present, the middle and upper ranks imposed upon, and obtain assistance in their calamities at an exorbitant price.

the stakeholder for tyranny. There is, besides, something more terrible to the imagination in the disorderly violence of the multitude, than in the organized oppressions of a despot; something more hideous in myriads of reptiles, than in a gigantic beast of prey. If there were no alternative but either the absolute government of St. Giles' or of St. James', who, in his senses, could hesitate a moment which to prefer?"

If the author had affixed a date to his Essay, we should have been enabled to guess whether what follows was or was not meant as a *per contra* to the foregoing:—

"Besides its other innumerable benefits, a really representative government has the advantage of exempting individual persons from the necessity of becoming political agitators; and, by increasing the competition while it diminishes the rewards, it lessens the number of those who can be advanced in reputation or in fortune by office. The young people of this country, in every rank, from a peer's son to a street-sweeper's, are drawn aside from a praiseworthy exertion in honest callings, by having their eyes directed to the public treasure. The rewards of persevering industry are too slow for them, too small, and too insipid. They fondly trust to the great lottery, although the wheel contains so many blanks and so few prizes; hoping that their ticket may be drawn a place, a pension, or a contract—a living, or a stall—a ship, or a regiment—a seat on the bench, or the great seal. It is, indeed, most humiliating to witness the indecent scramble that is always going on for these prizes, the highest born and best educated rolling in the dirt, to pick them up, just as the lowest of the mob do for the shillings or the pence thrown among them by a successful candidate at a contested election."—pp. 90-93.

Are we to understand by "a really representative government," the government of this country as likely to be carried on under the operation of the Durham and Russell Reform Bill? The cutting insinuations of a preceding extract about the "mischief" done by "hurry and self-conceit," and "fools that rush in where angels fear to tread," make us slow to think so; but, if such is the meaning, we must say, Mr. Sharp had not looked far about him, when he hailed in the new system a diminution in the muster of political adventurers. On the contrary, we think it must already be obvious to every impartial observer, that the existing government, having done away with a system which had for one of its instruments the influence of ministerial patronage, are busily employed in the endeavour to replace it, by one in which there shall be no other element of influence whatever except that of patronage. We should be only too happy to anticipate their success in this plan, if we thought that by so succeeding they might secure the eventual quiet of the country which they have disorganized; but we fear their new courts, and central boards, and endless commissions, will be seen through, just as those of the Long Parliament were; and that, unless they also make theirs a long parliament, we shall presently hear of other things, even from Whig chroniclers, than the obstinacy of their "integrity!"

As a considerable part of this volume is occupied with "Letters and Essays in Verse," we must give

at least one specimen of our author's rhymes. It will be seen that his lines flow, in general, easily and gracefully, and that every now and then there comes a couplet of true terseness and energy; but that in verse, on the whole, Mr. Sharp cannot claim the title of a master. He has not always condensed and polished to the extent demanded in the style and measure he attempts. His second hemistichs and second lines are sometimes merely expletive. Nevertheless, he is of a good old school; and we prefer him, with all his deficiencies, to a whole squadron of the mouth-ing sentimentalists now in vogue. We take the following from an essay on *Marriage*, in which he is very severe upon a set of gentlemen with whose modes of life and conversation he must be tolerably familiar—the comfortable bachelors of May-Fair.

"Haply he seeks in mercenary arms
Love's modest pleasures and mysterious charms;
Presumes to hope its transports can be sold,
Trusting the weak omnipotence of gold.
But these Wealth cannot buy; Vice cannot know;
Pure are the countless sources whence they flow;
From faith long tried, from lives that blend in one;
From many a soft word spoken, kind deed done;
Too small, perhaps, for each to have a name,
Too oft recurring much regard to claim:
As in fair constellations may combine
The stars that, singly, undistinguish'd shine.
Love, too, is proud, and will not be controll'd;
Timid, and must be rather guess'd than told;
Would be divined, but then by only one,
And fain the notice of all else would shun:
It stays not to forgive—it cannot see
The failings from which none, alas! are free:
Blind too to faults, quick-sighted to decry
Merit oft hid from a less searching eye:
Ever less prone to doubt than to believe;
Ever more glad to give than to receive:
Constant as kind, though changing nature, name;
Many, yet one; another, yet the same:
'Tis Friendship, Pity, Joy, Grief, Hope, nay Fear,
Not the least tender when in form severe.
It dwells with every rank, in every clime,
And sets at nought the malice e'en of Time:
In youth more rapturous, but in age more sure,
Chief blessing of the rich, sole comfort of the poor."

After a gloomy picture of the solitary death-bed of an old bachelor, he thus proceeds:

"Start from thy trance, thou fool! awake in time!
Snatch the short pleasures of thy fleeting prime!
While yet youth's healthful fever warms the blood,
And the pulse throbs in vigour's rapid flood;
While love invites, whose spells possess the power
Ages of bliss to crowd into an hour;
Though to fond memory each blest hour appears
Rich with the transports of eventful years;
To love alone such magic can belong:
The present still so short! the past so long!
"But youth is on the wing, and will not stay;
Fair morn too oft of a foul wintry day!
A warm but watery gleam, extinguished soon
In storm or vapour, gathering o'er its noon:
And should the unwearied Sun shine on, till night
Quench his hot ray and cloud his cheerful light,

How fast the shadow o'er the dial flies!
While to himself fond man a debtor dies,
Trusting to-morrow still, or misemploy'd
He leaves the world unknown and unenjoy'd.

"Haste, then, as nature dictates dare to live;
Ask of thy youth the pleasures youth should give:
So shall thy manhood and thy age confess
That of the past the present learns to bless;
And thou shalt boast, with mingling joy and pride,
The wife, the mother, dearer than the bride,
And own, as on thy knees thy children grow,
That home becomes an early heaven below.

"There still an angel hovers o'er the fence,
To drive with flaming sword all evil thence;
There, in a little grove of kindred, rise
Those tender plants, the human charities,
Which, in the world's cold soil and boisterous air,
Withhold their blossoms and refuse to bear,
Or all unshelter'd from the blaze of day,
Their golden fruit falls premature away.

"Hail, holy marriage! hail, indulgent law!
Whose kind restraints in closer union draw
Consenting hearts and minds:—By thee confined,
Instinct's ennobled, and desire refined.
Man is a savage else, condemned to roam
Without companion, and without a home:
And helpless woman, as alone she strays,
With sighs and tears her new-born babe surveys;
But choosing, chosen, never more to part,
New joys, new duties blending in her charm—
Endow'd alike to charm him and to mend—
Man gains at once a mistress and a friend:
In one fair form obtaining from above
An angel's virtues and a woman's love:
Then guarded, cherish'd, and confest her worth,
She scorns the pangs that give his offspring birth,
Lifts for the father's kiss the laughing boy,
And sees and shares his triumph and his joy."

pp. 184-9.

We have reserved to the last what may be called the critical department of this volume. The letter which we are about to quote was addressed in 1784 to Mr. John Fell, then engaged with his English Grammar, and who, like Mr. Sharp, regarded with alarm and regret the pompous stiffness and grandiloquent affectations by which, in those days, so many inferior writers were caricaturing the early style of Johnson.

"In the lighter kinds of writing this affectation is particularly disagreeable; and I am convinced that in the gravest, aye, and in the sublimest passages, the simple terms and the idioms of our language often add a grace beyond the reach of scholarship, increasing, rather than diminishing, the elegance as well as the spirit of the diction. 'Utinam et verba in usu quotidiano posita minus timeremus.' 'He that would write well,' says Roger Ascham, 'must follow the advice of Aristotle, to speak as the common people speak, and to think as the wise think.' In support of this opinion, many of the examples cited by you are amusing, as well as convincing. The following from a great author may be added:—'Is there a God to swear by, and is there none to believe in, none to trust to?' What becomes of the force and simplicity of this short sentence, when turned into the clumsy English which schoolmasters indite,

and which little boys can construe?—Is there a God by whom to swear, and is there none in whom to believe, none to whom to pray? The Doctor is a great writer, and is deservedly admired, but he should not be imitated. His gigantic strength may perhaps require a vocabulary that would encumber feebler thoughts: but it is very comical to see Mr. B. and Dr. P. strutting about in Johnson's bulky clothes; as if a couple of Lilliputians had bought their great coats at a rag fair in Brobdingnag. Cowley, Dryden, Congreve, and Addison, are our best examples; for Middleton is not free from Gallicisms. Mr. Burke's speeches and pamphlets (although the style is too undisciplined for a model) abound with phrases in which homeliness sets off elegance, and ease adds grace to strength. How your neighbour, the 'dictatus lapis,' will smile to hear Milton's practice appealed to! Yet what can he say to the following specimens, taken at random while I am now writing!

- 'Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
In every street? Do they not say how well
Are come upon him his deserts?'
- 'Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread.'
- 'Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee—go with that.'
- 'Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost.'
- 'I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death.'
- 'So! farewell hope; but with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost:
Evil, be thou my good.'

"Shakspeare I need not quote, for he never writes ill, excepting when he means to be very fine and very learned. Fortunately, our admirable translation of the Scriptures abounds with these native terms of expression; and it is admitted to be almost as pure an authority for English as for doctrine."—pp. 2-4.

Mr. Sharp returns to the same subject in a preface which he drew up a little while after, for his friend's *Grammar*. It must be owned that there was some boldness in publishing what follows, during the life of the great lexicographer:

"Our elegant and idiomatic satirist ridicules that

'easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while.'

... "Some men, whose writings do honour to their country and to mankind, have, it must be confessed, written in a style that no Englishman will own: a sort of Anglicized Latin, and chiefly distinguished from it by a trifling difference of termination; yet so excellent are these works, in other respects, that a man might deserve well of the public who would take the trouble of translating them into English. As I do not notice these alterations in our language in order to commend them, I shall not produce any particular instances. I shall content myself with supporting the fact by the evidence of a truly respectable critic, now living. In the preface to his

excellent dictionary he says, 'So far have I been from any care to grace my page with modern decorations, that I have studiously endeavoured to collect my examples and authorities from the writers before the Restoration, whose works I regard as the *well of English undefiled*; as the pure sources of genuine diction. Our language, for almost a century, has, by the concurrence of many causes, been gradually departing from its ancient Teutonic character, and deviating towards a Gallic structure and phraseology, from which it ought to be our endeavour to recall it, by making our ancient volumes the groundwork of our style, admitting among the additions of later times only such as may supply real deficiencies; such as are readily adopted by the genius of our tongue, and incorporate easily with our native idioms.'

"In his preface to the works of Shakspeare, we also find the following very applicable sentiments:—'I believe there is in every nation a style that never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered. The polite are always catching modish innovations; and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hopes of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction, forsake the vulgar when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where Shakspeare seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellences deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.' These passages I have inserted, because such a testimony from this great man will at least be thought *impartial*."—pp. 7-9.

After all, our critic has not quoted the strongest testimony which Johnson might have afforded him. When he put forth his early writings he was a poor scholar, a total stranger to cultivated society; and he framed a purely artificial standard of elegance for himself. In after days, when his genius had raised him to universal honour, and he moved habitually among men and women of the world, Burke, Reynolds, Mrs. Thrale, &c. &c., he had too much good sense and good taste (which, indeed, is only one application of good sense) not to see that his young academical fancy had misled him; and we may easily trace the effects of this in all his later works. Compare, for example, such of the "Lives of the Poets" as were written in his years of toil and penury, with those of the same series that bear the date of Streatham. We venture to say that these last are not only, in substance, the most valuable specimens of the combination of biography and criticism ever yet given to the world, but entitled to admiration for the vigour and elasticity of their idiomatic English.

We cannot conclude without expressing our hope that Mr. Sharp may be stimulated to further efforts by the success which is sure to attend this publication. It is impossible, in particular, to read the names of his correspondents without thinking what rich materials he must have for a volume of literary and political *Reminiscences*.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Philip van Artevelde; a dramatic Romance, in Two Parts. By Henry Taylor, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1834.

THIS is an historical romance, in consecutive dramatic scenes; a species of composition not uncommon among the Germans, which has, as adopting the language of poetry, some great and obvious advantages over the prose narrative form recently adorned among us by the highest genius of the age. Its inherent disadvantages, as respects the chances of immediate popularity, must be nearly as obvious. We shall not, at present, enter upon the relative merits of the two methods: we have here before us something too attractive to admit of a preliminary dissertation on a cold question of criticism. On such now rare occasions as the present, we experience a gratification which none but those who have been teased and wearied with the incessant appeals of clamorous mediocrity and impatient affectation can fully understand. We know not that there is any better description of *genius* than that of Mr. Crabbe—"I recognise that," says the old bard, "wherever there is power to stimulate the thoughts of men, and command their feelings." If this be true, the author of *Philip van Artevelde* may take his place at the bar with the sure hope of a triumphant verdict.

The groundwork of his design is the idealized portraiture of a revolutionary age; and his motto, from the Leviathan, sufficiently points out the leading characteristics of every age in which the revolutionary spirit is the prime mover of things—"No arts, no letters, no society,—and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short!" The scene is laid in Flanders, at the close of the fourteenth century; and those who desire to study the new poet with the care which he deserves, may find the real personages and events of which he makes use recorded, in all the naked force of their vitality, by the prince of chroniclers, and father as well of all historical romancers, Froissart. No reader of that most captivating *conteur* can have forgotten the two Van Artevelde, father and son, citizens of revolted Ghent, each of whom swayed for a season almost the whole power of Flanders against their legitimate prince,—and each of whom paid the penalty of ambition by an untimely and violent death. The younger of these, Philip, has been adopted for the centre figure in our author's elaborate and deeply tragic panorama of the existence of a revolutionary period; and there is much to be admired in the whole conception and delineation of this character.

The poet's purpose, if we read him aright, has been to make Artevelde at once true enough to his age not to disturb our sense of the probable, and yet sufficiently above his age to admit of his forming, without reference to times and degrees of civilization, a real "Mirror of Magistrates." He has desired, in this person, to represent a combination—rare, but not unnatural—of the contemplative powers of the mind with the practical—of philosophy with efficiency. That there is any thing unnatural or impossible in the union of these attributes, no one surely can aver who has read Bacon's book *de negotiis*; and

that the actual circumstances of Artevelde's life were in so far compatible and congenial with such a combination appears from genuine history. Froissart tells us that to angle in the Scheldt had been his chief pleasure and occupation, up to the day when he was abruptly called to a predominant political station. Notwithstanding the advantageous introduction to public life which his birth might have ensured to him, he had been entirely content to continue in privacy, till the difficulties of the times almost compelled him forth of it. During this leisure of his earlier life, his mind seems to have been more cultivated than was at all usual in that age: in the words of the chronicler, he was "*moult bien enlangagé et bin lui adenoit*;" and the career and fate of his father must have supplied ample food for meditation to a naturally thoughtful mind. It is sufficiently obvious that Mr. Taylor has never intended to present in Philip's person a literal specimen of the ordinary heroes of that time. Had such been the design of such an artist, Artevelde's *language*, throughout many of these scenes at least, must have been less rhetorical; the habitual strain of thought ascribed to him more crude and rude. In short, having in view the eminent endowments which history ascribes to Philip, and the singular course of his life from first to last, beginning and ending in such opposite extremes of contemplative tranquillity and energetic action, the author has evidently thought himself justified in considering him, upon certain points, rather as a substantive product of nature, than as the creature of contemporary circumstances, or as strictly in conformity with the times in which he lived.

Again, as regards Philip's competency for the business of life and the management of men, there is ample evidence, that, when at length induced to interfere in public affairs, he was found to be largely possessed of every necessary qualification. "He spake kindly to all whom he had to do with; and dealt so wisely that every man loved him." So says Froissart, who certainly had no partiality for demagogues in general, or for him. The whole of his recorded career shows that, although deficient in technical military skill, he had extraordinary power over the minds and affections of his followers, and that this power was acquired by judgment, promptitude, and stern decision on the one hand—by generosity and clemency, whenever these could be safely indulged on the other; in other words, that he aimed equally at being feared and loved, and was successful on both points. Froissart represents him as saying briefly, previous to his bold measure of taking off the two chiefs of the opposite faction in Ghent, "unless we be feared among the commons it is nothing." Yet the same author records that he had "much pity for the common people;" and describes him as willing, on a momentous occasion, to sacrifice himself with a heroism equal to that of Regulus, solely for their sakes. "He entreated the people *kindly and sagely*," we are told, "wherefore they would live or die with him." Kindness alone could not have thus attached such a people in such times: great practical abilities must have been at least as essential.

Such being the ideal of Van Artevelde, intellectually considered, the poet has endeavoured to keep his moral attributes and his temperament in harmony

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with it. He represents him as naturally kind and good, but, bearing in view the leading characteristic, he never carries his feelings so far, or his virtuous principles so high, as materially to interfere with his efficiency. He seems, in a word, meant to be, under all circumstances, a statesman and a man of business. The dramatist has not wished to paint him as an example of pure and scrupulous morality, such as might befit an equally considerate moral agent of modern times; but as exhibiting some broad features of humanity and virtue; as being in the main a high-minded, strong-minded, just, and merciful man. We speak at present, be it observed, of Philip van Artevelde as he appears in the first of these dramas: in the second we have him, after a considerable interval of time, moving among different persons, and in a state of moral decline, as well as with adverse fortunes to encounter.

As regards the temperament of Artevelde, the aim seems to have been to represent the combination of energy with equanimity; the energy chiefly, indeed, intellectual; the composure, in a great degree, matter of mere temperament. It is here that the author, as indeed he hints in his preface—we wish he had spared that preface altogether—has been most desirous of opposing himself, point-blank, to the practice of one of the most popular of recent poets, Lord Byron. Artevelde is, indeed, as unlike any one of Byron's heroes as they are all, in the main, like each other. Our author in this preface daringly describes them as "creatures abandoned to their passions, and therefore, weak of mind; . . . beings in whom there is no strength except that of their intensely selfish passions—in whom all is vanity; their exertions being for vanity under the name of love, or revenge, and their sufferings for vanity under the name of pride." This language is over-pitched, but it is quite intelligible, and contains truth, though not the whole truth; and Artevelde is accordingly portrayed as having indeed a large fund of feeling and even of passion in his nature, but as minded and nerved so as to command his passion. It is not superficially excitable, nor liable to escape in sudden ebullitions or uncontrollable sallies. He is, though not strictly and completely, yet, having regard to the circumstances in which he is placed, very adequately self-governed. His generosity, like his severity, is always well-considered; his acts of vigour proceed in no instance from a restless or superfluous activity of disposition; they are evoked by the occasion, and commensurate with it; and his administration of affairs is not more signalized by them, than by a steady diligence and attention to business—the watchfulness and carefulness of a mind calmly and equably strong.

The love of such a man, though partaking of the fulness and largeness of his nature, was not to be inordinately passionate. It belonged to him to be rather the idol than the prey of such a passion. His heroines devote themselves to him with as ardent a sentiment as the poet has been able to portray; he, on the other hand,

"—— smiles with superior love;"

and may be imagined to have looked on the daughter of Eve—even in his earlier and better day both of

heart and of fortune—in the spirit of that admonition which was conveyed to the lover of Eve herself—as

"Fair, no doubt, and worthy well
His cherishing, his honouring, and his love,
Not his subjection—"

Such is a general sketch of this character, according to our understanding of the poet's meaning and design. The effect of it, as contrasted by the surrounding groups of vain, narrow, and barbarous men, reminds one of the noblest feature in the aspect of your old Flemish city—its tall massive tower rising into the clear air above a wilderness of black roofs and quaint gables. It is time, however, to come to the story of the Romance itself.

We must pass rather hastily over the *First Part*, in which the youthful Philip, being suddenly tempted out of his calm and sequestered course of life, and happy, though as yet unspoken, love, becomes captain of Ghent by the election of the prevailing war-faction of "the White-hoods;" develops the magnificent talents for command which had hitherto slumbered within him; and, Ghent being reduced at length to extreme misery by the closed lines of the Earl of Flanders, persuades the citizens to make a bold sally; guides them to the gates of the Earl's capital, Bruges; defeats the forces of the sovereign, seizes his metropolis, and all but masters his own person in a midnight sack. Of this part, in itself a performance of great beauty and interest, we can afford our readers but a few brief specimens. We select passages in which we have been particularly struck with the style of our author's execution; the nervous vigour of his language; the stately ease of his versification; and his extraordinary skill in introducing profoundly meditative *passages*, without interrupting the flow of passion or action.

The immediate cause of Artevelde's elevation is the depressed condition of Ghent, after the defeat and death of one of her captains, Launoy; and the necessity which the White-hoods then perceive of either yielding to the peace-party within the city, and submitting to the earl—or summoning to the post of power some one of high name, whose interference (he being, as yet, personally uncompromised in the rebellion) shall overawe the populace by the impressions that it must needs be purely patriotic. The fate of Launoy is told, closely after Froissart, in these energetic lines:—

"*Second Dean.* Beside Nivelle the earl and Launoy met.

Six thousand voices shouted with the last
'Ghent the good town! Ghent and the Chaperons Blancs!'

But from that force thrice-told there came the cry

Of 'Flanders, with the Lion of the Bastard!'

So then the battle joined, and they of Ghent
Gave back and opened after three hours' fight;
And hardly flying had they gained Nivelle,
When the earl's vanguard came upon their rear
Ere they could close the gate, and entered with them.

Then all were slain save Launoy and his guard,
Who barricaded in the minster tower,

Made desperate resistance; whereupon
The earl waxed wrothful, and bade fire the church.

First Burgher. Say'st thou? 'Oh sacrilege accused! Was't done?

Second Dean. 'Twas done,—and presently was heard a yell,

And after that the rushing of the flames!
Then Launoy from the steeple cried aloud
'A ransom!' and held up his coat to sight
With florins filled, but they without but laughed
And mocked him, saying, 'Come amongst us,
John,

And we will give thee welcome;—make a leap—

Come out at window, John.'—With that the flames

Rose up and reached him, and he drew his sword,
Cast his rich coat behind him in the fire,
And shouting, 'Ghent, ye slaves!' leapt freely forth,

When they below received him on their spears.
And so died John of Launoy.

First Burgher. A brave end.
'Tis certain we must now make peace by times;
The city will be starved else.—Will be, said I!
Starvation is upon us."—vol. i. pp. 27-29.

The reflective spirit of Philip van Artevelde is first indicated in his conversation on this incident with his aged preceptor:—

"*Van Artevelde.* I never looked that he should live so long.

He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
He seemed to live by miracle: his food
Was glory, which was poison to his mind,
And peril to his body. He was one
Of many thousand such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times,
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endowed
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom
add

A smaller tally, of the singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Father John. Had Launoy lived, he might have passed for great,

But not by conquests in the Franc of Bruges.
The sphere—the scale of circumstance—is all
Which makes the wonder of the many. Still
An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds
Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.
There'll some bright eyes in Ghent be dimmed for him.

Van Artevelde. They will be dim, and then be bright again.

All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion;
And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns.

Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,
And lightly is death mourned; a dusk star blinks
As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo!
In a wide solitude of wintry sky
Twinkles the re-illuminated star,
And all is out of sight that smirched the ray.
We have no time to mourn.

Father John. The worse for us!

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.

Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure

For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.

Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

Yet such the barrenness of busy life!

From shelf to shelf Ambition clammers up,

To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all;

Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,

Reposes self-included at the base.

But this thou know'st."—pp. 40-43.

When the notion of calling on Artevelde to assume the dictatorship of the city is first started, the sequestered habits of his life, and the apparent coldness of his temperament, are objected; but one who had more narrowly observed him, replies,—

"There is no game so desperate which wise men
Will not take freely up for love of power,
Or love of fame, or merely love of play.
These men are wise, and then reputed wise,
And so their great repute of wisdom grows,
Till for great wisdom a great price is bid,
And then their wisdom they do part withal.
Such men must still be tempted with high stakes:
Philip van Artevelde is such a man."—p. 35.

The youth, with all his philosophy, appears to be considerably wrought upon by the suggestion, that in the place of power, he might avenge the slaughter of his father:—

"Is it vain glory that thus whispers me,
That 'tis ignoble to have led my life
In idle meditations—that the times
Demand me, that they call my father's name?
Oh! what a fiery heart was his! such souls
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages. Oh! my father!
Thy life is eloquent, and more persuades
Unto dominion than thy death deters;
For that reminds me of a debt of blood
Descended with my patrimony to me,
Whose paying off would clear my soul's estate."
—p. 52.

And again he says,—

"Here on the doorstep of my father's house,
The blood of his they spilt is seen no more.
But when I was a child I saw it there;
For so long as my widow-mother lived,
Water came never near the sanguine stain.
She lov'd to show it me, and then with awe,
But hoarding still the purpose of revenge,
I heard the tale—which, like a daily prayer,

*Repeated, to a rooted feeling grew—
How long he fought—how falsely came like friends
The villains Guisebert Groot and Simon Bette—
All the base murder of the one by many.*
pp. 48, 49.

His as yet silent passion for a noble damsel of the same city, Adriana van Merestyn, interposes some scruples. This twilight soliloquy at the gate of her garden-terrace, appears to us masterly. It must remind every reader of the Wallenstein; and yet there is no copying:

"To bring a cloud upon the summer day
Of one so happy and so beautiful,—
It is a hard condition. For myself
I know not that the circumstance of life,
In all its changes, can so far afflict me
As makes anticipation much worth while.
But she is younger,—of a sex besides
*Whose spirits are to ours as flames to fire,
More sudden and more perishable too;
So that the gust wherewith the one is kindled
Extinguishes the other.* Oh she is fair!
As fair as Heaven to look upon! as fair
As ever vision of the Virgin blest,
That weary pilgrim, resting by the fount
Beneath the palm, and dreaming to the tune
Of flowing waters, duped his soul withal.
It was permitted in my pilgrimage
To rest beside the fount beneath the tree,
Beholding there no vision, but a maid
Whose form was light and graceful as the palm,
Whose heart was pure and jocund as the fount,
And spread a freshness and a verdure round.
This was permitted in my pilgrimage,
And loth am I to take my staff again.
Say that I fall not in this enterprise—
Still must my life be full of hazardous turns,
And they that house with me must ever live
In imminent peril of some evil fate.
—*Make fast the doors; heap wood upon the fire;
Draw in your stools, and pass the goblet round,
And be the prattling voice of children heard.
Now let us make good cheer—but what is this?
Do I not see, or do I dream I see,
A form that at midmost in the circle sits
Half visible, his face deformed with scars,
And foul with blood?—Oh yes—I know it—there
Sits Dang er, with his feet upon the hearth!"*
pp. 59, 60.

From the exquisite love scene which follows this, we extract a fragment. We hope it will be intelligible:

"Artevelde. If hitherto we have not said we loved,
Yet hath the heart of each declared its love
By all the tokens wherein love delights.
We be refores have trusted in each other,
Too wholly have we trusted to have need
Of words or vows, pledges, or protestations.
Let not such trust be hastily dissolved.
Adriana. I trusted not. I hoped that I was loved,
Hoped and despaired, doubted and hoped again,
Till this day when I first breathed freelier,
Daring to trust—and now—Oh, God, my heart!

It was not made to bear this agony—
Tell me you love me or you love me not."

Artevelde. I love thee, dearest, with as huge a love
As e'er was compassed in the breast of man.
Hide then those tears, beloved, where thou wilt,
And find a resting place for that so wild
And troubled heart of thine; sustain it here,
And be its flood of passion wept away.

Adriana. What was it that you said then? If you love,
Why have you thus tormented me?

Artevelde. Be calm;
And let me warn thee, ere thy choice be fixed,
What fate thou may'st be wedded to with me.
Thou hast beheld me living heretofore
As one retired in staid tranquillity.
The dweller in the mountains, on whose ear
The accustomed cataract thunders unobserved;
The seaman, who sleeps sound upon the deck,
Nor hears the loud lamenting of the blast,
Nor heeds the weltering of the plangent wave;
These have not lived more undisturbed than I.
But build not upon this; the swollen stream
May shake the cottage of the mountaineer,
And drive him forth; the seaman roused at length,
Leaps from his slumber on the wave-washed deck;
And now the time comes fast, when here in
Ghent,

He who would live exempt from injuries
Of armed men must be himself in arms.
This time is near for all,—nearer for me.
*I will not wait upon necessity,
And leave myself no choice of vantage ground,
But rather meet the times where best I may,
And mould and fashion them as best I can.*
Reflect then that I soon may be embarked
In all the hazards of these troublous times,
And in your own free choice take or resign me.
Adriana. Oh, Artevelde, my choice is free no more:
Be mine, all mine, let good or ill betide."—pp.
65-67.

These passages must have sufficiently illustrated our author's manner. We have not room to follow him through the highly spirited action of his first drama. Adriana is carried off in the course of it by a rival lover, a knight of Bruges, faithful to the party of the Earl; and thus is supplied a strong additional motive to Artevelde in the resolution which he at length adopts, of leading a chosen band of the men of Ghent from the gates of their now straitened and exhausted city, to the sudden assault of the Earl's own capital. The battle—the seizure of Bruges—the deliverance of Adriana—and the narrow escape of the Earl of Flanders, are powerfully dramatized; but we are tempted, instead of quoting any part of these scenes, to give the authority for their most striking incident in the words of Froissart.

"The Gauntoise pursued so fiersly their enemies that they entred into the towne with them of Bruges; and as soon as they were within the towne, the first thyng they dyd, they went streyght to the market place, and there set themselves in array. The Erle as then had sent a knight of his, called Sir Robert Marescault, to the gate, to see what the Gauntoise dyd; and when he came to the gate, he founde the gate beaten downe, and the Gauntoise maisters thereof;

and some of them of Bruges met hym and sayd: 'Sir Robert, returne and save yourselfe if ye can, for the towne is won by them of Gaunt.' Then the knight returned to the Erle as fast as he might, who was comyng out of his lodginge a-horsebacke, with a great number of cressettes and lyghtes with him, and was goyng to the market place; then the knight shewed the Erle all that he knew; howbeit, the Erle, wylling to recover the towne, drewe to the market place; and as he was entreng, such as were before him, seeing the place all raynged with the Gauntoise, sayd to the Erle, 'Sir, returne agayne; if ye go any farther, ye are but dead, or taken with your enemyes, for they are raynged on the market place, and do abyde for you.' They shewed hym truthe. And when the Gauntoise sawe the clearnesse of the lyghtes comyng downe the strete, they sayd: 'Yonder cometh the Erle, he shall come into oure handes.' And Philyppe Dartuel had commaunded, from strete to strete as he wente, that if the Erle came amonge theym, no man shulde do hym any bodily harme, but take hym alyve, and then to have hym to Gaunt, and so to make their peace as they lyst. The Erle who trusted to have recovered all, came ryght near to the place whereas the Gauntoise were. Then divers of his men sayd: 'Sir, go no farther, for the Gauntoise are lordes of the market place and of the towne; if ye entre into the market place, ye are in danger to be slayne or taken: a great number of the Gauntoise are goyng from strete to strete, seekinge for their enemyes: They have certayne of them of the towne with them, to bringe them from house to house, whereas they wolde be: and Sir, out at any of the gates ye cannot issue, for the Gauntoise are lordes thereof; nor to your owne lodginge ye cannot returne, for a great number of the Gauntoise are goyng thither.' And when the Erle hearde those tidynges, which were right harde to hym, as it was reason, he was greatly then abashed, and imagined what peryll he was in: then he commanded to put out all the lyghtes, and said, 'I see, well there is no recovery; let every man save himselfe as well as he may.' And as he commanded it was done: the lyghtes were quenched and cast into the stretes, and so every man departed. The Erle then went into a backe lane, and made a verlette of his to unarme hym, and dyd caste away his armour, and put on an old cloke of his variettes, and then say to hym, 'Go thy way from me, and save thyselfe if thou canst.'

"The Erle went from strete to strete, and by backe lanes, so that at last he was fayne to take a house, or else he had been found by them of Gaunt; and so he entred into a poore woman's house, the which was not meant for suche a lorde; there was neither hall, parlour, nor chamber; it was but a poore smoky house; there was nothyng but a poore hall blacke with smoke, and above a small plancher, and a ladder of seven steppes to mount upon; and on the plancher there was a poore couche, where the poore woman's chyl dren lay. Then the Erle sore abashed and trymbling at his entreng said: 'O good woman, save me; I am thy lord the Erle of Flanders; but now I must hyde me, for mine enemyes chase me, and if you do me good now, I shall reward you hereafter therefore.' The poore woman knewe hym well, for she had been oftentimes at his gate to

fetch alms, and had often seene hym as he went in and out a-sportyng; and so incontynent as hap was she answered; for if she had made any delay, he had been taken talkyng with her by the fyre. Then she sayd: 'Sir, mount up this ladder, and lay yourselfe under the bedde that ye fynde thereas my chyl dren sleep;' and so in the meane tyme the woman sat downe by the fyre with another chylde that she had in her armes. So the Erle mounted up the plancher as well as he myght, and crept in between the couche and the strawe, and lay as flatte as he could; and even therewith some of Gaunt entered into the same house, for some of them sayd how they had seen a man enter into the house before them; and so they found the woman sytting by the fyre with her chylde. Then they sayd, 'Good woman, where is the man that we saw enter before us into this house, and dyde shutte the door after him?' 'Sirs, (quoth she,) I saw no man enter into this house this nyght; I went out right now and cast out a little water, and dyd close my door agayne; if any were here, I coude not tell howe to hyde hym; ye see all the casement that I have in this house; here ye may see my bedde, and above this plancher lyeth my poore chyl dren.' Then one of them took a candle and mounted up the ladder, and put up his head above the plancher, and saw there none other thyng but the poore couche, where her chyl dren lay and slept; and so he looked all about, and then sayde to his company: 'Go we hence, we lose the more for the lesse; the poore woman sayth truthe: here is no creature but she and her chyl dren.' Then they departed out of the house; and after that there was none entered to do any hurt. All these wordes the Erle herde ryght well whereas he laye under the poore couche: ye may well imagine that he was in great fear of his lyfe: he might vell saye, I am as nowe one of the poorest princes of the worlde, and that the fortunes of the worlde are nothyng stable; yet it was a good happe that he scaped with his lyfe; howbeit, this hard and perillous adventure myght well be to hym a spectacle all his lyfe after, and an ensample to all other."

This is a long extract; but we know no passage in which the peculiar liveliness and simplicity of Froissart's narration are more delightfully exhibited, and every justice is done to them by good Lord Berners. In the succeeding chapters of the same chronicle our readers will find a description equally clear and interesting of the success which attended, for several years, the progress of D'Artevelde's arms; how city after city embraced his alliance, or yielded to his force; how sagaciously and justly he ruled; in what magnificence he lived as "Regent of Flanders," and how nearly he missed founding a permanent dynasty in what was then the richest of the transalpine states. But that the insurrections of Jack Straw, Wat Tyler, &c. were connected in the minds of the English king and nobility with the effect of this prosperous revolt among the Flemings, and that the apprehension spread throughout this country that all these movements were but the first outbreaks of a storm, destined to bury in ruins the whole actual system of European society, there can be little doubt that an English army would have

interfered to prevent France from strengthening herself so largely as she did by being the sole instrument of crushing Philip van Artevelde, and replacing a feudatory of her own crown in the fairest province of the Netherlands.

Our poet represents his hero as at length maddened by these circumstances into the full fervour of democratic feeling. The Regent exclaims—

"Lo! with the chivalry of Christendom
I wage my war—no nation for my friend,
Yet in each nation having host of friends!
The bondsmen of the world, that to their lords
Are bound with chains of iron, unto me
Are knit by their affections. Be it so.
From kings and nobles will I seek no more
Aid, friendship, nor alliance. With the poor
I make my treaty, and the heart of man
Sets the broad seal of its allegiance there,
And ratifies the compact. Vassals, serfs,
Ye that are bent with unrequited toil,
Ye that have whitened in the dungeon's darkness
Through years that knew not change of night and
day—
Tatterdemalions, lodgers in the hedge,
Lean beggars with raw backs and rumbling maws,
Whose poverty was whipped for starving you,—
I hail you my auxiliaries and allies,
The only potentates whose help I crave!
Richard of England, thou hast slain Jack Straw,
But thou hast left unquenched the vital spark
That set Jack Straw on fire. The spirit lives."—
vol. II. pp. 190-191.

This speech, however, occurs in the second part of "Philip van Artevelde," and belongs to the man altered by circumstances.

In the interval between the first and the second parts, Adriana, the noble and beloved wife of the regent, has died; and he has sustained in that bereavement a deeper injury than grief. It has powerfully assisted the other great mutations of his lot to unsettle the originally pure and beautiful framework of his mind. He has come to have a vein of recklessness entwisted in his being; he has rebelled against a higher authority than that of his earthly sovereign; and sought relief, from what he dared consider as unjust affliction, in a certain hardly definable, but poetically conceived mixture, of Cynicism and Epicurianism. With consummate art, however, the author represents Artevelde as himself unconscious how he has been changed. He has brought with him into his new position, nay, transferred, as it were, into the composition, of a new man, the same contemplative mood, and calm temperament, that had sat so gracefully on him in his earlier phasis. He indulges in that error, so common among public men, of weighing private virtue or vice lightly in comparison with the superior importance to mankind of his public transactions; he philosophizes away to his conscience the taint that has come upon some of the best parts of his original character; and pleases himself with feeling that the strength and generosity of his nature have not at all events been impaired.

We are prepared in short to find Adriana van Merestyn replaced in the second part of the romance

by a heroine of a far different stamp. The following lines come as a sort of *envoy* to the first drama.

"—Rest thee a space: or if thou lovest to hear
A soft pulsation in thine easy ear,
Turn thou the page, and let thy senses drink
A lay that shall not trouble thee to think.
Quitting the heroine of the past thou'll see
In this prefigured her that was to be,
And find what life was hers before the date
That with the Fleming's fortune linked her fate.
This sang she to herself one summer's eve,
A recreant from festivities that grieve
The heart not festive; stealing to her bower,
With this she whiled away the lonely evening hour."
vol. i. p. 264.

These beautiful lines introduce a separate lyrical poem, which, if the author had written nothing else, would, as it seems to us, have been sufficient to fix an elegant reputation. We must content ourselves with broken fragments from the "lay of Elena."

"A bark is launched on Como's lake,
A maiden sits abaft;
A little sail is loosed to take
The night-wind's breath, and waft
The maiden and her bark away,
Across the lake and up the bay.
And what doth there that lady fair
Upon the wavelet tossed?
Before her shines the evening star,
Behind her in the woods afar
The castle lights are lost.
What doth she there? The evening air
Lifts her locks, and her neck is bare;
And the dews that now are falling fast,
May work her harm, or a rougher blast
May come from yonder cloud;
And that her bark might scarce sustain,
So slightly built;—then why remain,
And would she be allowed
To brave the wind and sit in the dew
At night on the lake, if her mother knew?
"Her mother, sixteen years before,
The burthen of the baby bore:
And though forth brought in joy the day
So joyful she was wont to say,
In taken count of after years,
Gave birth to fever hopes and fears.
For seldom smiled
The serious child,
And as she passed from childhood grew
More far-between those smiles, and few
More sad and wild.
And though she loved her father well,
And though she loved her mother more,
Upon her heart a sorrow fell,
And sapped it to the core.
And in her father's castle nought
She ever found of what she sought,
And all her pleasure was to roam
Amongst the mountains far from home,
And through thick woods, and wheresoe'er
She saddest felt, to sojourn there;
And oh! she loved to linger afloat
On the lonely lake in the little boat!

"It was not for the forms,—though fair,
Though grand they were beyond compare,—
It was not only for the forms
Of hills in sunshine or in storms,
Or only unrestrained to look
On wood and lake, that she forsook,
By day or night,
Her home, and far
Wandered by light
Of sun or star.

It was to feel her fancy free,
Free in a world without an end,
With ears to hear and eyes to see,
And heart to apprehend.
It was to leave the earth behind,
And rove, with liberated mind,
As fancy led, or choice or chance,
Through wildered regions of romance.

* * * * *

"Much dreaming these, yet was she much awake
To portions of things earthly, for the sake
Whereof as with a charm, away would flit
The phantoms and the fever intermit.
Whatso' of earthly things presents a face
Of outward beauty, or a form of grace,
Might not escape her, hidden though it were
From courtly cognisance; 'twas not with her
As with the tribe who see not nature's boons
Save by the festal lights of gay saloons;
Beauty in plain attire her heart could fill—
Yea, though in beggary, 'twas beauty still.
Devoted thus to what was fair to sight,
She loved too little else, nor this aright,
And many disappointments could not cure
This born obliquity, or break the lure
Which this strong passion spread: she grew not
wise,
Nor grows: experience with a world of sighs
Purchased, and tears and heart-break have been
hers,
And taught her nothing: where she err'd she
errs.

"Be it avowed, when all is said,
She trod the path the many tread.
She loved too soon in life; her dawn
Was bright with sunbeams, whence is drawn
A sure prognostic that the day
Will not unclouded pass away.
Too young she loved, and he on whom
Her first love lighted, in the bloom
Of boyhood was, and so was graced
With all that earliest runs to waste.
Intelligent, loquacious, mild,
Yet gay and sportive as a child,
With feelings light and quick, that came
And went like flickerings of flame;
And soft demeanour, and a mind
Bright and abundant in its kind,
That, playing on the surface, made
A rapid change of light and shade,
Or, if a darker hour perforce
At times o'ertook him in his course,
Still, sparkling thick like glow-worms, showed
Life was to him a summer's road:—

Such was the youth to whom a love
For grace and beauty far above
Their due deserts, betray'd a heart
Which might have else performed a prouder
part.

"First love the world is wont to call
The passion which was now her all.
So be it called; but be it known
The feeling which possessed her now
Was novel in degree alone;
Love early marked her for his own;
Soon as the winds of Heaven had blown
Upon her, had the seed been sown
In soil which needed not the plough;
And passion with her growth had grown,
And strengthened with her strength; and how
Could love be new, unless in name,
Degree and singleness of aim?
A tenderness had filled her mind
Pervasive, viewless, undefined;—
As keeps the subtle fluid oft
In secret, gathering in the soft
And sultry air, till felt at length,
In all its desolating strength—
So silent, so devoid of dread,
Her objectless affections spread;
Not wholly unemployed, but squandered
At large wher'er her fancy wandered—
Till one attraction, one desire
Concentrated all the scattered fire;
It broke, it burst, it blazed amain,
It flashed its light o'er hill and plain,
O'er Earth below and Heaven above,—
And then it took the name of love.

"How fared that love? the tale so old,
So common, needs it to be told?
Bellagio's woods, ye saw it through
From first accost to last adieu;
Its changes, seasons, you can tell,—
At least you typify them well.
First came the genial, hopeful Spring,
With bursting buds and birds that sing,
And fast though fitful progress made
To brighter suns and broader shade.
Those brighter suns, that broader shade,
They came, and richly then array'd
Was bough and sward, and all below
Gladdened by Summer's equal glow.
What next? a change is slowly seen,
And deepeneth day by day
The darker, soberer, sadder green
Preventive to decay.

* * * * *

"What followed was not good to do,
Nor is it good to tell;
The anguish of that worst adieu
Which parts with love and honour too,
Abides not,—so far well.
The human heart cannot sustain
Prolonged, unalterable pain,
And not till reason cease to reign
Will nature want some moments brief
Of other moods to mix with grief:

Such and so hard to be destroyed
That vigour which abhors a void;
And in the midst of all distress,
Such nature's need for happiness!
And when she rallied thus, more high
Her spirits ran, she knew not why,
Than was their wont in times than these
Less troubled, with a heart at ease.
So meet extremes; so joy's rebound
Is highest from the hollowest ground;
So vessels with the storm that strive
Pitch higher as they deeper drive.

"Well had it been if she had curbed
These transports of a mind disturbed;
For grief is then the worst of foes
When, all intolerant of repose,
It sends the heart abroad to seek
From weak recoils exemptions weak;
After false gods to go astray,
Deck altars vile with garlands gay,
And place a painted form of stone
On Passion's abdicated throne.

* * * * *

"On Como's lake the evening star
Is trembling as before;
An azure flood, a golden bar,
There as they were before they are,
But she that loved them—she is far,
Far from her native shore.

* * * * *

"A foreign land is now her choice,
A foreign sky above her,
And unfamiliar is each voice
Of those that say they loved her.
A prince's palace is her home,
And marble floor and gilded dome,
Where festive myriads nightly meet,
Quick echoes of her steps repeat.
And she is gay at times, and light
From her makes many faces bright;
And circling flatterers hem her in,
Assiduous each a word to win,
And smooth as mirrors each the while
Reflects and multiplies her smile.
But fitful were those smiles, nor long
She cast them to that courtly throng;
And should the sound of music fall
Upon her ear in that high hall,
The smile was gone, the eye that shone
So brightly would be dimmed anon,
And objectless would then appear,
As stretched to check the starting tear.
The chords within responsive rung,
For music spoke her native tongue.

"And then the gay and glittering crowd
Is heard not, laugh they e'er so loud;
Nor then is seen the simpering row
Of flatterers, bend they e'er so low;
For there before her, where she stands,
The mountains rise, the lake expands;
Around the terraced summit twines
The leafy coronal of vines;

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Within the watery mirror deep
Nature's calm converse lies asleep;
Above she sees the sky's blue glow,
The forest's varied green below,
And far its vaulted vistas through
A distant grove of darker hue,
Where mounting high from clumps of oak
Curls lightly up the thin gray smoke;
And o'er the boughs that overbower
The crag, a castle's turrets tower—
An eastern casement mantled o'er
With ivy flashes back the gleam
Of sunrise,—it was there of yore
She sat to see that sunrise pour
Its splendour round—she sees no more,
For tears disperse the dream."

—vol. i. p. 266—286.

We have, limited by our allotted space, been obliged to omit many of the finest stanzas of this lyric. It will be more popular, we suspect, with the mass of readers, than the noblest pages of the two dramas which it links together; yet, if we be not mistaken, it is introduced chiefly to show that the author, if he had chosen, might have employed, with brilliant success, in these dramas, a class of ornaments which he has, on principle, disdained to intermingle in their dialogue. His masculine ambition woos seriously the severer graces. We have quoted, therefore, from "the lay of Elena" thus largely, on purpose to arrest the attention of those who have been so long accustomed to admire poetry of one particular school (in its original masters admirable) as to have lost, in some measure, the power of believing that there may be poetry equally fervid, and powerful, where the execution, as well as the sentiment, is more chastened. But to return to the story before us.

This beautiful Italian lady has of late been "domiciled with the Duke of Bourbon, father-in-law to the exiled Earl of Flanders, and uncle to the boy King of France. She has fallen into the hands of Artevelde, and conceived for him a passion far stronger than the reader of her "lay" could have dreamt she would still be capable of; she loves the regent for himself—and he loves her also; but the now hopelessly disturbed temper of his mind is with bold and happy art, made to break out even at the moment when she has first told him her love.

The lady has accompanied the regent's camp to the frontier; his application to the court of England has just been rejected; the Duke of Bourbon has induced his nephew of France to muster the strength of his kingdom in the cause of the Earl of Flanders:—(the whole portraiture, by the way, of this stripling monarch, is worthy of Scott himself—it has even a Shakspearian airiness of touch about it;)—a French envoy has arrived with a secret message from Bourbon, intimating that, if Artevelde will restore Elena, he may yet induce the giddy king to suspend his march, and acknowledge the regent as a lawful sovereign. Philip has allowed the envoy, Sir Fleureant de Heurlée, freedom to deliver letters to the lady herself, and referred the decision of her fate wholly to her own choice. Elena refuses to depart. In going the rounds of his camp at midnight, Artevelde perceives light in her pavilion—he enters, and every one

foresees the issue. This is the close of the dialogue. We need not invite special attention to what we quote: here all real lovers of poetry will be as one.

"*Artevelde.* The tomb received her charms
In their perfection, with no trace of time
Nor stain of sin upon them; only death
Had turned them pale. I would that you had
seen her
Alive or dead.

Elena. I wish I had, my lord;
I should have loved to look upon her much;
For I can gaze on beauty all day long,
And think the all-day-long is but too short.

Artevelde. She was so fair, that in the angelic choir
She will not need put on another shape
Than that she bore on earth. Well, well,—
she's gone,

And I have tamed my sorrow. Pain and grief
Are transitory things no less than joy,
And though they leave us not the men we were,
Yet they do leave us. You behold me here
A man bereaved, with something of a blight
Upon the early blossoms of his life
And its first verdure, having not the less
A living root, and drawing from the earth
Its vital juices, from the air its powers:
And surely as man's health and strength are
whole

His appetites regerminate, his heart
Re-opens, and his objects and desires
Shoot up renewed. What blank I found before
me

From what is said you partly may surmise;
How I have hoped to fill it may I tell?

Elena. I fear, my lord, that cannot be.

Artevelde. Indeed! Then am I doubly hopeless. What is gone,
Nor plaints, nor prayers, nor yearnings of the
soul,
Nor memory's tricks, nor fancy's invocations,—
Though tears went with them frequent as the
rain

In dusk November, sighs more sadly breathed
Than winter's o'er the vegetable dead,—
Can bring again: and should this living hope,
That like a violet from the other's grave
Grew sweetly, in the tear-besprinkled soil
Finding moist nourishment—this seedling sprung
Where recent grief had like a ploughshare passed
Through the soft soul, and loosened its affec-
tions—

Should this new-blossomed hope be coldly nip-
ped,

Then were I desolate indeed! a man
Whom heaven would wean from earth, and
nothing leaves

But cares and quarrels, trouble and distraction,
The heavy burthens and the broils of life.
Is such my doom? Nay, speak it, if it be.

Elena. I said I feared another could not fill
The place of her you lost, being so fair
And perfect as you give her out.

Artevelde. 'Tis true,
A perfect woman is not as a coin,
Which being gone, its very duplicate

Is counted in its place. Yet waste so great
Might you repair, such wealth you have of
charms

Luxuriant, albeit of what were her's
Rather the contrast than the counterpart.
Colour, to wit—complexion;—her's was light
And gladdening; a roseate tincture shone
Transparent in its place, her skin elsewhere
White as the foam from which in happy hour
Sprang the Thalassian Venus: your's is clear
But bloodless, and though beautiful as night
In cloudless ether clad, not frank as day:
Such is the tinct of your diversity;
Serenely radiant she, you darkly fair.

Elena. Dark still has been the colour of my fortunes,
And having not serenity of soul,
How should I wear the aspect?

Artevelde. Wear it not;
Wear only that of love.

Elena. Of love? alas!
That is its opposite. You counsel me
To scatter this so melancholy mist
By calling up the hurricane. Time was
I had been prone to counsel such as yours;
Adventurous I have been, it is true,
And this foolhardy heart would brave—nay
court,

In other days, an enterprise of passion;
Yea, like a witch, would whistle for a whirl-
wind.

But I have been admonished: painful years
Have tamed and taught me: I have suffered
much.

Kind Heaven but grant tranquillity! I seek
No further boon.

Artevelde. And may not love be tranquil?

Elena. It may in some; but not as I have known it.
Artevelde. Love, like an insect frequent in the
woods,

Will take the colour of the tree it feeds on;
As saturnine or sanguine is the soul,
Such is the passion. Brightly upon me,
Like the red sunset of a stormy day,
Love breaks anew beneath the gathering clouds
That roll around me! Tell me, sweet Elena,
May I not hope, or rather can I hope,
That for such brief and bounded space of time
As are my days on earth, you'll yield yourself
To love me living—and to mourn me dead?

Elena. Oh, not, my lord, to mourn you—why—oh,
God!

Why will you say so? You distress me—no—
You will pursue your triumphs many a year,
And victory shall wait upon your steps
As heretofore, and death be distant far.
Take back those words; I cannot bear them; no,
They hang upon my heart too heavily.

Tell me you're sure to conquer, as you are.
Artevelde. So, loveliest, let us hope. It may be so.
I'll swear it shall be, so you'll swear in turn
To give me up your heart.

Elena. I cannot—no—
I cannot give you what you've had so long;
Nor need I tell you what you know so well.
I must be gone.

Artevelde. Nay, sweetest, why these tears?

Elena. No, let me go—I cannot tell—no no—
I want to be alone—let me retire—
Dear Artevelde, for God's love let me go!"

Elena retires; and Artevelde, after a pause, thus soliloquizes:

"The night is far advanced upon the morrow,
And but for that conglomerated mass
Of cloud with ragged edges, like a mound
Or black-pine forest on a mountain's top,
Wherein the light lies ambushed, dawn were
near.—

Yes, I have wasted half a summer's night.
Was it well spent? Successfully it was.
How little flattering is a woman's love!—
The few hours left are precious—who is there?
Ho! Nieuwerkerchen!—when we think upon it,
How little flattering is woman's love!
Given commonly to whose'er is nearest
And propped with most advantage; outward grace
Nor inward light is needful; day by day,
Men wanting both are mated with the best
And loftiest of God's feminine creation,
Whose love takes no distinction but of gender,
And ridicules the very name of choice.
Ho! Nieuwerkerchen!—what, then, do we sleep?
Are none of you awake!—and as for me,
The world says Philip is a famous man—
What is there women will not love, so taught?
Ho! Ellert! by your leave though, you must
wake." —vol. ii. pp. 100-106.

How perfect in its kind is this little snatch of verse
which we find Elena singing shortly afterwards at the
door of the tent of Artevelde—

"Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife
To heart of neither wife nor maid,
Lead we not here a jolly life
Betwixt the shine and shade?
Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife
To tongue of neither wife nor maid.
Thou wagg'st, but I am worn with strife
And feel like flowers that fade."—vol. ii. p. 177.

We should be sorry to anticipate too largely the
pleasure of our reader in following the action of the
sequel through the skilfully diversified scenes in
which war, treason, and guilty but passionate love are
made to play their part. We extract, however, the
regent's vision the night before the fatal field of
Rosebecque—

"*Elena.* You are not like yourself.
What took you from your bed ere break of day?
Where have you been? I know you're vexed
with something.

Tell me, now, what has happened.
Artevelde. Be at rest.
No accident, save of the world within;
Occurrences of thought; 'tis nothing more.

Elena. It is of such that love most needs to know.
The loud transactions of the outlying world
Tell to your masculine friends: tell me your
thoughts.

Artevelde. They stumbled in the dusk 'twixt night
and day.

I dreamed distressfully, and waking knew
How an old sorrow had stolen upon my sleep,
Molesting midnight and that short repose
Which industry had earned, so to stir up
About my heart remembrances of pain
Least sleeping when I sleep, least sleeping then
When reason and the voluntary powers
That turn and govern thought are laid to rest.
Those powers by this nocturnal inroad wild
Surprised and broken, vainly I essayed
To rally and unsubject; the mind
Took its direction from a driftless dream.
Then passed I forth.

Elena. You stole away so softly
I knew it not, and wondered when I woke.
Artevelde. The gibbous moon was in a wane decline,
And all was silent as a sick man's chamber.
Mixing its small beginnings with the dregs
Of the pale moonshine and a few faint stars,
The cold uncomfortable daylight dawned;
And the white tents, topping a low ground-fog,
Showed like a fleet becalmed. I wandered far,
Till reaching to the bridge I sat me down
Upon the parapet. Much mused I there,
Revolving many a passage of my life,
And the strange destiny that lifted me
To be the leader of a mighty host
And terrible to kings. What followed then
I hardly may relate, for you would smile,
And say I might have dreamed as well a-bed
As gone abroad to dream.

Elena. I shall not smile;
And if I did, you would not grudge my lips
So rare a visitation. But the cause,
Whate'er it be, that casts a shadow here,
How should it make me smile? What followed,
say,

After your meditations on the bridge?
Artevelde. I'll tell it, but I bid you not believe it;
For I am scarce so credulous myself
As to believe that was which my eyes saw—
A visual not an actual existence.

Elena. What was it like? Wore it a human like-
ness?

Artevelde. That such existences there are, I know;
For, whether by the corporal organ framed,
Or painted by a brainish fantasy
Upon the inner sense, not once nor twice,
But sundry times, have I beheld such things
Since my tenth year, and most in this last past.

Elena. What was it you beheld?

Artevelde. To-day?

Elena. Last night—

This morning—when you sat upon the bridge.

Artevelde. 'Twas a fantastic sight.

Elena. What sort of sight?

Artevelde. Man's grosser attributes can generate
What is not nor has ever been at all;
What should forbid his fancy to restore
A being passed away? The wonder lies
In the mind merely of the wondering man.
Treading the steps of common life with eyes
Of curious inquisition, some will stare
At each discovery of nature's ways,

As it were new to find that God contrives.
The contrary were marvellous to me,
And till I find it I shall marvel not.
Or all is wonderful, or nothing is.
As for this creature of my eyes—

Elena. What was it?

The semblance of a human creature!

Artevelde. Yes.

Elena. Like any you had known in life?

Artevelde. Most like;

Oh! more than like, it was the very same.

It was the image of my wife.

Elena. Of her!

The Lady Adriana?

Artevelde. My dead wife.

Elena. Oh God! how strange!

Artevelde. And wherefore? wherefore strange?

Why should not fancy summon to its presence

This shape as soon as any?

Elena. Gracious Heaven!

And were you not afraid?

Artevelde. I felt no fear.

Dejected I had been before; that sight

Inspired a deeper sadness, but no fear.

Nor had it struck that sadness to my soul

But for the dismal cheer the thing put on,

And the unsightly points of circumstance

That sullied its appearance and departure.

Elena. For how long saw you it?

Artevelde. I cannot tell:

I did not mark.

Elena. And what was that appearance

You say was so unsightly?

Artevelde. She appeared

In white, as when I saw her last, laid out

After her death: suspended in the air

She seemed, and o'er her breasts her arms were

crossed;

Her feet were drawn together, pointing down-

wards,

And rigid was her form and motionless.

From near her heart, as if the source were there,

A stain of blood went wavering to her feet.

So she remained inflexible as stone,

And I as fixedly regarded her.

Then suddenly, and in a line oblique,

Thy figure darted past her, whereupon,

Though rigid still and straight, she downward

moved,

And as she pierced the river with her feet

Descending steadily, the streak of blood

Peeled off upon the water, which, as she van-

ished,

Appeared all blood, and swelled and weltered

so;

And midmost in the eddy and the whirl

My own face saw I, which was pale and calm

As death could make it:—then the vision passed,

And I perceived the river and the bridge,

The mottled sky and horizontal moon,

The distant camp, and all things as they were.

Elena. If you are not afraid to see such things,

I am to hear them. Go not near that bridge:—

You said that something happened there before:

Oh, cross it not again, my dearest Philip.

Artevelde. The river cannot otherwise be passed."

vol. ii. p. 228.

All this is, of course, pure invention; but the romancer avails himself also of Froissart's picturesque account of certain portents that marked, according to the general credence of the time, this same eventful night—the crisis of the fate of Artevelde.

For these things we have, unfortunately for ourselves, no room; and even of the battle that ensued, as set forth in the *romance*, as we must content ourselves with the closing scene. The reader is to understand, however, that the Knight of Heurlée, by whose hand the Flemish regent is made to fall, has been a busy character throughout the second part of the *romance*; that he is a traitor double-dyed in infamy—who had on a former occasion broken his *parole* to D'Artevelde, and been, in consequence, disgraced and dishonoured in the then chivalrous court of France. Stung with shame and remorse, he deserts from the French at dawn of day, and offers his services to the man to whom he had before outraged. Philip receives him with calm contempt—and, maddened with hopeless contumely, the deserter assassinates him in the course of the battle on the fatal bridge of the *dream*. The stage direction now gives—

"A PART OF THE FIELD ON THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE LIS.

It is strewn with the dead and wounded, and other wreck of the battle. In front is the body of VAN ARTEVELDE. ELENA is kneeling beside it. VAN RYK and one of VAN ARTEVELDE'S Pages are standing near. Trumpets are heard from time to time at a distance.

Van Ryk. Bring her away. Hark! hark!

Page. She will not stir.

Either she does not hear me when I speak,

Or will not seem to hear.

Van Ryk. Leave her to me.

Fly, if thou lovest thy life, and make for Ghent.

Exit Page.

Madam, arouse yourself; the French come fast:

Arouse yourself, sweet lady; fly with me—

I pray you hear: it was his last command

That I should take you hence to Ghent by Olsen.

Elena. I cannot go on foot.

Van Ryk. No, lady, no,

You shall not need; horses are close at hand.

Let me but take you hence. I pray you, come.

Elena. Take him then too.

Van Ryk. The enemy is near

In hot pursuit we cannot take the body.

Elena. The body! Oh!*

Enter Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Burgundy. What hideous cry was that?

What are ye? Flemings? Who art thou, old sir?

Who she that flung that long funeral note

Into the upper sky? Speak.

Van Ryk. What I am,

Yourself have spoken. I am, as you said,

Old and a Fleming. Younger by a day

I could have wished to die; but what of that?

For death to be behindhand but a day

Is but little grief.

* We question if any poet has surpassed this exclamation. The speech of Burgundy is not unworthy to follow it.

Duke of Burgundy.

And who is she?

Van Ryk.

Well said, old man.

Sir, she is not a Fleming.

Enter the King, the Duke of Bourbon, the Earl of Flanders, Sir Fleureant of Heurlée, the Constable, Tristram of Lestovel, the Lord of Coucy, and many other Lords and Knights, with Guards and Attendants.

King. What is your parley, uncle; who are these?

Duke of Burgundy. Your majesty shall ask them that yourself;

I cannot make them tell.

King. Come on! come on!

We've sent a hundred men to search the field
For Artevelde's dead body.

Sir Fleureant.

Sire, for that

You shall need seek no farther; there he lies.

King. What, say you so? What! this Van Artevelde?

God's me! how sad a sight!

Duke of Burgundy.

But are you sure?

Lift up his head.

Sir Oliver of Clisson.

Sir Fleureant, is it he?

Sir Fleureant. Sirs, this is that habiliment of flesh
Which clothed the spirit of Van Artevelde
Some half an hour ago. Between the ribs
You'll find a wound, whereof so much of this

(Drawing his dagger)

As is imbrued with blood denotes the depth.

King. Oh me! how sad and terrible he looks!
He hath a princely countenance. Alas!

I would he might have lived, and taken service
Upon the better side!

Duke of Burgundy.

And who is she?

(Elena raises her head from the body.)

Duke of Bourbon. That I can answer: she's a traitress vile!—

The villain's paramour.

Sir Fleureant.

Beseech you, sir,

Believe it not; she was not what you think.

She did affect him, but in no such sort

As you impute, which she can promptly prove.*

Elena (springing upon her feet). 'Tis false! thou liest! I was his paramour.

Duke of Bourbon. Oh, shameless harlot, dost thou boast thy sin?

Ay, down upon the carrion once again!

Ho! guards despart her from the rebel's carcass,

And hang it on a gibbet. Thus, and thus,

I spit upon and spurn it.

Elena, (snatching Artevelde's dagger from its sheath.)

Miscreant foul!

Black-hearted felon!

(Aims a blow at the Duke of Bourbon, which Sir Fleureant intercepts.)

Ay, dost balk me! there—

As good for thee as him!

(Stabs Sir Fleureant, who falls dead.)

* The reader recollects that Sir Fleureant had visited the regent's camp on an earlier occasion, before the close connexion between Philip and Elena took place; hence this speech in which the lost man believes himself to be saying the truth.

Duke of Burgundy. Seize her! secure her! tie her hand and foot!

What! routed we a hundred thousand men,
Here to be slaughtered by a crazy wench!

(The guards rush upon Elena; Van Ryk interposes for her defence; after some struggle, both are struck down and slain.)

Duke of Bourbon. So! curst untoward vermin! are they dead?

His very curse breeds maggots of despite!

Duke of Burgundy. I did not bid them to be killed.

Captain of the Guard.

My lord,

They were so sturdy and so desperate,

We could not else come near them.

King.

Uncle, lo!

The Knight of Heurlée, too, stone dead.

Sanxere.

By Heaven,

This is the strangest battle I have known!

First we've to fight the foe, and then the captives!

Duke of Bourbon. Take forth the bodies. For the woman's corpse,

Let it have Christian burial. As for his,

The arch-insurgent's, hang it on a tree,

Where all the host may see it.

Duke of Burgundy.

Brother, no;

It were not for our honour, nor the king's,

To use it so. Dire rebel though he was,

Yet with a noble nature and great gifts

Was he endowed: courage, discretion, wit,

An equal temper and an ample soul,

Rock-bound and fortified against assaults

Of transitory passion, but below

Built on a surging subterranean fire

That stirred and lifted him to high attempts.

So prompt and capable, and yet so calm,

He nothing lacked in sovereignty but the right;

Nothing in soldiery except good fortune.

Wherefore with honour lay him in his grave,

And thereby shall increase of honour come

Unto their arms who vanquished one so wise,

So valiant, so renowned! Sirs, pass we on,

And let the bodies follow us on biers.

Wolf of the weald, and yellow-footed kite,

Enough is spread for you of meaner prey.

Other interment than your maws afford

Is due to these. At Courtray we shall sleep,

And there I'll see them buried side by side."

—vol. ii. pp. 264-272.

We have perhaps some reason to apologize for the length of these extracts. We can only repeat what we alleged at the outset—namely, that years and years have passed since it came in the way of our office to call attention to the appearance of a new English poem at once of such pretensions and such execution. If Mr. Taylor should devote himself to dramatic composition with a view to the stage, he must learn to brace his dialogue somewhat more tightly, and to indulge less in discursive reflection; but he has already done enough to secure himself a place among the real artists of his time.

We have not thought it worth our while to point attention to the numberless passages in which Mr. Taylor's fiction speaks home to the feelings and facts of our own day. He is not, we can perceive, of our own

school as to politics; indeed, in spite of his motto, and, although, by taking Philip van Artevelde, whose father had rebelled while he was in infancy, for his hero, he has escaped most of the difficulties which would naturally have attached to the choice of a rebel hero, he has, we cannot but feel, indicated his own sympathy with the movement cause in general. But still being a true poet, and, therefore, a sagacious man, he has let fall many things which are by no means likely to gratify the powers that be—or rather, indeed, we ought to say, *the powers that seem*. His account of the *ministers* of Philip van Artevelde—of the versatile orator *De Vaux*, in particular, (vol. ii. p. 24,) appears to us to be little else than a bitter contemporary satire.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

RESULTS OF THE TRIUMPH OF THE BARRICADES.*

It is now just four years since Charles X. was precipitated from the throne of France, by a vast and well-concerted urban revolt, seconded to a wish by the treachery of a large part of the military force at Paris, and the mild government of a weak, but beneficent, race of legitimate monarchs, exchanged for the stern rule of military power. Unbounded was the exultation of the Liberal party throughout Europe, at this unlooked-for and unexampled success. Flanders, Italy, Poland, Spain, and Portugal, successively felt the shock. The kingdom of the Netherlands was first partitioned from its influence, and a revolutionary monarch placed on the throne of Belgium: next Poland was precipitated into the furnace, and the liberties of a gallant people, secured for them, by English influence, at the Congress of Vienna, finally extinguished by the consequences of their own extravagance: Italy even followed in the popular career, and her effeminate youth for a moment abandoned the *corso* and the opera to inhale the spirit of *Tramontane* democracy: and at length Spain and Portugal have been overturned by the catastrophe; the lawful sovereign, the people's choice, in both countries dethroned by foreign aid and revolutionary violence; a quadruple alliance signed which arrays Western against Eastern Europe, and lays the foundations of a desperate future contest between the two great families of the civilized world; and the war against the Christian religion openly commenced by the protégé and ally of England, by the total confiscation of the property of the Church over the whole Portuguese dominions. There is hardly a parallel in the history of the world to such an astonishing series of effects, flowing at once from a single urban convulsion; nor any thing approaching to the rapidity with which it has inverted the relative situation of the antagonists in the war of the first Revolution, given to the vanquished the lead and direction of the conqueror, and induced in the victor a total oblivion of all the objects held dear, and all the glories won, in a contest of unexampled duration and splendour.

In a future Number we shall trace the effects of this singular Revolution upon the foreign politics of Great Britain, and recall to our readers the steps by which we have been successively led, while constantly professing the principles of non-interference, and a regard for the rights and independence of other states, to oppress and insult our oldest allies, and elevate and support our bitterest enemies; to surrender Turkey to the ceaseless ambition of Russia, exasperate Holland by the seizure for a revolutionary ally of half of its dominions, dethrone and banish the lawful monarch of Spain, and deliver over Portugal to the violence of domestic revolution, and the rapacity of foreign mercenaries. All this we shall trace out, and demonstrate, to the satisfaction of every impartial man, that if the days of disaster and ruin do at length come to England; if our enemies combine against our independence, and our national existence is destroyed; if the fleets of Europe cast anchor at the mouth of the Thames, and the jealousy of two hundred years' duration is gratified by the burning of Portsmouth and the sack of Woolwich; if we are literally reduced to slavery, and half our population starves, from the closing of every vent for its industry, it is no more than we richly deserve, for our unparalleled treachery and ingratitude to our former allies, and our insane alliance with our inveterate enemies; and that these results, how terrible soever, are the natural consequence of the political madness of the last three years, and the course of policy pursued, amidst the blind applause of an ignorant multitude, by a presumptuous, reckless and infatuated Administration.

Wide and important as this subject is, it is not to it that we are now about to direct the attention of our readers. Another, and if possible, a still more important field presents itself in the domestic consequences of this convulsion, and the effects upon the cause of freedom all over the world, from the temporary ascendancy acquired by democratic violence in the French capital. Here the prospect is much more consolatory; and seeing although we do, that the ultimate effect of the Triumphs of the Barricades has been to overturn, perhaps for ever, the English Constitution, and implant the seeds of ruin, both in our internal liberties and colonial dependencies, yet we are by no means sure that these disastrous consequences will not be counterbalanced to the world in general, by the settled direction which the French Revolution has now taken, and the important lesson presented to mankind, by what we may now, without presumption, say are the evident and final results of the democratic innovations of Necker and Mirabeau.

Experience has now enabled us to say, that nothing could be so well calculated to induce error and delusion in the human mind, to subvert all the foundations of order and morality, and precipitate other nations into the fatal career of popular ambition, as the state of France under the Restoration. It was in vain that the thoughtful and sagacious, the aged who had witnessed the horrors of 1793, and the learned who had historically made themselves acquainted with its disasters, warned the ardent and impetuous youth of the certain ruin consequent on lending an ear to the siren voice of democratic ambition. All this was nothing, while France remained a splendid monument of the glory, and, as they thought, the freedom to be

* Contre Revolution de 1830. Par Sarrans le Jeune. Ancien Aïd-de-Camp de La Fayette. Paris: 1834.
Deux Ans de Règne de Louis Philippe. Paris: 1833.

acquired by revolutionary violence. The constant answer of the liberal party over all Europe to such monitory observations was, that France had *not* suffered eventually from all the sins and guilt of the Revolution; that the extravagances of one generation had been punished by the destruction of that generation itself; but that the cause of freedom had gained incalculably during the struggle, and that if any doubt could have formerly existed on that head, it was removed by the prosperity, tranquillity, and freedom of France under the restored monarchs. "Compare France," it was constantly said from 1815 to 1830, "as he now is, with what she was prior to 1789, and no one can doubt the incalculable benefits which she has derived from the Revolution." As France unquestionably was free and prosperous and happy during that period, it was difficult to see what answer could be made to these observations; and the philanthropic, however much they condemned the sins and violence of the Revolution, could not avoid indulging the pleasing hope, that the consequences and punishment of those offences were now over, and that centuries of freedom and glory would in France, as in England, follow the final establishment of its liberties under its legitimate monarchs. Thus the world were deluded by the justice and mildness of the Bourbon sway, into the fostering of principles, which could not fail, sooner or later, to bring it to a termination; and the temporary suspension of the consequences of revolution induced the belief, that its atrocities could be indulged in without the permanent and indelible consequences of atrocious guilt being felt by succeeding generations. The Restoration, in short, was looked upon as the last act of the drama—the termination of the piece, which, however heartrending in its commencement, had ended well for all concerned, and constantly referred to, as affording decisive evidence, that the cause of freedom was able to purify itself of all its imperfections, and that, though revolutionary violence was to be deprecated, no lasting or irreparable injury to the liberty of mankind could be apprehended from its excesses.

All this grounded upon a false and delusive view of the moral government of mankind. Nations have no immortality; the present world constitutes at once the sole theatre of their glory, and the appropriate scene of their punishment. How much soever the individuals who precipitate them into public delinquencies may suffer in a future state for their share in such transactions, a certain and unerring retribution also attaches in this world to the people who are deluded into such atrocities; and hundreds of years often elapse before the mysterious justice of Providence is worked out by the agency of human passion, in the punishment of the descendants of the guilty race. It was thus that the atrocious cruelty of the wars of the Roses led to the terrible despotism of Henry VIII.; the spoliation and injustice of the Reformation to the Great Rebellion and the tyranny of Cromwell: it was thus that the crying injustice of landed confiscation in Ireland has opened a wound which yet festers in the Emerald Isle, and, through it, in the whole British Empire; and that the ambition and injustice of the French under Napoleon, precipitated them on the disasters of the Russian retreat, and the terrible overthrow of Leipsic. Human pas-

sions are the scorpions with which the guilty race, or the third and fourth generation of the guilty race, are punished; the desires and opinions consequent on a great act of injustice constitute the instruments by which its iniquity is punished, and its consequences redressed.

The same universal law of nature was, unknown to us, silently, but ceaselessly operating under all the apparent tranquillity and happiness of the Restoration—while the world were dazzled by the gentleness of its rule, and the justice of its administration; while travellers were gazing only on the splendour of its edifices, and the smiling aspect of its fields; while religion seemed re-established by its solicitude, and the last wounds of the Revolution closed by its beneficence; the wild passions let loose, the frightful injustice committed, the oceans of innocent blood shed during that awful convulsion, were preparing in silence a memorable instance of national retribution. If that generation suffered the most acute anguish from the sense of national humiliation, and the repeated subjugation of its capital by foreign armies, the next was destined to feel the miseries of social warfare, and weep under the degradation of domestic tyranny. The great deeds of national injustice—the confiscation of the church, the spoliation of the emigrants, were producing their appropriate and unavoidable consequences, in the dissolution of private morals, the extinction of religious feeling, the disappearance of any middling class in society. The French clung with blind, and, we might almost say, *judicially blind* tenacity, to the revolutionary law of inheritance, till it had broken down the few considerable properties which had survived the Revolution, and left in the state only the populace of cities, the soldiers of the armies, and the peasants of the fields. In such a state the elements of lasting freedom did not, they could not exist. What intermediate body was to coerce the fury of the populace, or the encroachments of the crown, when the nobles, the aristocracy, the landed proprietors, the clergy, were destroyed? Who was to gainsay the central authority of Paris among the eight millions of landed proprietors into whom the Revolution had divided the soil of France? How, out of so vast and indigent a body, the richest of whom was scarcely worth £50 a year, and the majority of whom had not £5 a year, were the elements of resistance to the influence of Government to be found? The thing was obviously out of the question; the nation as a nation was practically destroyed; destitute of leaders, it was a vast and helpless multitude, and the Government rested entirely on the affections of the army, and of the populace of the capital. When the allegiance of these, the sole props of authority, had been destroyed by fifteen years of efforts on the part of the liberal party, it fell to the ground, and with it the last hope of freedom to the French nation.

The stern and unrelenting despotism which has since succeeded; the vigour with which the Executive has been armed; and the repeated defeats which successive revolts of the most formidable kind have sustained, has been the subject of unmeasured astonishment to the liberal party in France! And the few sincere though deluded friends of real freedom, in that country, were lost in wonder at beholding a

Government, elevated to power on the shoulders of the populace, beat down the efforts of anarchy, with a vigour and success to which the legitimate monarchs, who, with a constitutional rule, governed the country, were strangers. Great, accordingly, has been the disappointment, unbounded the vituperation of the Republicans of France, at the conduct of the dynasty whom they seated on the throne, amidst the smoke of the barricades. The change, however, is not only in itself perfectly simple and intelligible, but it was the necessary result of the state in which France was then placed; of the vehement passions excited during the preceding convulsions; and the absence of all restraints upon their indulgences, produced by the demoralizing effect of the triumph of revolutionary principles, in which they terminated. France, under the Restoration, enjoyed the freedom, from accidental causes, which may be the lot of a people who have achieved their liberation without political iniquity. She has now received the slavery which must be the destiny of those whose triumph has been stained by deeds of injustice.

We regard, therefore, the revolt of the barricades, and the establishment of a military tyranny, which has resulted from its success, as the most fortunate circumstance which has occurred, since the year 1789, to the general fortune of mankind; by the clear demonstration which it has afforded of the ultimate consequence of revolutionary violence, and the illustration it has exhibited of the certain moral retribution, which, sooner or later, in nations, as well as individuals, attends on great and flagrant deeds of injustice. The state of France is now so plain, that the blindest cannot fail to appreciate it: the moral lesson which it conveys is so obvious that he that runs may read. Ever since the mild constitutional sway—a sway of which revolutionized France was utterly unworthy—of the Bourbons was terminated, that great country has been the theatre only of the most frightful disorders; of disorders so frightful, and destruction of property so enormous, that, in utter horror at its continuance, the people have rushed headlong into the arms of absolute despotism, and now invoke the chains of arbitrary power as eagerly, and almost as unanimously, as forty-five years ago they hailed the fall of the Bastille and the rise of revolutionary convulsion. This is a tyranny, too, not like that of Napoleon, dazzling from the splendour it exhibits, bewitching from the talent with which it is accompanied—but a low-born, base, and sordid despotism, unilluminated by one ray of glory—unredeemed by one trait of beneficence—unaccompanied by one generous feeling. The people submit to it, they crouch under it, they lick the dust beneath its feet; not because they love it, not because they are proud of it, but because they cannot avoid it; because the existing Government is the last link which unites France to social order; because, if it is destroyed, revolutionary convulsion, in all its horrors, must inevitably ensue. They have successively swept away all the classes, and ruined all the principles which could mitigate the severity of this despotism, or moderate the fervour of these convulsions. They have extinguished all the intermediate bodies between the throne and the peasant, save civil *employés* and military officers. They have ridiculed, impoverished,

and all but annihilated the Christian religion,—the only effectual curb on the inherent depravity of the human heart. They have destroyed, in short, in the fervour of their democratic ambition, all the elements and the checks of European freedom; and fallen, in consequence, hopelessly and irrecoverably under the lash of Oriental despotism.

We love to quote the authority of political antagonists—*ceteris paribus*, we should always prefer it to that of a friend, because it is more likely to be impartial, at least on our side of the question, and is less liable to the imputation of twisting facts to meet a certain political theory. There is nothing so convincing as the truth oozing out of the mouth of an unwilling witness. For this reason, we some time ago directed the attention of our readers to the remarkable work of M. Sarrans, the aid-de-camp of La Fayette, upon the revolution of 1830; and, in an especial manner, the curious revelations which it afforded as to the revolutionary intrigues of the first Ministers of Louis Philippe in other states, and particularly Spain, Italy, and Poland, before the bold and determined administration of Casimir Perier arose to put a period to the system of democratic propagandism.* At present, we gladly take up another work of the same author, and request our readers to follow with us the curious and interesting picture which the aid-de-camp of La Fayette, during the three glorious days, draws of the internal state of France, subsequent to the great triumph of democracy on that memorable occasion.

The general tenor of M. Sarrans' observations in his new work may be judged of from the following passage in his introduction:—

"From the 14th July, 1789, to the 7th August, 1830, France has in effect been governed by the public voice through the Republic, the Empire, and the Restoration: through prosperity and misfortune, it has ever been the predominant party in the state at the moment which has governed. Strange, that in 1830, when the people had arrived at the highest point of civilization and intellectual advancement; when the classes, who have nothing to lose, felt the want of laws by which every thing is preserved, arbitrary power should plunge France into a civil war, counteract all the principles of the Revolution, and conjure up time to arrest the generation which is advancing. Four-and-forty years after Mirabeau exclaimed, 'All the world should declare themselves the people, and esteem themselves happy to be allowed to do so!' a monarchy sprung from the people, turned to those who had petrified it, and said, 'If monarchy subsists only by the aid of liberty, it is to be feared that that same freedom not being restrained within due bounds, will succeed in stifling liberty, the necessary result of republican institutions. Destitute of intelligence, the prey of ignorance, the great body of the people can only offer to society an industry more or less limited; without reason, without intelligence, careless of the future, living from day to day, they form in the centre of society a mass ever resembling itself; constantly subjected to external influence, ever at the mercy of intrigues, capable only of achieving a little good, if chance impels it in the right direction, but of accomplishing infinite evil, ever revolving in

* See Foreign Affairs, Oct. 1832, vol. xxxii, 614.

an external circle of violence and excesses, of follies and contradiction."*

"As the result of the Revolution which placed the people in the possession of supreme power, I shall shew, on the one hand, the doubtful exclusion of the elder branch of the Bourbons, the abolition of the rights of double voting; the admission of all Frenchmen of thirty years of age, if duly qualified, to the National Representation; the remodelling of the House of Peers: in a word, all that the monarchy of July boasts of having conceded as an ample satisfaction for all the blood shed for its behoof.

"On the other hand, I shall demonstrate a fixed resolution, which has succeeded in exhausting every species of oppression which was possible, and openly avowing an intention to carry into execution in future what is not yet so; a government bartering for present aid and recognition the glory of forty years, and the fruit of the combats of giants. I will shew personal liberty daily violated, conspiracies and insurrections systematically organized, the national representation outraged in the person of its members, and the press more cruelly tyrannized over in a few months than during the fifteen years of the Restoration; citizens voluntarily arrested, and dragged *en masse* before councils of war, without the fear which deterred even Collet d'Herbois of 'demoralizing punishment;' the courts of justice in Paris resounding again with sentences of death; in fine, the constitution suspended during a period of profound peace, the ordinary tribunals trampled under foot, and the odious system of treachery and *espionage* again elevated into a civil duty as in the Reign of Terror. I shall shew, by what a series of deceptions, despotism, under a new and more dangerous form, has succeeded in deceiving the patriotism of a large portion of the National Guard, in inducing them to support, sometimes by imaginary terrors, sometimes by servile adulation, a cause adverse to all the interests of the state, and abandon, without being aware of the desertion, all the principles of the Revolution of July: and all this, while it has never ceased to undermine in the dark this great national institution, and sap the foundation of the very power by which it was elevated to the throne."—*Introduction*, pp. 37, 38.

We do not altogether concur in the whole of this statement; we beg only that it may be recollected, that the person who thus speaks is the aid-de-camp of La Fayette, and one of the most active of the party who contributed to the Triumph of the Barricades.

"The Government of Louis Philippe," continues M. Sarrans, "boasts that it has secured peace in the interior; but how can such an assertion be credited, when your dungeons are overflowing with persons confined for political offences—when the men who have put the sceptre into your hands are sent to receive its reward under the burning sun of Africa, or in the Oubliettes of Mont St. Michael—when your journals inundate the country with reports of revolts and projects of conspiracy—when you besiege the tribunals to obtain from them fresh victims—when the National Guards of thirty-four departments have been dissolved; when entire cities have been placed under the ban of legal suspicion; and you cannot

sleep but under the protection of forty thousand bayonets! is it in the midst of such symptoms of hatred and dissolution that you boast of internal peace? Truly you are much to be envied."—Vol. i. p. 58.

"Charles X. perished chiefly in consequence of having erroneously interpreted a doubtful article in the charter against the liberty of the press. But what shall we now say to the government which, in defiance of a literal and undisputed article in the charter, which it has sworn to observe, has torn from writers the right of trial by jury, and delivered them over to councils of war? If sixty prosecutions, instituted under the Restoration, against the press, and twenty or twenty-five convictions obtained during that long period, were among the most powerful causes in bringing about the catastrophe of 1830, what must shortly be the effect of the profligate judgment which the executive daily solicits and obtains from the tribunals, by the aid of a law bequeathed by the Restoration, and evidently repudiated by the letter and the spirit of the charter of 1830? What the result of 411 prosecutions raised, and 143 convictions obtained, against the public press, the 65 years of imprisonment, and 250,000 francs (14,000*l*) of fines imposed on the periodical press of Paris alone, during the three years of the paternal government of Louis Philippe?

"Whatever may have been the license or disorders of the press since the Revolution of July, it is evident that this enormous mass of prosecutions has been raised up with no other view but to serve the purposes of a counter revolution. Prior to this era, no one has attacked with such an infernal activity the development of public thought, the vigour of the soul. History has only recorded 168 political prosecutions to wither the memory of James II. I have carefully searched the archives of the Restoration, but I can discover nothing in their successive administrations which can be in the slightest degree compared to the outrages heaped upon the freedom of the press by the Government which owed its existence to its exertions. That freedom, the parent of all our other franchises, has been trodden under foot by the ungrateful Government of July;—whilst in England, the land of privileged classes and feudal rights, it forms part of the birthright of every citizen. There it tolerates, here it is tolerated: there it is respected, reasoned with,—here it is brutalized and slain. Here an agent of the police brings, in the most insolent manner, to the editor of a journal the rope with which he is required to strangle himself in his succeeding number, there the right of expressing one's thoughts in written compositions belongs of right to all the world: here a journal cannot appear, but in virtue of a deposit of 50,000 francs (2000*l*.) in the hands of Government. In England, a person condemned for a libel is treated with some respect, and the regard due to the possible purity of his intentions; here, one convicted of a similar offence, by a simple majority, is manacled with fetters, and thrown into the common jail of felons. In fine, the liberty of the press, such as the government of Louis Philippe has rendered it, is a mere chimera, a perfect illusion;—while in old aristocratic England it is literally established, and flourishing in full vigour."—Vol. i. pp. 66—69.

* Deux Ans de Regne de Louis Philippe, 234—278; a work published by authority of the French government.

This passage is very remarkable, and for nothing more than the important testimony here borne by an unwilling, and of this truth unconscious witness, to the superior establishment of the freedom of the Press in an aristocratic than a democratic society. Here we have the most violent of the French democrats pointing with envy to the long duration and perfect establishment of the freedom of the press in aristocratic England, at the very time that he is bewailing its grievous prostration and approaching extinction, under a government established by the most complete revolutionary triumph recorded in modern times. This contrast is to the Jews a stumbling block, to the Greeks foolishness: it is altogether inexplicable to the popular party all over the world; but it is not only perfectly intelligible on the principles which the Conservatives support, but a necessary corollary from them. The freedom of the Press does not exist in England, in spite of its aristocratic institutions, but in consequence of those institutions. It is the weight of the peerage and the landed classes which forms the barrier against the tyranny of the Executive, not less than the madness of the people. If democratic principles obtain a lasting ascendancy in this country, and the aristocratic influence is in consequence destroyed, we may rely upon the liberty of the press will be 'brutalized and slain,' as, by their own admission, it has been by the revolutionary regime on the other side of the water. Is this change approaching in this country? We recollect Lord Durham, and the Whig prosecutions of the Press, and lament to observe the uniformity in the effects produced by revolutionary movements, under every variety of national character and political circumstances.

"The Court of Charles X." continues M. Sarrans, "according to the statement of the Liberal party in France, was continually the theatre of denunciation against innovators, alarms spread, at a great expense by the ministerial journals, gloomy predictions, and all the other arts of despotic power. Certainly it was so; but can any one deny that the monarchy of July has revived and improved upon that deplorable system, revealed in all its hideous features by public acts which can no longer be mistaken? The incessant denunciations against the patriots of July, the alarms published in the hired journals, the libels daily spread in the streets, the diffusion of sinister predictions, constitute the chief lever by which, for more than three years, the government has succeeded in sowing apprehension in the public mind, and displacing all the interests of the Revolution. This is not a vague reproach. A host of fictitious conspiracies, of heads vainly demanded from the courts of justice, prove that at no former period was opinion more systematically assailed.

"The people have run the most terrible risks in order to efface for ever the vestiges and hypocrisy of the restoration. Well! what has that people gained in return for so many efforts and such heroic sacrifices? Not an abuse, a cruelty, an injustice existed under the Bourbons, which has not re-appeared with tenfold force under the monarchy of July. In the first rank of the reproaches which were addressed to the government of the restoration, were one or two acts of brutality against writers condemned for politi-

cal delinquencies. In what respect is the government which succeeded it distinguished, except by the increased number of its victims, and the insolence with which they boast of their despotism, and the success with which they can make a sport of revolutions?

"The rancour of favourites has now degenerated into open hostility against every species of freedom. The heroes who fought the battle of the revolution are the subjects of incessant ridicule and sarcasm to a generation of valets and courtiers. The Tuileries have become the patrimony of pride and ridicule. There an aristocracy of bankers, advocates, and professors, an aristocracy destitute of nobility either of thought or descent, holds incessantly to a king without majesty the same language which the old aristocracy held to the elder branch of the House of Bourbon. Do they think that liveries, insolence, and pride are less unsupportable in the antechambers of Louis Philippe, than in those of Charles X.?"—bp. 75, 76.

The courtier insolence and government oppression here so energetically described, are ascribed by M. Sarrans, and all the revolutionary party of France, to the hold which Louis Philippe and the Doctrinaires got of the Government after the Triumph of the Barricades, and the art with which, by the perpetual diffusion of false or exaggerated alarms, they have succeeded in retaining in their service the armed force and the influential part of the nation. In this observation, he, as well as his whole party, are blind by the intensity of their indignation at the present Government of France. There can be no doubt that Louis Philippe is supported by the shopkeepers, bankers, and moneyed classes throughout the kingdom; and though he has been obliged to dissolve the National Guard in thirty-four of the eighty Departments of France; yet it is clear, that he is cordially obeyed by the great majority of that of the capital and the principal towns in the kingdom. It is ridiculous to pretend that the alarms by which this general support of the moneyed classes has been obtained are fictitious or chimerical, when above a dozen serious revolts have taken place since Charles X. was dethroned, and the last was extinguished only after eight days hard fighting at Lyons, and the slaughter of above 6000 men. It is evident that the property of France is really threatened by an anarchical faction; and that nothing but a general rally of all the respectable classes round the Government, whatever it may be, can avert a frightful catastrophe. It is the sense, the general sense of this danger, which constitutes the strength of the present Government of France; and it is precisely on that foundation, that the despotic authority, which invariably succeeds revolutionary convulsions, has in every age been founded.

"Who could have ventured to assert three years ago," says Sarrans, "that the army, the civil administration, the budgets, the police, the tribune, and the press, stifled or salaried, would not suffice for the defence of the monarchy? Yet that is the doctrine constantly avowed and acted upon by the present government. Already the liberty of the press is placed in one of its most important franchises under the direct control of the police; while the law against associations deprives individual liberty of any sort of

guarantee, since it is sufficient to subject every one to arbitrary arrest and detention, that government suspects him of belonging to any association of what character soever it may be. The new government has presented to the servile chambers who have passed them, acts of the *Haute Police*, measures dictated by rage and passion, subversive not merely of the liberties acquired by the first Revolution, but even of those guaranteed by the charter of 1814. And all this is done in a period of profound peace; when France, according to the ministerial accounts, is teeming with plenty, and overflowing with industry; when the taxes are regularly paid, the altars respected, the army faithful, the national guard loyal; and yet France is bound with fetters as if the air was charged with plots, and ready to rain daggers on our heads."—pp. 235—237.

That France, notwithstanding the ardent passion for freedom, with which a large portion of its inhabitants are animated, should have fallen under this degrading yoke, will not appear extraordinary, when the following statement of the subdivision of landed property in that country, since the Revolution, is considered. It is taken from the '*Deux Ans de Règne de Louis Philippe*,' the title of which is prefixed to this article, and recently published from official sources by the Cabinet of the Tuilleries.

"Erroneous politicians," says this author, "have attempted to reduce the landed proprietors of the nation to so small a number, two millions at the utmost, that it is of importance to show how widely their calculation is at variance with the truth, and that the class of proprietors forms in truth the great majority of the nation.

"If we recur to an official document we shall find that in the Report presented to the Minister of Finance, in 1817, by the Royal Commission for investigating the *Cadastre*, (general valuation of the kingdom,) it is stated that there were at that period 2,278,000 separate properties enrolled in 460 cantons of the kingdom only. New returns made in 1833 have established, that the number of properties over the whole kingdom, which was only 10,083,751 in 1816, and 10,296,693 in 1826, had risen in 1833 to 10,814,779; which would imply the existence of at least TEN MILLIONS of proprietors.

"Possibly, however, the *Cadastre* may involve several properties, separately valued, which are in reality vested in one proprietor; but a sufficient allowance to all appearance would be made for this, if the number of proprietors is taken at eight millions instead of ten. Call it even six millions; this, at an average of four to a family, would bring up the proprietors of France and their families to twenty-four millions; in other words, to three-fourths of the whole inhabitants."—*Deux Ans de Règne*, 271.

Now here is a result of revolution enough to make the boldest innovator hold his breath, and amply sufficient to account for the present and apparently interminable prostration of the liberties of France. Ten millions of landed proprietors! It appears from the latest statistical accounts that the value of the present landed property of France is £66,000,000 yearly; * this would make the revenue of each land-

ed proprietor at an average just six guineas a-year. Some idea may be formed of the excessive division of landed property in the kingdom, and the great rarity of considerable fortunes from this single circumstance. In point of fact, the Duke of Gaeta, the learned and able finance Minister of Napoleon, states, in the valuable tables annexed to his very curious Memoirs, that the number of proprietors in France during the empire, taxed at £40 yearly, and upwards, was only 17,745, and those at £20 and upwards only 58,518, while no less than 7,897,110 were taxed at the rate of £25 each. The land tax of France was then, and is now, about twenty per cent. at an average; it results therefore from these official returns, that in 1815 there were, in the whole kingdom, only seventeen thousand persons holding property to the amount of £200 a year, while nearly eight millions had property to the amount of eight pounds a year each.*

It is utterly impossible that a representative constitutional monarchy can exist in such a country. The elements out of which it is composed are wanting. Who is to take the lead in such a crowd of cultivators, all labouring with their own hands, and worn down by daily and incessant toil! Wherein do the cultivators of such a country, each paying 20 or 25 per cent. of their produce to Government, differ from the Ryots of Hindostan, or the boors of Russia? In intelligence they are noways superior; in habits, circumstances, and situation, they are inferior; for their labour is as great, their surplus produce is not greater, and they want the maintenance in sickness and old age, which, in the eastern dynasties, constitutes at once the ground and compensation for servitude.

How then is a country, thus violently bereft of its landed proprietors, and all its natural aristocracy, to find the elements of stable government? We shall give the answer in the words of M. Sarrans, begging our readers to recollect, that, forty-five years ago, Mr. Burke prophesied that "France in the end would fall into the government of a cabal of bankers, attorneys, and lawyers; and that in this Serbinian dog all the glories of the monarchy would be swallowed up."

"The essential thing," says our author, "for a new dynasty which is desirous to engraft itself on old principles, is to raise up out of the classes rendered uniform by the Revolution of July a *burgage aristocracy*, which, elevating itself by degrees between the throne and the people, may gradually cause the first to forget its origin, and compel the latter to abandon the principle of its sovereignty. It is towards that end that the House of Orleans marches with swift and steady steps. To replace the scutcheons of the nobility by the privileges of the custom-house or of monopoly; to substitute for the feudal supremacy of land the ascendant of moneyed opulence; to exchange exemption from taxation for arbitrary difference in its distribution; to extinguish the pride of historic descent by the shameful cupidity for gain; to gather round its throne all that is distinguished in finance, the exchange, or the user's decks; to blend this degrading aristocracy with the remains of the civil

* Dupin, Force Com. ii., 266.

* Duc de Gaeta, ii., 527.

and military *employées* who have grown up under the fluctuating governments of the last forty years; and to mix up with that worn-out political aristocracy the urban notables which have risen to power since the Revolution of the Barricades—such has been its constant policy. Abolition of the principle of popular sovereignty; contempt for the classes who brought about the Revolution of July: a total oblivion of the rights of the nation, are ever foremost in its thoughts. In fine, the dynasty of July has made no difficulty in separating itself from a party, which, since the massacres of the Convention, has no longer a root left in France; but it has done so on the condition of introducing into that worn-out trunk an aristocracy of generals, bankers, and advocates; of professors and prefects; an oligarchy of fortune which, though destitute of the lustre of descent, has not contrived the less to appropriate to itself all the advantages of the social union.”—II. 228, 229.

It may easily be conceived, that a government framed on such principles can have no very cordial affection for the institution of the National Guard. Accordingly, it is admitted in the *‘Deux Ans de Règne’* by the Ministers of Louis Philippe, that this institution is inconsistent with the principles of the monarchy of July.

‘There is not one link in common,’ says this author, ‘between a republic and a constitutional monarchy.’

‘Republican institutions can never coalesce with a constitutional throne. If republican institutions surround a throne, the sound must prevail over the thing signified.’

“One of the most powerful institutions for the support of a monarchy is the National Guard. To wish for still more democratic institutions, is to wish to change the essence of the Government of July, which is monarchical. From such changes must result inevitably either a dictatorship, as on the accession of Napoleon in 1799, or the dissolution of all authority, as on the overthrow of Louis on the 10th August.”—*Deux Ans*. p. 317.

Indeed, so much disposed is the Government of Louis Philippe now to disavow its origin, that it deprecates every species of popular movement, and classes with the worst excesses of the populace in this way that very urban insurrection which placed itself on the throne!

‘The lower classes,’ says the organ of Louis Philippe, ‘are capable of achieving but little good, but infinite evil. At Athens we beheld them banishing Aristides the Just; condemning Socrates to drink hemlock, and shortly raising altars to his memory; building a palace to Manlius on the capitol, and condemning him to be cast from the Tarpeian rock; weeping Germanicus, and throwing crowns to Nero who had burned Rome; exclaiming alternately, “Long live the League,” “Long live the Guises,” “Long live Henry IV.,” combating Louis XIV. in the days of the Fronde, and bowing the neck beneath that great king; bearing Marat to the Pantheon, and casting his body into a sewer; murdering the king in 1793, amidst cries of *Vive la République*, and raising shouts of *Vive l’Empereur* in 1805; overturning his statue in 1814, amid cries of *Vive le Roi*; erecting the Barricades in 1830, and again raising them in June, 1832.’

‘Strange blindness in those to whom the past will never teach wisdom! To pretend to raise with impunity the masses of mankind, and direct at pleasure their movements! Thus the Girondists, who brought about the catastrophe of August 10, never dreamt of the revolt of 31st May, which consigned themselves to the scaffold; and the Dantonists, who did all the mischief on these occasions, never believed Robespierre would arise.”—II. 254, 255.

Such is the picture which the authors, and gainers by, the revolt of the Three Glorious Days now draw of its effects; and such the lesson which that great instance of democratic triumph teaches as to its ultimate effect upon the liberties of mankind. And if M. Sarrans spoke in such strong and emphatic terms on the subject, in January, 1834, when his work was published, what would he say now, when the ruinous effects of the change have been still farther developed; when a great conspiracy has spread over all France, which led to a second dreadful revolt at Lyons, extinguished only after eight days’ desperate fighting in the streets of that city, and the slaughter of 6000 men! The magnitude of the discontent excited in France by the measures of the ruling dynasty, may be judged of by the extent of the ramifications of that conspiracy, spreading, according to the statement of the French Government, over all the principal towns of the kingdom, and embracing all the discontented and ardent spirits of its vast population. The measure of the forces at the command of Government, may be estimated by the complete overthrow of that conspiracy; and the bloody revenge taken on its authors at Lyons, Paris, and St. Etienne, where the principal explosions took place. The force of the insurrection was ten times greater than that of the Parisian revolt, which overturned Charles X.; it greatly exceeded that of the Parisians in the great insurrection at the cloister of St. Merri, in June, 1832, extinguished only, as Sarrans tells us, by a greater military force than that which conquered Austria or Prussia at Austerlitz and Jena. But though the insurgent force is thus formidable, the resisting power has been augmented in a still greater proportion. Marshal Soult and his bayonets are not so easily shaken off as Prince Polignac and his priests; the despotic revolutionary dynasty now installed in power, is a very different Government from the mild and constitutional rule of Charles X. Bred in public tumults—borne forward to power amidst the conflicts of democracy—it has learned how to coerce the fervour from which it sprung—it knows how to deal with the transports so long excited in its own favour. Disregarding all constitutional restraints, careless of the clamours of the press, disdaining all appeals to reason, deaf to all considerations of humanity, it drives straightforward to the single object of suppressing the insurrections of the people. Ten, fifty, an hundred defeats in prosecutions against the press, are to it as nothing; it returns with unflinching perseverance to the charge, and wears out the republican journals in the end, by the expense, the anxiety, and vexation consequent even on hundreds of victories over the power of Government. Heedless of the charge of inconsistency, it warrants the incessant violation of individual liberty; arrests every night numbers of suspected or unsuspected persons in every

town of France; strikes terror universally, by the general insecurity of personal freedom; loads its jails with a multitude of victims; and when no more room is to be found in the capacious prisons of the capital, sends them down by hundreds to the Gothic towers and sea-girt walls of St. Michael. Indifferent to the effusion of blood, it pursues with inflexible perseverance its relentless career. Supporting itself on the armed force of the military, it crushes with a grasp of iron all the efforts of the people for a modification of its rule; answers their cries for bread by discharges of grape-shot; and drowns their cheers for freedom by the thunder of its artillery and the clattering hoofs of its cuirassiers. Such is the Government which France has now substituted, of its own free will, without foreign compulsion, for the constitutional sway of a lenient and benevolent race of monarchs; and however much the philanthropist may regret its continuance, the statesman must admit its justice, and discern, in its severity, the bitter but not undeserved retribution of the sins and the suffering of the Revolution.

The means by which this retribution, under the superintending rule of Providence, has been brought about; the principles which now support, and are daily adding to the strength of this revolutionary tyranny, are so evident, that they cannot fail to strike even the most superficial observer. The democratic passions, the wild schemes, the anarchical desires, excited in France by the removal of all restraints, save that of force, on the extravagance of human passion, by the successful issue of the first Revolution, have rendered the existence of a constitutional Government, or of any degree of public freedom, out of the question. The terror of the Allies alone upheld the fabric of a tempered monarchy for fifteen years after the battle of Waterloo; when it subsided, and anarchical ideas resumed their ascendancy, with the rise of a new generation the constitutional throne was overturned, and the wild passions of the Revolution again rose into action. Out of their strife, as out of the combat of wild beasts, has arisen the stern rule of the strongest; a power which openly disdains all restraint on its authority, and crushes the opponent factions by the rude arm of military force. This rule is now settled, and FOR EVER settled over France; Mirabeau declared, in 1789, that the National Assembly would never yield to the empire of bayonets; out forty-five years of struggles have irrevocably fixed it upon their descendants. The recent elections—the great majority which the Ministerial candidates have generally obtained, in spite of the severity of the Government, prove that this feeling has become general in the influential classes; that the dread of spoliation has struck deep and universally into the holders of property; and that all men who have any thing to lose, now feel that military despotism is the only remaining barrier left between them and anarchical ruin. Such is the termination of democratic ascendancy in the first of European monarchies.

We had proceeded thus far in our review of these interesting works, when we received the following notice of them from our valued correspondent in Paris, and we gladly stop our own remarks, to give place for his observations.

WE take up this work—the production of an author who has become justly celebrated, by several most able political publications since the Revolution—to review it; but not in the controversial spirit in which it is written. It signifies little to us whether Monsieur Sarrans is right, or the work which he undertakes to confute, the '*Deux Ans de Règne*,' emanating from the Philippist government. In our view, of course they are both wrong; and we would not give the toss up of a straw to decide the balance of right and wrong between them. Our object is different. We wish to shew the real motives and aims of the Revolution—to shew the passion that was then, and is now, working in the heart of France; how the objects of the genuine Revolutionists were defeated in a moment of surprise and terror, by a base and pedantic *coterie*; the long conspiracies of this *coterie*, which snatched the victory from the people, and gave away their sovereignty to Philippe of Orleans; and to furnish some new and important documents, and instructive scenes—all of which the volumes before us afford an opportunity of doing.

The first thing that strikes us, indeed must strike every one, is the inconsistency, the contradiction of character, between the *cause* of the last Revolution and its *result*. It is in the first place, a mistake to believe that the *cause* of this Revolution is to be found in the Ordinances. They caused it not—they only accelerated it. The long hoarded combustibles were only ignited, and exploded. The cause of the second Revolution is to be found in the first. The French continually recur to that epoch, and so must we, to understand what they would be about. France, in fact, had never been cured of her Republican passions and Utopian views. Reason and experience had been alike unable to disenchant her. The crimes and horrors of the first Revolution proved nothing. The experiment had *manqué*—that was all; but the conviction remained, steady and rooted, that it must and ought to be renewed. It has ever been her custom, accordingly, the moment she felt the least interval of freedom, to return with a kind of *alacrity of instinct* to that cherished epoch. Nothing could suppress this perverted bent. Not all the down-trampling power of Napoleon—not all the dazzling spells of his glory, could tread the spark of hope out of her heart, or dim its burning lustre. The downfall of that great autocrat would have been a matter of rejoicing—would not have caused even a passing regret, had she been permitted to return unmolested to the wild work of disorganizing—to her ancient orgies—in order to create something—she knew not what—which might respond to the throbbing passions that filled her veins. As to a rational practical liberty, it is evident she did not, and does not mean that, for she has had it in her power scores of times to secure it by mere modifications and ameliorations, and she has always disdained to do so; all the real liberty she has ever enjoyed has been given to her in spite of herself by foreigners. But such liberty as is really attainable appears to her weak and beggarly. She contemns details, every thing partial and gradual, and will grasp at some *transcendental whole*. This delusion, this singular *deceptio visus* which has its base, we believe, in an infidel de-

duction, viz., that it is given to man to *CREATE*, is the mental disease inherited from the first Revolution. It was this old revolutionary *virus* which attempted to break out in 1830, and which had been fermenting and curdling in the blood during the whole Restoration. It was checked—we shall see *how*—but it still works; and like as a vase is broken by a swelling poisonous liquid confined within it, so will the present, and every other Government that may exist in France, fly to pieces—into shivers—by the mighty fermentations of this imprisoned spirit. Doubtless, the Bourbons, the Emigration, and the Foreign Intervention, which imposed them on France, were odious to her; but these were *not* the radical grievances, for they included even the epoch of Napoleon. No, no. All Frenchmen revert to the first Revolution as to the fountain of their country's regeneration. They are not ashamed of it; they *glory* in it; they would rather blot out any other page of their history than that. Both in their conversations and publications, (with the single exception of the Bourbonnists or the Emigrators,) Frenchmen speak and write of their first Revolution with admiration and affection. Some may, in passing, deplore its excesses, but its *principles* have all their sympathy and approbation. They speak of it as a father would of a wild son, making light of his libertinism, but extolling to the stars his genius and courage, and the grand impulses of power and of virtue which hurried him through his erratic course. It is the expression of this sentiment that *would have* taken place as the result of the Three Days, if a *coterie* of political pedants, previously prepared by long conspiracy, had not stepped in, in the sudden moment of surprise, and shewed the astonished nation that it had been contending, not for liberty and France, but for the *Charte* and *Philippe of Orleans*; both of which, if not decidedly odious, were at least of very equivocal and suspicious significance. That this legerdemain trick was put in practice, Mons. Sarrans makes abundantly evident.

In order to shew this, it is only necessary to cite a few paragraphs issued from the Hotel de Ville during the Three Days. The first dated the 30th, and has the following words—"FRANCE IS FREE:—she accords to the Provisional Government merely the right of consulting her. Till she has expressed her will by new elections, let the following principles be respected:—NO MORE ROYALTY:—a mediate or immediate convocation of *all* citizens for the election of deputies: * * NO MORE STATE RELIGION." This placard was printed, and stuck up all over Paris, with the formal consent of the Municipal Commission. By it we may see, that the Revolutionists, decided as they were, we believe, to avoid, if possible, the excesses of the first Revolution, were firmly determined, even in the terrible moment of disorganization, to proclaim and act upon its principles, and to revolutionize radically and fundamentally. Every placard issued by the popular Revolutionists is of the same tenor; and we regret that our space will not permit us to cite them, for their almost every paragraph contains a *principle* unequivocally republican. But what we would wish principally here to point out is, that not one of them—and they were the earliest—speak of the *Charte*. It is evident, indeed, that it was not of the *Charte* that they thought or cared

about; and we feel quite sure, that their own *national "rights of man"* was much more in the hearts of the people than a *charte*—the gift of foreigners, and therefore anti-national and odious. But the Orleans faction now stepped in. They consisted of nearly all the 221 refractory members of the Chamber of Deputies, (why they had been refractory was now revealed,) and had at the moment a good deal of popularity from their opposition (the *motive* of which also came to light) to the government of Charles X. It was *they* who set on foot the cry of *Vive la Charte*, which, however, never extended to the streets; and for NO MORE ROYALTY, substituted NO MORE BOURBON; almost simultaneously Philippe of Orleans was invited, simply to *take upon himself* the lieutenancy of the kingdom. These acts, however, did not escape the animadversion of the popular party.

Several placards were issued from their *reunions*, which were their *authorities*, condemning strongly the designation of any chief, calling for new elections, and for the appointment of Lafayette to the presidency of the Provisional Government. Thus we see the Orleansists, even from the commencement, formed a distinct party from the general Revolutionists. But what is chiefly remarkable, is the *vagueness* of the declarations of this faction. Having caught up the word *charte*, as a convenient shield, they and their purposes are completely masked behind it. Not a single principle of liberty, not a single right or privilege, do they claim for, or guarantee to the nation, or any of its interests; though, by doing this in numerous particulars (we will only mention one, the grant of an *habeas corpus* act,) they might have secured real practical, not revolutionary, liberty to France, and proved themselves to be real patriots. The *charte*, which was their grand all in all, gave the nation nothing it had not before; and they *took care*, as the event has proved, that its provisions should be as insecure and indefinite as ever. To *hide*, however, the vague generality of their professions, they were liberal in ignoble vociferations against the fallen dynasty, and in their lying laudations of the Duke of Orleans. By these declamations, which bound them to nothing, they conceived they might *safely* intimate (not expressing it) their detestation of the principles of the Restoration, and establish an emblem of their devotion to those of the first Revolution, represented, it might be imagined, in the son of *Egalité*. Many were deceived, especially by this last manoeuvre, owing to which it was that Louis Philippe escaped being involved in the exclusion of the *Bourbons*; for the public lie, given out by public authority, that he was not a *Bourbon*, but a *Valois*, was detected and exposed immediately. Now, does not this studious refuge-taking in generalities, this careful avoidance of all *specific* grants or pledges to the national interests, these jesuitical double-sense professions, particularly when coupled with the comment of subsequent events, prove a total want of honest conviction, at least, in the Orleans faction, and that the Revolution, in so far as they were concerned, originated and resulted in *private conspiracy*, and contemplated not—as it did not operate—any change of system, but only a change of dynasty? But even so; had Louis Philippe been called to the throne by the convoked authorities of the nation, af-

ter public deliberation, as happened to William III., at our revolution, we should have deemed his title good. Public order might have been maintained during the deliberations by a provisional government, with Lafayette at its head, much more effectually than it was done during the first six months of Louis Philippe's reign, and that time would have sufficed. But every thing like a *national appeal* (which might have been in our minds very different from an appeal to the rabble) was shunned like a pestilence by those *very men* who were at that moment proclaiming the *sovereignty* of the very populace. Now, one of two things, it is plain, existed: either the people were fit to be intrusted with power, or they were not. If fit, the case had occurred in which power immediately and unequivocally devolved on them; why, then, was not the exercise of it—which, if ever, must then have been legitimate—committed to them? But if not, what hypocritical slaves, what base, unprincipled liars, must those have been, who were at the very moment flattering the gross and pitiable ignorance of the people, by declaring their sovereignty whilst they were juggling them out of the exercise of it! We delight, we confess, in placing these wicked gamblers in the ignorant passions of the multitude, between the horns of a dilemma. Here there can be no shuffling, no getting out of the scrape. Their proud words have been brought to the test, and have stamped **FALSEHOOD** on their own brows. Never was the high-sounding, all-promising philosophy of modern liberalism proved so completely to be a *sham* and a *cheat*. But, perhaps, such words as *sovereignty of the people*, &c. are not to be understood so literally; they may have a double meaning; one for the initiated, and another for the populace, whose passions are to be *exploité*. Truly we believe so, and our mingled abhorrence and contempt is ineffable!! Certainly this double meaning was fully illustrated, its literal signification was made manifest, in the result of the Three Days; the people were *flattered* and they were *cozened*. Louis Philippe was imposed upon the nation, was juggled into the throne, without the will or consent of any party but that of the *conspiracy*, of which he himself was the head. There let him remain. We have no wish that the means by which he acquired power should render it insecure; but we must nevertheless furnish a few details, which Mons. Sarrans has given us of this conspiracy, and of the hypocritical, deeply-disguised conduct of its head, during the fifteen years of the Restoration.

It is not generally known, we believe, to what a *great* extent the present King of the French was personally under obligation to the dynasty whose throne he occupies. Be it known, then, that the immense Orleans property which Napoleon had rescued from national confiscation reverted, on the Restoration, to the crown; that the Duke of Orleans, on his return to France, had no right or title to it whatever; and that his early Jacobinism and active participation in the revolution which had brought Louis XVI. to the scaffold, to say nothing of his father's immediate agency in that act of atrocious wickedness, made the restitution of it an act of magnanimity, which he himself seems not to have expected. Louis XVIII., however, did not wait to be solicited, but at once

freely conferred it on him as an *appanage*. Mons. Sarrans describes the expression of gratitude of the Duke, and of the warmth of his devotion at this unexampled act of munificence, to have been profuse, and Monsieur de Sarrans' sources of information are unquestionable. Again, Charles X. turns this *appanage* into personal property to the Duke and to his heirs-male for ever, although he was obliged to overcome the opposition of the Chambers, and to make the carrying of this point a matter, as he expressed it to them, of personal interest to himself. Again, the Duke of Orleans had long desired most ardently to change his title of serene highness into royal highness. This Louis XVIII. had always refused; but Charles granted it to him. Nothing, he thought, was too much to repay the devotion and affection of his cousin of Orleans; and, indeed, from the warmth of his expressions of homage and gratitude, it was hardly possible to doubt of the reality of these sentiments. "You should have seen," says the author of the history of the Restoration, "his serene highness, at a royal banquet, put his hand to his heart at every toast of the King, to Madame, to the Dukes of Angoulême and Berri; many times during the dinner he would cry out *Vive le Roi*, as if overcome by a sentiment which could not wait for the moment of *etiquette* to express itself." Indeed these manifestations of the warmest loyalty were so frequent and profound, that they seem to have lulled the royal family, in spite of some circumstances which ought to have excited more than suspicion, into the most entire confidence on their affectionate cousin, which continued up to the last moment. Now let us see how this affectionate cousin was seriously engaged. His house, his palace, the *gift* of his King, was the rendezvous of all the discontented of all the opponents of the government. Under the pretext and mask of a love of literature and the arts, he collected about him all who hated and meditated day and night the overthrow of his royal benefactors. Nay, more than this, he heard them quietly with acquiescence, with approbation, with encouragement, discuss the bringing about of a Revolution, similar to that of the expulsion of James II. from England, in which he himself was to enact the part of William III. Now if there was nothing but this fact, undeniable and undenied by all parties, against Philippe of Orleans, it would stamp him as the most traitorous hypocrite that ever lived. Overwhelmed with benefits by his sovereign, and flattering and fawning upon him with all the affected sensibility of gratitude and devotion, he is at the same time giving ear to, and smiling upon, projects which are to overthrow his government, and raise himself to his throne. How mean, cowardly, and treacherous! We lose sight of the *greatness* of the object of ambition, in amazement at the *littleness* and *dirtiness* of the animal who is wriggling towards it. If this man has on his head the crown of a king, he has in his carcass the soul of a Judas! But let us hear Mons. Sarrans: "From that time," says he, (this was immediately after the second restoration,) "Louis Philippe became the centre, around which the new school of the Revolution of 1688 converged; all the historical analogies which approached this period were examined and compared in the presence of his Serene Highness, who com-

placently listened to the reasonings of the politicians who surrounded him. Be it understood, though, that the cousin of Louis XVIII. merely mingled his wishes with the wishes of his friends in the *general interest*." "Then," says Mons. Capefigue, "history, poetry, every thing was made to bear upon the Revolution of 1688. This English idea was thoroughly canvassed. The doctrinaires cherished it as if it were to introduce order after a tempest, as a question of political philosophy solved by an event; and the Duke of Orleans, without shackling himself with any engagement, well at the Court, well with the opposition, favoured all which touched upon this idea, which he cherished as the hope of a crown. If the elder branch forgot a man of letters, a popular artist, or a poet, a dedication was got up, a picture was bought; it ornamented the gallery of the Palais Royale; compromised not, and gained popularity. But did his Serene Highness go to Court? There it was nothing but expressions of devotion, for every one flattering words, condescension, hopes." In fact, even before the second restoration, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, the conduct of the Duke of Orleans had been more than equivocal. He on that occasion accompanied the Duke d'Artois to Lyons, to oppose the progress of Bonaparte, and an expression of his letter to the Duke de Freigne, in committing to him the superior command of the departments of the north, has been cited as justly suspicious: "*Je me fie*," says he, "*à ce que votre patriotisme si pur pourra vous suggérer de mieux pour les intérêts et l'honneur de la France*." When in London, at this crisis, it was noticed that the *Morning Chronicle* vaunted of his never having served against France and set him up in comparison with the elder branch of his family. But the most suspicious circumstance of his conduct at this period was the two memoirs he addressed to the Congress of Vienna, explaining the causes which led to the overthrow of the house of Bourbon in 1789 and 1814. In fact his whole conduct, and that of his partisans, seemed to contain so much *arrière pensée*, that the Duke of Wellington summoned him categorically to explain his intentions.

On the return, however, of Louis XVIII. to Paris, that sagacious but indulgent monarch received his excuses and asseverations of loyalty with a mild rebuke. "*Mon cousin*," said he, "*vous êtes le plus rapproché des trône après Berri; vous avez plus de chances par le droit que par l'usurpation; je crois ainsi autant à votre bon esprit qu'à votre bon cœur; et je suis tranquille*." But the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux cut him off from this chance. When it was announced to him by madame de Gontaut, he broke out into such a paroxysm of rage against that lady, that she burst into tears, exclaiming, "*C'est horrible! Venez donc Mons. le Maréchal* (to Marshal Suchet), *et répondez au Duc d'Orléans*." But in spite of this violent burst of anger, and the calumnies he was supposed, probably falsely, to spread concerning the birth of the duke of Bordeaux, he soon made his peace completely with the elder branch, and continued to conspire against them. Monsieur Sarrans gives the following fragment of a conversation between the Duke and Monsieur Lafitte, who seems to have been his chosen associate, and who perfectly idolized his future monarch. Sitting on the banker's

sofa, after the usual conversation about bringing about a revolution similar to that of 1688, the duke interposed:—"It is a dream—but let that pass—when I am king, what shall I do for you?"

"You may make me your fool—the King's fool—that I may have the privilege of speaking the truth to you—*c'est charmant*."

And on another occasion he said, "Nations, my dear Lafitte, hate not kings, but because kings have always deceived them; nevertheless, *if you bring me to the throne*, you will be very foolish if you do not chain me." But Monsieur Sarrans also gives us an account of an absolutely planned insurrection, which was to expel the elder branch, and substitute the younger. This was to be professed to be simply a *revolution de palus*, in it we see, in all its simplicity and nakedness, the thought which the faction realized after the Three Days; it shews that their design, a change of dynasty, *had that extent—no more*. The idea of this insurrection is exhibited in the following conversation between Monsieur Lafitte and Monsieur de Talleyrand. "See," said Lafitte, "*ceci s'en va* the republic, you are hanged; the empire, you are shot. There is nothing but the Duke of Orleans; he alone can save you; will you talk about it? (No answer.) Neither you nor I can act as subalterns; to play out the game we must throw for all; officers, soldiers, operatives, all are ready. I have promised nothing, but I know all. You, I, *him*. If you speak to him the affair is finished. How?—Three millions, two regiments, twelve thousand artisans round the Chambers; *Vive le Duc d'Orléans*—you to one tribune, I to the other, and the elder branch (*les aînés*) decamp." A look at Lafitte, read it who can. Lafitte adds, "Not a drop of blood; not a single arrest; not a shop shut; it will be an Orange revolution—I will see him." He saw and talked with the Duke accordingly, under pretext of visiting his picture gallery, gave an account of the interview to Lafitte, and kept the secret. But the revolution took not place; to make it required *three*, and they remained *two*. It has been known, that at this very moment, it was a question in council to give to the Duke of Orleans a command in the Spanish expedition, and it is reasonable to believe that he was not ignorant of this project.

We have already quoted enough, we believe, to shew the kind of conspiracy which existed during the Restoration—the single object which it contemplated, a change of dynasty; and the mere party, or rather personal advantages which it held out to its members. That it designed nothing further than this is evident from the result of the Three Days, which has accomplished nothing further; and certainly this result was carried much *beyond* the wishes of the faction who determined it, by the sheer impulse of the Revolution. The object of this faction has therefore been ever since to retrograde from the advanced post which the Revolution placed them in, in spite of themselves.

We must return once more to his Majesty of the French. It has been asserted by Louis Philippe himself, and echoed from all quarters, that he knew nothing of the ordinances till he saw them in the *Moniteur*. Now M. Sarrans controverts this assertion. He establishes that Monsieur de Talleyrand was informed on the 21st by his friend M. Ouvrand,

that the ordinances were to be issued. Upon this information he hastens to Paris, not believing it; goes to St. Cloud, where he becomes convinced of the truth; and, on his return from St. Cloud to Paris, visits Neuilly, where Louis Philippe then was. This was on the 24th. That Monsieur de Talleyrand knew of the ordinances on his visit to St. Cloud, is evident from his own expression, that "*his eyes were opened and the court had gone mad.*" "Now," reasons M. Sarrans, "if Monsieur de Talleyrand, the friend, the confident, the hope of Louis Philippe, knew of the ordinances on the 24th, (the day on which he went to St. Cloud, and then straight to Neuilly,) could Louis Philippe be ignorant of them on the 25th?" Monsieur Sarrans concludes his reasonings on this subject as follows:—"Had Monsieur the Duke of Orleans hastened to St. Cloud on the 26th of July to prevent the effusion of blood, or on the 47th to stop it,—had he urged a return to the *charte*, which he loves so much, he would have acted as a good kinsman and loyal citizen. Or, if more a friend to liberty than his family, he had boldly thrown himself into the midst of the combatants, to reseize the drapeau of 1792, this had been to fulfil the duties of a great patriot, and to prove nobly his rights to the national gratitude. * * * But history will, without doubt, decide that between these two determinations there was none honourable; that to carry the same temperament into a political revolution as into a court intrigue; to pry about for intelligence, and look about for conspirators, when blood was flowing in torrents; to take care to be ready for any event, when political faith should have been proved by a total self-sacrificing devotion,—this is not to win a crown,—it is to cheat at the game of revolutions (*c'est tricher au jeu des revolutions.*) * * * But had the Prince shewn himself on the *Place de Grève*, fighting for the triumph of the old revolutionary doctrines, what could he have gained? The crown which was brought him to Neuilly, and nothing more. Had the Revolution, on the contrary, succumbed, his two hundred millions were in jeopardy, and perhaps his head. His Royal Highness, then, was in an admirable position, between legitimacy and the Revolution, for either event. Should Paris be beaten, straight to St. Cloud—should St. Cloud be beaten, straight to Paris."

One more anecdote of Louis Philippe. Immediately after he was seated on the throne, being congratulated by a foreigner of distinction on his elevation, he replied—"True, true, but I have still three bitter medicines to purge off my stomach, Lafayette, Lafayette, and Dupont de l'Eure."

This was at the time when he was caressing these men with an affection altogether sentimental, and calling them, especially Lafayette, his dear friends and his protectors. *Au reste*, touching the calamitous state of France, of which Monsieur Sarrans so feelingly complains, we will tell him that in its origin it is not of a recent date, or even created or curable by Louis Philippe. France is, in fact, out of her course: out of her providential course. She has been out of it ever since she took all the providence she would trust in into her own hands. Ever since then, it appears as if chance had ruled over her destinies instead of Providence. No great event which has happened her has had continuance, sequence, or abiding effect.

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All has been sudden, violent, and apparently capricious. It seems as if the vast vacuum she had left in her mind by all which she had abolished and struck out of it, had been filled up by rushing ravaging winds. What wonder, then, that strange combinations should have been formed, jostled together with violence, with violence to part, and to give place to others? One of these strange chance-medley combinations is the alliance of republicanism and monarchy together. What *must* have ensued, has ensued; a fierce war between them. The two principles have got within each other's orbits; it is no longer possible to separate them—the one must destroy the other, and the monarchy must infallibly succumb, for it wars with the *mind* of the country. What then? This question evokes a spirit of *fear*, and on this *fear*, which counts among its votaries only the *weak* and the *supine*, rests the monarchy as on its firmest basis.

We must give one more extract from Monsieur Sarrans. It will shew completely the character of Louis Philippe's foreign policy, and also that of our own Whig Administration, beautifully illustrated in one example, from which we may say, "*EX UNO DISCE OMNES.*" The subject is Algiers. It is known that the French Government, on undertaking this expedition, stipulated with our own Government to relinquish it after the conquest, and expressly renounced all intention of colonizing. On this subject, immediately after the Revolution, and in pursuance of the express directions of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Stuart de Rothsay demanded of Louis Philippe, in an audience, if it was his intention to observe those engagements. The following was the reply of his Majesty of the French, which, Monsieur Sarrans pledges himself is faithful to the sense, if not the very words uttered on the occasion:—

"As a general rule, it is my most sincere and firm resolution to maintain inviolably all the treaties which have been concluded the last fifteen years between the powers of Europe and France. As to that which concerns the occupation of Algiers, I have most particular and powerful motives to fulfil the engagements of my family towards Great Britain. These motives are the lively desire I feel to be agreeable to his Britannic Majesty, and my profound conviction, that an intimate alliance between the two countries is necessary, not only for their reciprocal interests, but still more to the interest of the liberty and civilization of Europe. You may, then, Monsieur L'Ambassadeur, assure your Government that mine will conform itself punctually to all the engagements taken by his Majesty Charles X. relative to the affair of Algiers. But I pray you to call the attention of the Britannic Cabinet to the actual state of the public spirit in France, and impress upon it that the evacuation of Algiers would be the signal of the most violent recriminations against my Government which might lead to disastrous results; and that it concerns the peace of Europe not to depopularize a new-born power endeavouring to strengthen itself. It is necessary, then, that assured of our intentions, and convinced of our firm will to fulfil the promises of the last Government, his Britannic Majesty should leave us the choice of time and means."

This is the text; the indignant comment will arise

of itself in the mind of every reader. We have seen the result. Algiers is retained; and only a few weeks ago the decision of the French Government was declared in the Chamber of Deputies, both to maintain and colonize it. Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Spain, and Algiers,—all proclaim the triumph of French policy, and open a career for French ambition, whilst they evidently are at variance, in their present positions, with all material and positive British interests. To what shall we attribute this? To the superior adroitness and skill of French diplomacy, or to the imbecility of our own? To neither; but merely to the all-absorbing *sympathy* which our Whigs feel towards revolutions and revolutionary principles. Their sympathies have betrayed them. They have drawn them inextricably into the net of French policy and merged all peculiar, separate, British views, in the universal views of their sublime philosophy; and this not distinctly, perhaps, stated to their own minds, but only through *sympathy*! Has not history taught these men that such *sympathies* are worse than downright extreme doctrines? Such doctrines, in their naked simplicity, never did any harm; it is only *sympathies* towards them which draw on and precipitate nations into destruction. The Constitutionalists of the first National Assembly were men of *sympathy*; they sympathized with a republic, though they were not republicans. The Girondists, starting from a more advanced point, were only *sympathizers* too; they sympathized with a regicide, though they were not regicides. Without these *sympathizing spirits*, great evils could never be brought on a state. So our Whigs, perhaps, are not Revolutionists in the full sense of the term; they are only *warm sympathizers* with revolution, merely the base medium which revolution must travel over, and tramp into the mire, in order to arrive at anarchy and ruin. These *drivelling sympathies* of our Whigs, ever since their administration, have made England, who was in a position to dictate, the dupe and cat's-paw of a bastard, hypocritical, fawning, but hostile power; and unless a speedy reaction at home prevent it, they will soon *sympathize away* all the respect and weight which England ever possessed in Europe. Admirable pilots! they see a vortex before them, and they fancy it a proof of their skill to get into it.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

RECORDS OF PASSING THOUGHT.

A Series of Sonnets, by Mrs. Hemans.

I.

A VERNAL THOUGHT.

O FESTAL Spring! midst thy victorious glow,
Far spreading o'er the awakened woods and plains,
And streams that bound to meet thee from their
chains,
Well might there lurk the shadow of a woe
For human hearts; and in the exulting flow
Of thy rich songs a melancholy tone,
Were we of mould all earthly; we alone,
Sever'd from thy great spell, and doom'd to go

Farther, still farther from our sunny time,
Never to feel the breathings of our prime,—
Never to flower again!—But we, O Spring!
Cheer'd by deep spirit-whispers not of earth,
Press to the regions of thy heavenly birth,
As here thy birds and flowers press on to bloom and
sing.

I.

TO THE SKY.

Far from the rustlings of the poplar-bough,
Which o'er my opening life wild music made,—
Far from the green hills with their heathery glow
And flashing streams, whereby my childhood
play'd;—
In the dim city, midst the sounding flow
Of restless life, to thee in love I turn,
O thou rich sky! and from thy splendours learn
How song-birds come and part, flowers wane and
blow.
With thee all shapes of glory find their home;
And thou hast taught me well, majestic dome!
By stars, by sunsets, by soft clouds which rove
Thy blue expanse, or sleep in silvery rest,
That Nature's God hath left no spot unblest'd
With founts of beauty for the eye of love!

III.

ON THE MEMORIALS OF IMMATURE GENIUS.

*Written after reading some unpublished Fragments by
the late Mrs. Tighe.*

Oh! judge in thoughtful tenderness of those
Who, richly dower'd for life, are call'd to die
Ere the soul's flame through storms hath won repose
In truth's pure ether, unperturb'd and high.
Let their mind's relics claim a trustful sigh!
Deem them but sad sweet fragments of a strain,
First notes of some yet struggling harmony,
By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain
Of many inspirations met and held
From its true sphere. Oh! soon it might have
swell'd
Majestically forth!—Nor doubt that he
Whose touch mysterious may on earth dissolve,
Those links of music, elsewhere will evolve
Their grand consummate hymn, from passion-gust
made free.

IV.

ON WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF A SKYLARK.

Upward and upward still! In pearly light
The clouds are steep'd; the vernal spirit sighs
With bliss in every wind; and crystal skies
Woo thee, O Bird! to thy celestial height.
Bird, piercing heaven with music, thy free flight
Hath meaning for all bosoms,—most of all
For those wherein the rapture and the might
Of Poesy lie deep, and strive and burn
For their high place. Oh, heirs of Genius! learn
From the sky's bird your way!—no joy may fill
Your hearts,—no gift of holy strength be won
To bless your songs, ye Children of the Sun,
Save by the unswerving flight,—upward and upward
still!

V.

A THOUGHT OF THE SEA.

My earliest memories to thy shores are bound—
 Thy solemn shores—thou ever-chanting Main!
 The first rich sunsets, kindling thought profound
 In my lone being, made thy restless plain
 As the vast shining floor of some dread fane,
 All pav'd with glass and fire! Yet oh, blue Deep!
 Thou that no trace of human hearts dost keep,
 Never to thee did Love, with silvery chain,
 Draw my soul's dream, which through all nature
 sought
 What waves deny,—some bower for *steadfast*
 bliss:
 A *home*, to twine with fancy, feeling, thought,
 As with sweet flowers. But chasten'd hope for
 this
 Now turns from Earth's green valleys, as from
 thee
 To that sole, changeless World where "there is no
 more Sea."

VI.

DISTANT SOUND OF THE SEA AT EVENING.

Yet, rolling far up some green mountain-dale,
 Oft let me hear, as oftimes I have heard,
 Thy swell, thou Deep! when eve calls home the
 bird,
 And stills the wood; when summer tints grow pale,
 Seen through the gathering of a dewy veil;
 And peasant-steps are hastening to repose;
 And gleaming flocks lie down, and flower-cups
 glow,
 To the last whisper of the falling gale.
 Then, midst the dying of all other sound,
 When the soul hears thy distant voice profound.
 Lone worshipping, and knows that through the
 night
 'Twill worship still, *then* most its anthem-tone
 Speaks to our being of the Eternal One
 Who girds tired Nature with unslumbering might!

VII.

TO THE RIVER CLWYD, IN NORTH WALES.

O Cambrian River! with slow music gliding
 By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruin'd towers;
 Now midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding,
 Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flow-
 ers,—
 Long flow'd the current of my life's clear hours
 Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my
 dream,
 Though time, and change, and other mightier
 powers,
 Far from thy side have borne me. Thou, smooth
 stream,
 Art winding still thy sunny meads along,
 Murmuring to cottage and gray hall thy song—
 Low, sweet, unchanged. My being's tide hath
 pass'd

Through rocks and storms; yet will I not com-
 plain,
 If thus wrought free and pure from earthly stain,
 Brightly its waves may reach their parent-deep at
 last.

VIII.

ORCHARD BLOSSOMS.

Doth thy heart stir within thee at the sight
 Of orchard blooms upon the mossy bough?
 Doth their sweet household smile waft back the
 glow
 Of childhood's morn?—the marvel, the delight—
 In earth's new colouring, then all strangely bright—
 A joy of fairy-land? Doth some old nook,
 Haunted by visions of thy first loved book,
 Rise on thy soul, with faint-streak'd blossom white
 Shower'd o'er the turf, and the lone primrose-knot,
 And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,
 And the bee's dreamy chime?—Oh, gentle friend!
 The World's cold breath, not Time's, this life be-
 reaves
 Of vernal gifts;—Time hallows what he leaves,
 And will for us endear spring-memories to the end.

IX.

TO A DISTANT SCENE.

(A Woody Dingle in North Wales.)

Still are the cowslips from thy bosom springing,
 O far-off grassy dell! And dost thou see,
 When southern winds first wake the vernal singing,
 The star-gleam of the wood-anemone?
 Doth thy shy ring-dove haunt thee still?—the bee
 Hang on thy flowers, as when I breathed farewell
 To their wild blooms? and around thy beechen tree
 Still, in rich softness, doth the moss-bank swell?—
 Oh, strange illusion, by the fond heart wrought,
 Whose own warm life suffuses Nature's face!
 My being's tide of many-coloured thought
 Hath pass'd from thee; and now, green, flowery
 place,
 I paint thee oft, scarce consciously, a scene
 Silent, forsaken, dim—shadow'd by what hath been.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

MRS. SIDDONS.*

Part I.

Mrs. Siddons was the daughter of Roger Kemble, the manager of a theatrical company that performed chiefly in the midland and the western towns of England, and of Sarah Ward, whose father was also a strolling manager. "I remember," says Mr. Campbell, "having seen the parents of the great actress in their old age. They were both of them tall and comely personages. The mother had a somewhat austere

* Life of Mrs. Siddons, by Thomas Campbell. Effingham Wilson. London: 1834.

stateliness of manner, but it seems to have been from her that the family inherited their genius and force of character. Her voice had much of the emphasis of her daughter's; and her portrait, which long graced Mrs. Siddons's drawingroom, had an intellectual expression of the strongest power; she gave you the idea of a Roman matron. The father had all the suavity of the old school of gentlemen. Persons who cannot for a moment disjoin the idea of human dignity from that of station, will perhaps be surprised that I should speak of the dignified manners of a pair who lived by the humble vocation which I have mentioned. It is nevertheless true, that the presence and demeanour of this couple might have graced a court; and though their relationship to Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble of course enhanced the interest which their venerable appearance commanded, yet I have been assured by those who knew them long before their children became illustrious, that in their humblest circumstances they always sustained an entire respectability. There are some individuals whom no circumstances can render vulgar, and Mr. and Mrs. Kemble were of this description. Besides, in spite of all our prejudices against the players' vocation, irreproachable personal character will always find its level in the general esteem."

Mr. Roger Kemble being, like his ancestors, a Catholic, whilst his wife was a Protestant, it was arranged that their sons should be bred in the Catholic faith, and the daughters in that of their mother. They had twelve children, of whom four died young; but three sons and five daughters arrived at adult years—and they almost all chose the profession of their parents, though Mr. Campbell says, "I have no doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Roger Kemble were anxious to prevent their children from becoming actors, and that they sought out other means of providing for them; but they made this attempt too late, that is, after their offspring had been accustomed to theatrical jousness. For parents who are players themselves, it is hardly possible to keep their children from following the same life. The conversations—the readings—the books of the family—the learning of the parts—the rehearsals at home—the gaiety diffused by the getting up of comic characters before they are acted—and the imposing dignity of tragic characters—the company—every thing, indeed, which the children of play-acting parents hear and see, has a tendency to make them more prone to the stage than to any other such plodding and drudging occupations as the most of them would be otherwise destined to pursue."

Sarah was born at Brecon, July 5th, 1755, in a public-house called the Shoulder of Mutton—and a friend of Mr. Campbell has given us a drawing and description of it, as he remembers seeing it stand of old, with its gable front, projecting upper floors, and a rich well-fed shoulder of mutton temptingly painted over the door. The Shoulder of Mutton being situated in the centre of Brecon, was much resorted to by the neighbouring inhabitants of the borough; and Mr. Kemble, we are told, was neither an unwilling nor an unwelcome member of their jolly associations. He was, says Mr. Campbell's correspondent, "a man of respectable family, and of some small hereditary property in Herefordshire, and having married the daughter of a provincial manager, he received a com-

pany of strolling players for her dowry, and set up as a manager himself." It is not usual to lie-in at public-houses, and from the somewhat ambiguous language here employed, one might think that Mr. Roger Kemble had been the landlord of the Shoulder of Mutton. Yet that could hardly be the case, as he was an actor before his marriage, and married Miss Ward against her father's will. Manager Ward disapproved of his daughter marrying an actor, and when he found that her union with Kemble was inevitable, he was with difficulty persuaded to speak to her. He then forgave her, with all the bitterness of his heart, crying, "Sarah, you have not disobeyed me; I told you never to marry an actor, and you have married a man who neither is nor ever can be an actor." Even in this judgment Sarah disagreed with her father—for she alleged "that her husband was an unparalleled Falstaff."

Sarah Kemble shewed herself for the first time on the stage when a mere child—and was about to retire in a fright, on account of the uproar among a fastidious barn-audience offended at her infantile appearance—when her mother led her to the front of the stage, and made her repeat the fable of the "Boys and the Frogs," which not only appeased the pit, but produced thunders of applause, so that she was a successful *débütante*. At thirteen she was the heroine in several English operas, and sang tolerably—at that period occasionally warbling between the acts. She used then, too, to be Ariel in the Tempest—and must have been a beautiful creature of the element.

When she was about seventeen, Mr. Siddons, an actor in her father's company, wooed and won her, much to the dissatisfaction of her father, who played over again the part of old Ward. The lover had been bred to business in Birmingham, but being handsome and active, and not without versatile talents for the stage, as his range of characters extended from Hamlet to Harlequin, he had gained provincial popularity before Sarah Kemble's heart.

The people of Brecon, suspecting that her parents were not giving the lovers fair play, took a warm interest in their attachment—and Mr. Siddons, being jealous of a certain opulent squire named Evans, causelessly as it appeared, for his supposed rival "died an insolvent bachelor," made an appeal to the people of Brecon on the hardship of his case, at his benefit, which was a bumper. He had, in consequence of some "impetuous language" to Mr. Kemble, received his dismissal from the company—but having been injudiciously allowed a parting benefit, at the conclusion of the entertainments, in which we are not told whether he performed Hamlet or Harlequin—probably both—he sung a song of his own composition, describing the pangs of his own attachment, the coldness of Miss Kemble, and the perfidy of her parents—in strains which, Mr. Campbell observes, "do no remarkable credit either to his delicacy or poetical genius."

"Ye ladies of Brecon, whose hearts ever feel
For wrongs like to this I'm about to reveal:
Excuse the first product, nor pass unregarded
The complaints of poor Colin, a lover discarded."

"When first on the shore of fair Cambria he trode,
His devotion was paid to the blind little god,

Whose aid and assistance each day he'd implore
To grant him his Phyllis—he wanted no more.

"No cloud seem'd to threaten, each bar was removed:
The father, though silent, with silence approved:
The mother at last, bestow'd her assent,
When Phyllis seem'd pleased, and Colin content.

"Secure, as he thought, in a treasure so dear,
Neither duke, lord, nor squire, had he reason to fear;
But, oh! strange the reverse to all things brought
about,
For the last undersign'd has poor Colin thrown out.

"Common fame, who we all are inform'd is a liar,
Reported of late that a wealthy young squire
Had received from the fair an invincible dart,
And 'Robin, sweet Robin,' had thrill'd through his
heart.

"At length the report reach'd the ears of his flame,
Whose nature he fear'd from the source whence it
came;
She acquainted her ma'a, who, her ends to obtain,
Determin'd poor Colin to drive from the plain.

"Not easily turn'd, she her project pursued,
Each part of the shepherd was instantly view'd;
And the charms of three hundred a-year, some say
more,
Made her find out a thousand she ne'er saw before.

"Poor Colin, whose fame bids all slander defiance,
Could not help being moved at their talk'd-of alliance;
The means so alluring, so tempting the bait,
Thus Colin consider'd, and dreaded his fate.

"Yet still on his Phyllis his hopes were all placed,
That her vows were so firm they could ne'er be ef-
faced;
But soon she convinced him 'twas all a mere joke,
For duty rose up, and her vows were all broke.

"Dear ladies, avoid one indelible stain,
Excuse me, I beg, if my verse is too plain;
But a jilt is the devil, as has long been confess'd,
Which a heart like poor Colin's must ever detest.

"Now your pardon he begs, as your pity he might,
But here 'tis confess'd you have shewn it to-night;
For his merits, though small, you have amply reward-
ed,
To accept the poor thanks of a lover discarded."

This effusion was received with the most tumultu-
ous applause; and though Mr. Campbell does not say
so, there can be no doubt that it was over and over
again *encored*; but "the course of true love never
yet ran smooth," and Colin, after his oft-repeated last
bow, with that clamorous sympathy yet discordantly
ringing in his ears, and all that waving of handker-
chiefs yet dingily whitening before his eyes, on retir-
ing to the green-room, was met by the stately mo-
ther of Miss Kemble, who, with her "characteristic
decision," pitched into him, till by a consecutive series
of well-planted facers and nobbers, she made his op-
tics and his auricles familiar with a species of thun-

der and lightning far beyond the art of the property-
man to produce. But after a storm comes a calm.
The feud was healed, Colin cured of his jealousy,
Phyllis found to be faithful, and after a year's resi-
dence of the lovely shepherdess in the family of Mrs.
Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire, "where
her station was humble, but not servile," her principal
employment being to read to the old gentleman, who
left a highly accomplished son (then a mere boy,) who
"took an interest in the great actress that lasted
for life," the lovers were married at Trinity Church,
Coventry, November 26, 1773, and on the 4th of Oc-
tober following, their eldest son, Henry, was born at
Wolverhampton.

In the course of the year 1774, Mr. and Mrs. Sid-
dons were both engaged to act at Cheltenham; which,
says Mr. Campbell, though now an opulent and con-
siderable town, consisted in those days of only one
tolerable street, through the middle of which ran a
clear stream of water, with stepping-stones that served
as a bridge, and it must have been a pretty place.
Here an interesting incident occurred, which must
have had no small influence on the life of this illus-
trious woman.

"At that time, the Honourable Miss Boyle, the on-
ly daughter of Lord Dungarvon, a most accomplished
woman, and authoress of several pleasing poems, one
of which, 'An Ode to the Poppy,' was published by
Charlotte Smith, happened to be at Cheltenham. She
had come, accompanied by her mother, and her mo-
ther's second husband, the Earl of Aylesbury. One
morning that she and some other fashionables went to
the box-keeper's office, they were told that the tra-
gedy to be performed that evening was 'Venice Pre-
served.' They all laughed heartily, and promised
themselves a treat of the ludicrous, in the misrepre-
sentation of the piece. Some one who overheard
their mirth kindly reported it to Mrs. Siddons. She
had the part of *Belvidera* allotted to her, and pre-
pared for the performance of it with no very enviable
feelings. It may be doubted, indeed, whether Otway
had imagined in *Belvidera* a personage more to be
pitied than her representative now thought herself.
The rabble, in 'Venice Preserved,' shewed compas-
sion for the heroine, and, when they saw her feather-
bed put up to auction, '*governed their roaring
throats, and grumbled pity.*' But our actress anti-
cipated refined scorners, more pitiless than the rabble;
and the prospect was certainly calculated to prepare
her more for the madness than the dignity of her part.
In spite of much agitation, however, she got through
it. About the middle of the piece she heard some
unusual and apparently suppressed noises, and there-
fore concluded that the fashionables were in the full
enjoyment of their anticipated amusement, tittering
and laughing, as she thought, with unmerciful deri-
sion. She went home after the play, grievously
mortified. Next day, however, Mr. Siddons met in
the street with Lord Aylesbury, who inquired after
Mrs. Siddons's health, and expressed not only his
own admiration of her last night's exquisite acting,
but related its effects on the ladies of his party. They
had wept, he said, so excessively, that they were un-
presentable in the morning, and were confined to
their rooms with headaches. Mr. Siddons hastened
home to gladden his fair spouse with this intelligence.

Miss Boyle soon afterwards visited Mrs. Siddons at her lodgings, took the deepest interest in her fortunes, and continued her ardent friend till her death. She married Lord O'Neil, of Shane's Castle, in Ireland. It is no wonder that Mrs. Siddons dwells with tenderness in her Memoranda on the name of this earliest encourager of her genius. Miss Boyle was a beauty of the first order, and gifted with a similar mind, as her poetry, and her patronage of the hitherto unnoticed actress, evince; though patronage is too cold a word for the friendship which she bestowed on so interesting an object. Though the powers of the latter were by her own confession still crude, yet her noble young friend consoled and cheered her; and, with the prophetic eye of taste, foresaw her glory. Miss Boyle took upon her the direction of her wardrobe, enriched it from her own, and made many of her dresses with her own hands."

Garrick having heard from the Aylesbury family high praises of the powers of the young provincial actress, sent down Mr. King to Cheltenham to see her in the "Fair Penitent." The report having been favourable, she shortly afterwards received an invitation from the Great Man himself, "upon very low terms," and went to London. But here we must give her own words, as they are found in her *Autograph Recollections*:—

"Happy to be placed where I presumptuously augured that I should do all that I have since achieved, if I could but once gain the opportunity, I instantly paid my respects to the great man. I was at that time good-looking; and certainly, all things considered, an actress well worth my poor five pounds a-week. His praises were most liberally conferred upon me; but his attentions, great and unremitting as they were, ended in worse than nothing. How was all this admiration to be accounted for, consistently with his subsequent conduct? Why, thus I believe. He was retiring from the management of Drury Lane, and, I suppose, at that time wished to wash his hands of all its concerns and details. I moreover had served what I believe was his chief object in the exaltation of poor me, and that was, the mortification and irritation of Mrs. Yates and Miss Younge, whose consequence and troublesome airs were, it must be confessed, enough to try his patience. As he had now almost withdrawn from it, the interests of the Theatre grew, I suppose, rather indifferent to him. However that may have been, he always objected to my appearance in any very prominent character, telling me that the forenamed ladies would poison me, if I did. I of course thought him not only an oracle, but my friend; and in consequence of his advice, *Portia*, in the 'Merchant of Venice,' was fixed for my *début*; a character in which it was not likely that I should excite any great sensation, *I was, therefore, merely tolerated*. The fulsome adulation that courted Garrick in the Theatre cannot be imagined; and whosoever was the luckless wight who should be honoured by his distinguished and envious smiles, of course became an object of spite and malevolence. Little did I imagine that I myself was now that wretched victim. He would sometimes hand me from my own seat in the green-room, to place me next to his own. He also selected me to personate *Venus*, at the revival of the 'Jubilee.'

This gained me the malicious appellation of Garrick's *Venus*; and the ladies who so kindly bestowed it on me rushed before me in the last scene, so that if he (Mr. Garrick) had not brought us forward with him with his own hands, my little Cupid and myself, whose appointed situations were in the very front of the stage, might have as well been in the Island of Paphos at that moment. Mr. Garrick would also flatter me, by sending me into one of the boxes, when he acted any of his great characters. In short, his attentions were enough to turn an older and wiser head. He promises Mr. Siddons to procure me a good engagement with the new managers, and desired him to give himself no trouble about the matter, but to put my cause entirely into his hands. He let me down, however, after all these protestations, in the most humiliating manner; and, instead of doing me common justice with those gentlemen, rather depreciated my talents. This Mr. Sheridan afterwards told me; and said that, when Mrs. Abingdon heard of my impending dismissal, she told them they were all acting like fools. When the London season was over, I made an engagement at Birmingham, for the ensuing summer, little doubting of my return to Drury Lane for the next winter; but, whilst I was fulfilling my engagement at Birmingham, to my utter dismay and astonishment, I received an official letter from the Prompter of Drury Lane, acquainting me that my services would be no longer required. It was a stunning and cruel blow, overwhelming all my ambitious hopes, and involving peril, even to the subsistence of my helpless babes. It was very near destroying me. My blighted prospects, indeed, induced a state of mind that preyed upon my health, and for a year and a half I was supposed to be hastening to a decline. For the sake of my poor children, however, I roused myself to shake off this despondency, and my endeavours were blest with success, in spite of the degradation I had suffered in being banished from Drury Lane, as a worthless candidate for fame and fortune."

Nothing can be more candid, and we believe correct, than Mr. Campbell's judgment on the conduct of Garrick. "This statement shews," he says, "that Garrick behaved to her rather like a man of the world than with absolute treachery." That he was jealous of her genius is an absurd supposition; for at that time "she had not risen to rivalry with players far inferior to Garrick." She was not then the Siddons. Probably Sheridan did not speak the truth, and was disposed, on a tender point, to flatter a beautiful woman. On ceasing to be the manager of Drury Lane, Garrick lost his power. The part of *Portia* may, perhaps, as Mr. Campbell says, "have been too gay for Mrs. Siddons under the appalling ordeal of a first appearance in London." But 'tis a fine, a noble part, and in assigning it to her, Garrick gave her an opportunity of shewing herself in one of the most delightful characters of Shakspeare. Yet 'twas a character in which she never excelled all the rest of womankind, as she did in her *chef-d'œuvres*. At that time, too, she was probably languid from delicate health, for though "the nobleness of her form, and the energy of her acting, made her appear constitutionally strong, she was far from being so, and her nerves were of the most delicate texture." Her eld-

est daughter was born within two months of her first appearance in London. Though Garrick, therefore may have been somewhat to blame, and "it were to be wished that he had left the affair explained," it would be unfair, we think, to accuse him either of jealousy, or of blindness to distinguished merit. Mr. Boaden asserts, that some years previous to her *début* on the London boards, she repeated before Garrick one of the speeches of *Jane Shore*, that he seemed highly pleased with her elocution and deportment, wondered how she could have got rid of the provincial tittle-tattle, but regretted he could do nothing for her, and "wished her a good-morning." But there is no truth in this tale; for Mrs. Siddons herself told Mr. Campbell that she never was in London before her invitation from Garrick in 1775. It is amusing to read a critique of some scribbler of that day on Mrs. Siddons's *Portia*. "On before us totter'd rather than walked, a very pretty, delicate, fragile-looking creature, dressed in a most unbecoming manner, in a faded salmon-coloured sack and coat, and uncertain whereabouts to fix either her eyes or her feet. She spoke in a broken tremulous tone; and at the close of a sentence her words generally lapsed into a *horrid whisper that was absolutely inaudible!* After her first exit, the buzzing comment went round the pit generally. She certainly is very pretty; but, then, how awkward! and what a shocking dresser! Towards the famous trial scene she became more collected, and delivered the great speech to Shylock with the most critical propriety, but still with a faintness of utterance which seemed the result rather of internal physical weakness than of a deficiency of spirit or feeling. Altogether the impression made upon the audience by this first effort was of the most negative nature." Garrick now revived Richard the Third—and we see the same pen in the following sentence, which the scribbler must have supposed very sharp. After declaring that Garrick's appearance beggared all description, the Grub adds—"As to most of the other characters, particularly the female ones, they were wretchedly performed. Mrs. Hopkins was an ungracious *Queen*, Mrs. Johnstone a frightful *Duchess*, and Mrs. Siddons a lamentable *Lady Anne*." We doubt that; but Garrick, by his force approaching to wildness, and the fire of his eyes, frightened the young actress. He had directed her, we are told, *always to turn her back to the audience*—an odd stage-direction enough—in order that he might keep his own face towards them—less kind than considerate; and her forgetfulness of his orders was punished by Garrick with a glance of displeasure that unnerved her powers. A pretty way of treating his own *Venus!* Mr. Campbell has heard Mrs. Siddons declare, that the great obstacle to the early development of her powers was timidity, and he says with his wonted candour, "altogether, though this first failure of the greatest of actresses convinces nothing like positive or acute discernment in the public taste, and though the criticism which I have quoted was most heartlessly uncandid, yet I am not prepared to blame her audiences implicitly for wilful blindness to her merit. On her own confession she was infirm in her health, and fearfully nervous. It is true she was the identical Mrs. Siddons who, a year afterwards, electrified the provincial

theatres, and who, in 1782, eclipsed all rivalship, whatsoever; but it does not follow that she was the identical actress. Her case adds but one to the many instances in the history of great actors and orators, of timidity obscuring the brightest powers at their outset, like chilling vapours awhile retarding the beauty of a day in spring. But the day of her fame, when it rose, well repaid her for the lateness of its rising, and its splendour more than atoned for its morning shade; indeed, it renders her history more interesting by the contrast." Mrs. Barry, the greatest of her predecessors, and Mrs. Oldfield, the most beautiful, were both, like Mrs. Siddons, unsuccessful *débutantes*, as we learn from Colley Cibber, who instances their subsequent fame as particular proofs of the difficulty of judging from first trials. So little hope was there of Mrs. Barry, that she was at the end of the first year discharged the company; and Mrs. Oldfield had been a year in the Theatre-Royal before she gave any hope of her being an actress, "so unlike to all manner of propriety was her speaking." Still we cannot stomach the Grub.

After Mrs. Siddons quitted London, her first performance was at Birmingham, and there, during the whole summer season of 1776, she was allowed the highest characters. It was there she acted with Henderson, who at once saw her great powers, and predicted her future fame. Within a year after her expulsion from Drury Lane, he pronounced that "she was an actress who never had an equal, nor would ever have a superior." Early in 1777 she played at Manchester, and became so celebrated, that she was invited to York. Tate Wilkinson, who acted with her as *Evander* in the "*Grecian Daughter*," *Euphrasia* being then thought her finest character, says, in his Memoirs, that though he saw in her every other requisite for great acting, he trembled for fear her wretched health should disable her from sustaining the fatigues of her duty. At York, says Mr. Campbell, "she had at first to encounter some disparagers, among whom, the leading critic of the place, a Mr. Swan, was the most noisy. But she had only performed a few times when all the Yorkists knelt at her shrine, and the Swan himself waddled forward to bow his neck in admiration." "I never remember," says Wilkinson, "any actress to have been so great a favourite at York as Mrs. Siddons was during that short time. All lifted up their eyes with astonishment, that such a voice, such a judgment, and such acting, should have been neglected by a London audience, and by the first actor in the world." Henderson had written from Birmingham to Palmer, the manager of the Bath theatre, urging him in the strongest terms to engage her; and now Palmer invited her to Bath, where she "consummated a reputation that brought her in triumph to the London boards."

But notwithstanding the glory of that genius which had received such a noble panegyric from Henderson, "himself the soul of feeling and intelligence," as she gratefully and truly said, she had been suffered to remain at Bath about three years, and they were three years of hard labour, though cheered and brightened by admiration and praise.

"I now made an engagement at Bath," she says, in her Memoranda: "there my talents and industry

were encouraged by the greatest indulgence, and, I may say, with some admiration. Tragedies, which had been almost banished, again resumed their proper interest; but still I had the mortification of being obliged to personate many subordinate characters in comedy, the first being, by contract, in the possession of another lady. To this I was obliged to submit, or to forfeit a part of my salary, which was only three pounds a week. Tragedies were now becoming more and more fashionable. This was favourable to my cast of powers; and, whilst I laboured hard, I began to earn a distinct and flattering reputation. Hard labour indeed it was; for, after the rehearsal at Bath, and on a Monday morning, I had to go and act at Bristol on the evening of the same day; and reaching Bath again, after a drive of twelve miles, I was obliged to represent some fatiguing part there on the Tuesday evening. Meantime, I was gaining private friends, as well as public favour; and my industry and perseverance were indefatigable. When I recollect all this labour of mind and body, I wonder that I had strength and courage to support it, interrupted as I was by the cares of a mother, and by the childish sports of my little ones, who were often most unwillingly hushed to silence, for interrupting their mother's studies."

In the summer of 1782 she received an invitation to revisit Drury Lane, and took leave of her kind friends at Bath in an address of her own composition, which, though it has been often printed, Mr. Campbell has properly printed again, and so therefore shall we print it—for it is full of true feeling, and delivered as she doubtless delivered it, and under such circumstances, must have been extremely affecting, and drawn many tears.

MRS. SIDDONS'S ADDRESS ON QUITTING THE BATH THEATRE.

Have I not raised some expectation here?—
Wrote by herself?—What! authoress and player?—
True, we have heard her—thus I guess'd you'd say—
With decency recite another's lay;
But never heard, nor ever could we dream
Herself had sipp'd the Heliconian stream.
Perhaps you farther said—excuse me, pray,
For thus supposing all that you might say,
What will she treat of in this same address?
Is it to shew her learning? Can you guess?
Here let me answer, No: far different views
Possess'd my soul, and fired my virgin muse;
'Twas honest gratitude, at whose request
Shamed be the heart that will not do its best.
The time draws nigh when I must bid adieu
To this delightful spot, nay, even to you,
To you, whose fost'ring kindness rear'd my name,
O'erlook'd my faults, but magnified my fame.
How shall I bear the parting? Well I know
Anticipation here is daily woe.
Oh! could kind Fortune, where I next am thrown,
Bestow but half the candour you have shewn.
Envy, o'ercome, will hurl her pointless dart,
And critic gall be shed without its smart;
The numerous doubts and fears I entertain,
Be idle all, as all possess'd in vain.
But to my promise. If I thus am bless'd,
In friendship link'd, beyond my worth caress'd,

Why don't I here, you'll say, content remain,
Nor seek uncertainties for certain gain?
What can compensate for the risks you run,
And what your reasons? Surely you have none.
To argue here would but your time abuse:
I keep my word—my reason I produce.

[Here three children were discovered: they were
HENRY, SALLY, and MARIA SIDDONS.]

These are the moles that bear me from your side,
Where I was rooted, where I could have died.
Stand forth, ye elves, and plead your mother's cause:
Ye little magnets, whose soft influence draws
Me from a point where every gentle breeze
Wafted my bark to happiness and ease,
Sends me adventurous on a larger main,
In hopes that you may profit by my gain.
Have I been hasty? am I then to blame?
Answer, all ye who own a parent's name!
Thus have I tired you with an untaught muse,
Who for your favour still most humbly sues,
That you, for classic learning, will receive
My soul's best wishes, which I freely give,
For polished periods round, and touch'd with art,
The fervent offering of my grateful heart.

On her return to Drury Lane, she may be said, in Mr. Campbell's words, "to have mounted with but a few steps to unrivalled possession of the tragic throne. The oldest praises of the by-gone times scarcely pretended to have beheld or heard of her superior in acting, though they had seen the best actresses of the century, and had heard their fathers describe those of the age before."

Mr. Campbell says, that he felt as if there would be something like abruptness in owning the feeling of Mrs. Siddons's professional supremacy, without some prefatory remarks on the previous state of female acting in England, and, in an interesting digression, takes a retrospect of our greatest tragic actresses anterior to the rising of the largest and brightest of all the stars. And the result is, that he finds no queen of our stage extolled for majesty and beauty of person as Mrs. Siddons, nor any one whose sway over her audiences can be imagined to have been stronger. "My inference is, if I may parody Milton's phrase, that she was the fairest of her predecessors, and that if Time could rebuild his ruin, and react the lost scenes of existence, he could present no female to match her on the tragic stage."

He quotes Cibber's few fine touches of Mrs. Betterton, when speaking of her in 1690, when a veteran on the stage, but, "though far advanced in years, still so great an actress, that even the famous Mrs. Barry, who acted *Lady Macbeth* after her, could not in that part, with all her superior strength and melody of voice, throw out those quick and careless strokes of terror which the other gave, with a facility in her manner that rendered her at once tremendous and delightful." Time could not impair her skill, though it gave her person to decay. She was, to the last, the admiration of all true judges of nature and lovers of Shakspeare, in whose plays she chiefly excelled, and without a rival. She was the faithful companion of her husband, and his fellow-labourer for five-and-forty years, and was a woman of an unblemished and sober life. On the death of her husband she lost her

senses, but recovered them, and survived him for two years, dying sane. Then, too, flourished Mrs. Anne Marshall, who excelled in parts of dignity; Davies in his *Miscellanies*, telling us that the high sentiments of honour in many of her characters corresponded with the dictates of her mind, and were justified by her private conduct. It is true, however, that Davies got his information from a book written by Gildon, and published by Curl, "two names," says Mr. Campbell wittily, "that may well make the hair of our literary faith stand on end. We might accept this testimony, perhaps, on the mere ground of its being favourable to Mrs. Marshall, as we may safely take our oaths that neither Curl nor Gildon ever uttered, in the whole course of their lives, a single falsehood in behalf of any human character except their own." Then, too, flourished that highly popular actress, the sweet featured Mrs. Boutsell, whose forte was simplicity and tenderness, and was particularly admired in *Aspasia* in the *Maid's Tragedy*. She was the original *Statira* of Lee's *Alexander*, and acted the *Rival Queens* successively with Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Barry, the latter of whom, as *Roxana*, once, in an angry fit of rivalry about a lace veil, sent her dagger through *Statira's* stays, well into her fair flesh. Mrs. Elizabeth Barry, though a virago, was the best actress of her age. In *Monimia*, *Belvidera*, and *Isabella*, she was unapproachable, and enjoyed a higher character than any actress anterior to Mrs. Siddons. Cibber speaks of her mien and motion, superb and gracefully majestic, her voice full, clear, and strong, so that no violence of passion could be too much for her; and when distress or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody of softness. In the art of exciting pity, he adds, she had a power beyond all the actresses he had yet seen, or what your imagination could conceive. Yet Anthony Aston, in his *Supplement to Cibber's Works*, tells us, "that with all her enchantment, this fine creature was not handsome, her mouth opening most on the right side, which she strove to draw the other way, and at times composing her face as if to have her picture drawn." In comedy she was admirable, yet she could not sing nor dance, "no, not even in a country dance." She appeared above a hundred times as the original heroine of some new comic or tragic drama, and died of hydrophobia from the bite of her lap-dog. She had the misfortune to be mistress to the infamous Lord Rochester, and we are told that she owed her improvement in acting chiefly to his instructions. Mr. Campbell cannot believe that tale: and says well, "putting disgust out of the question, I have some difficulty in imagining the actress of *Monimia* or *Belvidera*, drawing lessons of refined enchantment from a gentleman so habitually drunk, and so grossly profligate, as Lord Rochester." Mrs. Barry was succeeded in tragedy by Mrs. Porter, who had been her attendant. She excelled greatly in the terrible and the tender—the great actor Booth speaking in raptures of her *Belvidera*—and Dr. Johnson saying, that in the vehemence of tragic passion he had never seen her equal. For many years she acted, though absolutely a cripple, having had her hip-joint dislocated by a fall from her chaise, in an encounter with a highwayman, whom she terrified into supplication

by the sight of a brace of pistols. Finding he had been driven to desperation by want, she gave him ten guineas, and afterwards raised sixty pounds by subscription for relief of his family. In acting *Elizabeth* in the "*Rival Queens*," she had to support herself on a crutched cane; and after signing Mary's death-warrant, she expressed her agitation by striking the stage with her cane so violently, as to draw bursts of applause. At last she herself subsisted on charity, and Dr. Johnson, who paid her a visit of benevolence, some years before her death, said she was then so wrinkled, that a picture of old age, in the abstract, might have been taken from her countenance. In her prime, she had been tall, fair, well-shaped, and of easy and dignified action. "By her powers and popularity," says Mr. Campbell, "she had kept several new-born and weekly tragedies from dying a natural death—an act of charity, however, that is, like many others, of doubtful benefit to the public." Mrs. Anne Oldfield, though there is no reason to suppose she was nearly equal to Mrs. Siddons in majesty, was perhaps the most beautiful woman that ever trode the British stage. She was, says Cibber, beautiful in action and aspect, and she always looked like one of those finished figures in the finest paintings, that first seize, and longest delight, the eye of the spectator. Her countenance was benevolent like her heart, yet it could express contemptuous dignity so well, that once, when a malignant beau rose in the pit to hiss her, she made him instantly hide his head and vanish, by a pausing look, and her utterance of the words, "*poor creature!*" Mrs. Cibber, sister of the famous musician, Arne, captivated, says Dr. Burney, "every hearer by the sweetness and expression of her voice in singing, and made her first appearance at Drury Lane with great *eclat* in Hill's tragedy of '*Zara*.'" Davies praises the symmetry of her form, the expressiveness of her features, and her preservation of the appearance of youth till long after she had attained to middle life. He says that the harmony of her voice was as powerful as the animation of her look; that in grief and tenderness her eyes looked as if they swam in tears, and in rage and disdain seemed to dart flashes of fire. In spite of the unimportance of her figure, she maintained a dignity in her action, and a grace in her step, and was so like to Garrick, that she might have passed for his sister. In passages of power and passion, she was electrifying, and Tate Wilkinson says that her features, figure, and singing, made her the best *Ophelia* that ever appeared either before or since. Her *Cordelia*, too, was exquisite; and Garrick, on hearing of her death, said, "Then *Tragedy* is dead on one side." She was even more unfortunate than Mrs. Barry, the mistress of Lord Rochester, for she was the wife of Theophilus Cibber, who sold her, and then brought an action against the seducer. He laid his damages at £5000, and the jury awarded him two hundred shillings. It was the fashion in those days to chant, to declaim in a sort of sing-song. The famous Barry "had a manner of drawing out his words"—Mrs. Porter imitated her in the habit of "prolonging and timing her pronunciation," and Mrs. Cibber excelled them all in that demi-chant to which the public ear had become accustomed, and which, we dare say, was

very delightful, though Mr. Campbell says, "it would not have suited our modern ears," though in those of her contemporaries it seemed to harmonize, heaven knows how, with Garrick's acting! A female voice will harmonize with any thing in this world. Miss Seward remembered to have heard Mrs. Cibber, and says, "she uniformly pitched her silver voice so sweetly plaintive, in too high a key to produce that endless variety with which Mrs. Siddons declaims." Uniformity will never produce variety; but it may produce—and in her case it did—profoundest pathos. "Mrs. Siddons," adds Miss Seward, "had all the pathos of Mrs. Cibber, with a thousand times more variety in its exertions." Just so. And Mrs. Cibber had all the pathos of Mrs. Siddons, with a thousand times less variety in its exertions. Just so. Mrs. Pritchard, who played from 1733 to 1768, made her debut at Bartholomew Fair, "where she was caressed by the public." "It would be at present," says Mr. Campbell, no great recommendation for a young *débütante* at any of our great theatres to have been caressed by the public at Bartholomew Fair. But that place was then more respectable than it now is. The opulent used to resort to it in their carriages." Every body knows Churchill's lines—

"Before such merit all distinctions fly,
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick six feet high."

"When I begged," says Mrs. Siddons, in her Autograph Recollections, "Dr. Johnson to let me know his opinion of Mrs. Pritchard, whom I had never seen, he answered, 'Madam, she was a vulgar idiot; she used to speak of her *gown*, and she never read any part in a play in which she acted, except her own!' Is it possible," Mrs. Siddons continues, "that Mrs. Pritchard, the greatest of all the *Lady Macbeths*, should never have read the play! and concluded the Doctor was misinformed; but I was afterwards assured by a gentleman, a friend of Mrs. Pritchard's, that he had supped with her one night after she had acted *Lady Macbeth*, and that she declared she had never perused the whole tragedy. I cannot believe it." Nor can any sensible person—begging Dr. Johnson's and the gentleman's pardon. As to pronouncing gown *gown*, it was vulgar, because cockneyish—but Dr. Johnson knew what he was saying, and added, "on the stage she seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding." Mr. Boaden exclaims, "Inspiration indeed! unless we are to suppose that in private she condescended to chit-chat, and erred not in ignorance, but carelessness and habit." We are to suppose even so, and it is very natural. We have ourselves heard Kean off the stage call Leonora Leonora—but never on it. Mr. Campbell says, "he cannot consent to Dr. Johnson calling her a vulgar idiot, even though she did give an unnecessary *d* to her gown." But the Dr. called her an idiot for sake of a strong sentence—as we believe he once called poor Goldy "an inspired idiot." Mr. Campbell, however, seldom touches any subject without adorning it, and he adds, "Encrusted with indolence as she was, she was still a diamond. At the same time, being palpably devoid of devotion to her profession, she must have been unequal in her performances. Accordingly, we find that her popularity in London fell,—and when she went over to Dublin,

that she electrified the Irish—with disappointment." Yet she must have been a great genius; for she was not only vulgar, but ugly, had a large and ungraceful figure, and Garrick told Tate Wilkinson that she was apt to blubber her sorrows; yet, in spite of all, she was the first actress of the day—equally great in *Lady Macbeth* and in *Mrs. Doll*. Mrs. Yates had a countenance, that, with the beauty of the antique statue, had also something of its monotony, and she was defective in parts of tenderness; but her fine person, haughty features, and powerful voice, carried her well through rage and disdain, and her declamation was musical. John Taylor told Mr. Campbell that she was the most commanding personage he had ever looked upon before he saw Mrs. Siddons. She was a superb *Medea*—Wilkinson compares her *Margaret of Anjou* with Mrs. Siddons's *Zara*—and Davies says that she was an actress whose just elocution, warm passion, and majestic deportment, excited the admiration even of foreigners, and fixed the attention and applause of her own countrymen. Mr. Godwin, in an interesting letter to Mr. Campbell, writes—"It is a curious point to distinguish between the loftiness of this actress and that of Mrs. Siddons. In Mrs. Siddons it appeared the untaught loftiness of an elevated soul, working outwards; but in Mrs. Yates, it was the loftiness of a person who had associated only with the majestic and the great, who was therefore complete in herself and in all her motions, and had an infallibility which could never for a moment be called in doubt. Mrs. Siddons was great only as the occasion sustained her; but Mrs. Yates was great, because, by the habit of her soul, it was impossible for her to be otherwise." Mrs. Crawford acted from 1759 to 1797. She was the daughter of an apothecary at Bath, and was of an enormous temperament. Somebody or other, whom Mr. Campbell calls a young scion of nobility, jilted her, 'tis said, in her seventeenth year, and the misfortune so deeply affected her, that, in the vain attempt to reconcile herself to it by going to the theatre, she fell in love with an actor of the name of Dancer. Him, of course, the poor forsaken girl, who appeared in a consumption, married, in spite of her physician, and of all her high-born relations, who thought the connexion a disgrace to the pestle and mortar. Mrs. Dancer soon became the star of the Dublin theatre, and a widow. She lost but little time before giving her hand to the handsomest man on the stage, Spranger Barry, then called the Irish Roscius, and the Silver-tongued. With him she led a life of happiness and fame, and for many years, under Garrick's management, was the delight of Drury Lane. In 1777 Barry died, and she married a third husband, who was a brute, as third husbands generally are, and broke her heart. She was then no longer young—though not old—and domestic distress cast such a damp over her genius, that frequently she could only be said to walk through her parts. On the appearance of the Siddons, she came from Dublin to act at Covent Garden; but a faded beauty, some years on the wrong side of forty, "paled her ineffectual fires" before the blaze of those resplendent charms, and her genius shewed like a dying lamp in the meridian sun. She who had once been so elegant and graceful in her deportment, became, alas! quoth honest John Taylor, rough and

coarse, and her person had the appearance rather of an old man of one of her own sex! The year before her unhappy rivalry with Mrs. Siddons, she chose to play, in a tragedy of Jephson's, the part of a very young virgin, *Adelaide*, for the sole object, says Mr. Boaden, of playing the youthful passion with her third husband, the Theodore of the night. It is not difficult, adds the benevolent Boaden, "to conceive that a young gentleman may be *passionately enamoured of the great talents* of a lady of middle age; it is still more easy to imagine the delusion under which the mature female strives to attach, and hopes to retain, the ardour which nature designed for beauty of its own age; but I must think such matches ill calculated for public display; the charm is known and felt only by the parties; the disproportion strikes all eyes but their own; a feeling of shame is excited in the beholders, which drops into disgust, or rises into ridicule." At no time could such a person have been within a thousand leagues of Mrs. Siddons. Yet in youth she had been a delightful *Rosalind*, and even to the last she was effective in *Lady Randolph*. The effect of her question to the peasant respecting the child, "*was he alive?*" was such as to make rows of spectators start from their seats. Mr. Boaden says "it checked your breathing, *perhaps pulsation*; it was so bold as to be even hazardous, not too piercing not to be triumphant; sympathizing nature found itself completely spell-bound in the circle of those mighty magicians." Mr. Campbell's remarks on Mr. Boaden here are not quite fair—for he does not notice these words at all, and rather distorts the meaning of those he does quote. "Mr. Boaden, I conceive, has been over anxious to make it appear that Mrs. Crawford's mode of uttering this query, or, as he says, of *screaming it*, was unnatural, and that it succeeded merely as a *tour de force*, or stage-trick." Mr. Boaden nowhere uses the word *scream*—though he might have done so without blame—he says *shriek*—nor does he call the shriek a stage-trick, but intimates that all such sudden violences run the risk of being thought in our cooler moments *tours de force*. Neither does Mr. Boaden say, as Mr. Campbell alleges, that Mrs. Crawford's appalling shriek "was out of nature." He merely says, that in his opinion, Mrs. Siddons's "hurried, breathless mode of putting the question," was less alarming, but more "natural." Why? Because Lady Randolph believed the child was dead. She had no hope of his life. Even when answered "he was," she asks—in the same belief—"how couldst thou kill him?" Mr. Campbell says, "This is arguing as if a mother in agony about a lost child could calculate as coolly as a chess-player about the moving of a pawn." No. The mother here was not in an agony—the word is too strong for a state of mind of such long endurance, however heightened by the disclosure of a moment coming after the lapse of so many years. Yet how fine what follows! "*Lady Randolph* utters that question in a state of transport, as if the life or death of her last hopes depended on the instant answer. The inconsistency of her still supposing him dead, though she had heard that he was found alive, is beautifully true to nature. It is fear rushing in frenzy to precipitate conclusions. That Mrs. Siddons could dispense with

extreme vehemence in this interrogation, only shews the perfection of her acting in other points. Her *Lady Randolph* was altogether a more sustained and harmonious performance than Mrs. Crawford's. But I believe that she avoided her rival's vehemence of manner in this instance, not from thinking that it was unnatural, but from the fear of being taxed with imitation." Neither the one nor the other "Was he alive?" has been called unnatural; but with the character, condition, and age of *Lady Randolph*, we feel that Mrs. Siddons's "Was he alive?"—"the hurried, breathless mode of putting the question"—was the more accordant; and we wish Mr. Campbell would think so too, which he may do consistently with his own fine exposition of the spirit at that moment agitating the mother's heart. It is the foolish fashion nowadays to speak lightly of the Tragedy of Douglas. But no audience ever witnessed it without tears—without "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." Shakspeare himself would have felt the natural but prodigious power of its prevailing pathos. Mrs. Siddons's *Lady Randolph* was indeed, as Mr. Campbell says, "a sustained and harmonious performance;" whereas her great rival, as Mr. Boaden says just as truly, was the first of a school, in later periods much admired, which deemed discordance the natural ally of anguish, and tortured the ear to overpower the heart.

From this digression—not an unpleasant one, we hope, in company with Cibber, Campbell, and Boaden—let us return to follow the fortunes of the Siddons. On the 10th of October, 1782, she made her first appearance at Drury Lane in Southerne's Tragedy of *Isabella*. The character was recommended to her by Mr. Sheridan, the father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who had seen her play it at Bath. The choice, says Mr. Campbell, was a judicious one—"the part of *Isabella* had pathos enough to develop her genius, without complexity to make it an extreme ordeal for her powers on their new great trial, and with her beautiful little son, Henry, in her hand, she looked the very personage." The author of Gertrude of Wyoming and Lochiel's Warning is an unerring critic. He understands Shakspeare as well as Schlegel, and better far; yet he can sympathize with genius of a lower order, and declares, with a generous spirit that does our heart good, that Southerne, the author of that play, in common with Otway and Rowe, deserves our gratitude for having sustained our graver drama, towards the close of the 17th century, at a time when it was threatened with the pestilence of rhyming tragedies. Inferior, he adds, as all the three may be to the more immediate successors of Shakspeare, still they are entitled to our respect, when we consider that more than a century has elapsed in England without producing any thing like such a triad of dramatic names. Nay, where, we ask, is there one such name as that of either of the three, if we except that of Joanna Baillie? And her noble Plays are not adapted for representation on the stage. She knows the human heart better than any other woman ever knew it; but her genius, penetrating as it is into the brighter and the blacker mysteries is not essentially dramatic. It can expatiate in the real living wide world, but cannot concentrate its illustrative lore within the narrow circle of the

"wooden O." Yet is she a magician, and, at the waving of her wand, our imaginations are peopled with beautiful and majestic creations of a nature kindred to our own. The poet Gray was, like Campbell, a great admirer of Southerne. But modern criticism has discovered that the *Elegy* in a Country Church-yard is but a poor performance! Southerne erred in attempting, in imitation of the elder dramatists, comic intermixtures with tragic matter, and, in its original state, there was in the *Fatal Marriage* a complete and comic underplot. In tragedy some such scenes may perhaps be permitted for the sake of relief, but they should never be farcical or outrageously humorous, and we know what happened to the old dramatists in their imitation of Shakespeare. The comic underplot which Southerne threw in, "in compliance with the grotesque taste of the time," has been cut off; and "the small critics, wielding their delicate pens," who accuse "Isabella" of being oppressed by heavy and confused incidents, speak utter nonsense. Neither is the main incident unfit for the tragic drama, as has been weakly said—barrowing, indeed it is, but in Southerne, it is not shocking or repulsive—and the character of Isabella sustains the dreadful trial with a dignified, though agonizing distress. Mr. Campbell says nobly, "the deeply affecting story has an air of fatalism, that always reminds me of the Greek stage. Perhaps in all powerful tragedies this air is to be traced. It is a cold dramatic achievement to shew us only the ordinary and necessary connexion between the passions and the misfortunes of our species. The poetic invention that affects us to the deepest degree, is that which teaches us by what surprising coincidences the passions of the bad may work more misery than even they themselves intend; and how the shafts of cruelty may strike the innocent with more than their natural force, coming like arrows impelled by the wind."

All her provincial fame, bright as it had been for years, could not dispel from the heart of Mrs. Siddons the most oppressive fears of a second failure on the London boards. She remembered how she had been but *merely tolerated*, and then let take her unregretted departure into the shades of oblivion. She who was about to enter on her rule over all hearts, and to remain for ever sole sovereign queen of the passions, trembled like a slave. How affecting, and in triumph how humble, her account of her first appearance!

"For a whole fortnight before this (to me) memorable day, I suffered from nervous agitation more than can be imagined. No wonder! for my own fate, and that of my little family, hung upon it. I had quitted Bath, where all my efforts had been successful, and I feared lest a second failure in London might influence the public mind greatly to my prejudice, in the event of my return from Drury Lane, disgraced as I formerly had been. In due time I was summoned to the rehearsal of 'Isabella.' Who can imagine my terror! I feared to utter a sound above an audible whisper; but by degrees enthusiasm cheered me into a forgetfulness of my fears, and I unconsciously threw out my voice, which failed not to be heard in the remotest part of the house, by a friend who kindly undertook to ascertain the happy circum-

stance. The countenances, no less than tears and flattering encouragements of my companions, emboldened me more and more; and the second rehearsal was even more affecting than the first. Mr. King, who was then manager, was loud in his applauses. This second rehearsal took place on the 8th of October, 1782, and on the evening of that day I was seized with a nervous hoarseness, which made me extremely wretched; for I dreaded being obliged to defer my appearance on the 10th, longing, as I most earnestly did, at least to know the worst. I went to bed, therefore, in a state of dreadful suspense. Awaking the next morning, however, though out of restless, unrefreshing sleep, I found, upon speaking to my husband, that my voice was very much clearer. This, of course, was a great comfort to me; and, moreover, the sun, which had been completely obscured for many days, shone brightly through my curtains. I hailed it, though tearfully, yet thankfully, as a happy omen; and even now I am not ashamed of *this* (as it may perhaps be called) childish superstition. On the morning of the 10th, my voice was, most happily, perfectly restored; and again '*The blessed sun shone brightly on me.*' On this eventful day my father arrived to comfort me, and to be a witness of my trial. He accompanied me to my dressing-room at the theatre. There he left me; and I, in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities, which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, there completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly.

"At length I was called to my fiery trial. I found my venerable father behind the scenes, little less agitated than myself. The awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined as it were with human intellect from top to bottom, and all around, may perhaps be imagined, but can never be described, and by me can never be forgotten.

"Of the general effect of this night's performance I need not speak: it has already been publicly recorded. I reached my own quiet fireside, on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself, sat down to a frugal neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments; but occasionally stopped short, and, laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection, (who can conceive the intenseness of that reverie!) fell into a sweet and profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose alert in mind and body.

"I should be afraid to say," she continues, "how many times 'Isabella' was repeated successively, with still increasing favour. I was now highly gratified by a removal from my very indifferent and inconvenient dressing-room to one on the stage-floor, instead of climbing a long staircase; and this room (oh, unexpected happiness!) had been Garrick's

dressing-room. It is impossible to conceive my gratification, when I saw my own figure in the self-same glass which had so often reflected the face and form of that unequalled genius; not perhaps without some vague fanciful hope of a little degree of inspiration from it. About this time I was honoured by the whole body of the Law with a present of a purse of one hundred guineas."

Mrs. Siddons performed *Isabella* eight times between the 10th and 30th of October, and poor Mrs. Yates suffered more than a partial eclipse. In *Euphrasia*, in the "Grecian Daughter," with the aid of Henderson's powerful acting, she still maintained a semblance of rivalry with Mrs. Siddons—but it was only a semblance—and her friends complained in despair, "of the infatuated attention that was paid to the rising actress." The friends of the rising actress had no temptation to retort—for there she stood nightly before them "in the blaze of her fame." Mr. Boaden, with a fine enthusiasm which age could not deaden, thus writes, forty years after the event:—"She struck even prejudice with astonishment, from the number of her requisites. So full a measure had never yet fallen to the lot of any one daughter of the stage. Mrs. Yates was majestic; Mrs. Crawford pathetic; Miss Younge enthusiastic. The voice of the first was melodious; that of the second harsh; that of the third tremulous. As to features, Mrs. Yates was after the antique, but she had little flexibility; Mrs. Crawford was even handsome, but the expression of her countenance was rather satirical. Of Miss Younge, the features wanted prominence and relief, and the eye had little colour. Yet sensibility impressed her countenance, and lifted plainness into consequence and interest. In the style of action they differed considerably: Mrs. Yates studied to be graceful; Mrs. Crawford was vehement—and then her arms went from side to side, struck the bosom with violence in bursts of passion, and took all fair advantages of her personal attractions; Miss Younge had acquired the temperance in action which Shakespeare recommends, and in every motion was correct and refined, delicate and persuasive. Their rival had all that was valuable in their respective requisites, and more than all; her mental power seemed to be of a firmer texture, her studies to have been deeper, and partaking less of what may be termed professional habits. The eye of Mrs. Siddons was an inestimable distinction; no rival could pretend to look like her."

Her next character was *Euphrasia*, in Murphy's "Grecian Daughter"—a play which one of the newspaper critics of that day—so inferior to those of this, who are often men of the finest talents, as in the *Spectator*, *Examiner*, and *Atlas*—denominated "an abortion of Melpomene." It is no abortion, but a full-grown birth, though not of celestial conception. "It is," says Mr. Campbell, with his characteristic wit, "a tolerable tragedy in all but the words." Even the words are often far from being much amiss, for Murphy was a scholar. But its merit, which is considerable, we agree with our critic, "is that of our best pantomimes and melodramas." The incidents and situations are well arranged for effect—something striking or impressive is always moving before the eye—and powerful appeals may be made

in it by a great performer to the best feelings of our nature. No wonder that Mrs. Siddons shone in *Euphrasia*. She possessed, beyond all others, that power of putting poetry into action, where there is little or none of it on the author's page, which Mr. Campbell thinks worthy of better discussion than he can bring to it, but which needs no discussion at all. He has thrown more light on it by one poetical image than a score of metaphysicians could by as many tomes. "It is not more certain that the Northern Lights can play upon ice, than that electrifying acting has often irradiated dramas very frigid to the reader." Glorious words do of themselves awaken transports—add glorious acting as they issue from glorious lips—and then the whole divinity burns within us—as when Siddons speaks, and looks, and moves as a creation of Shakespeare's. But she even could speak, look, and move Murphy—till by the added grandeur he grew sublime. He was Murphy no more—and all hearts were shaken—all eyes wept. There is no mystery in the affair—if you still think there is, Mr. Campbell himself enlightens it. "The greatest acting, it is true, cannot 'create a soul under the ribs of death,' nor reconcile us to false or insipid views of human nature. A tragedy, to affect us by the best possible acting, must assuredly have some leading conceptions of grandeur, some general outlines of affecting character and situation. Nevertheless, it is astonishing how faint and general those outlines may be, and yet enable, or rather permit, the great artist to fill up what he finds a comparative blank into a glowing picture. Mrs. Siddons did this in the "Grecian Daughter;" and so did Fanny Kemble. Mr. Campbell, in illustrating the subject, which he seems to think he cannot fitly discuss, asks, "What is the 'Cato' of Addison to our perusal; and yet how nobly John Kemble performed its hero!" With all admiration of our friend, we answer—the "Cato" of Addison is much even in perusal. The language may be rather too stilted—but it is classical, and not seldom in itself stately; the sentiments are always dignified, and often noble; and surely the situations in spite of the objections, acutely urged by Dennis, are impressive and affecting to a high degree, so that Addison's *Cato* is no bad Stoic. John Kemble looked him to perfection, all high associations were gathered round that heroic mould, power so incorporated was felt to be something more majestic than Addison had genius to imagine; but still there is power on the silent page, and "Cato" elevates the mind even in perusal, if not "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth," to our thinking, at least, up among its more elevated regions and purer atmosphere. We have no objections to what Mr. Campbell says of Murphy, "Shakespeare's plays would continue to be read if there was not a theatre in existence; whereas, if poor Murphy, as a tragedian, were banished from the stage to the library, it may be said, in the fullest sense of the phrase, that he would be laid on the shelf." But Addison must not be laid by his side in that "sleep that knows no waking;" for there is vitality in "Cato," and we object to any man's being buried alive. Yet in playing *Euphrasia*, Mrs. Siddons increased her reputation. She seemed not merely to act the character, but to create it. Mr. Campbell says finely,

"The part of *Isabella* had developed her strength as well as her tenderness; but *Euphrasia* allowed her to assume a royal loftiness still more imposing (at least to the many,) and a look of majesty which she alone could assume. When she rushed on the stage, addressing the Grecian patriots, 'War on! ye heroes!' she was a picture to every eye, and she spoke passion to every heart. I have seen the oldest countenances of her contemporaries brighten up with pleasure in trying to do justice to their recollections of her *Euphrasia*. They spoke of the semi-diadem on her brow, and of the veil that flowed so gracefully on her shoulders; but they always concluded by owning that words could not describe 'her heroic loveliness.' The finest effect she produced in the part, was at that crisis, where *Philotas* pretends that her father was dead, and that his body had been thrown into the sea. Here she acted filial anxiety with a fidelity so terrible, that the spectators counted the moments of suspense, and felt that a few more of them would have been intolerable."

The next part in which she appeared was *Jane Shore*. Mr. Boaden thinks it "a curious problem in morals, whence has arisen the almost affectionate regard paid even by the gravity of history to the mistresses of kings! Misfortune has, we know, a sanctifying power, but the distinction between virtue and vice ought never to be forgotten. We have our own *Rosamonds* and *Shores*, and the French have their *Gabrielle* and their *La Valliere*. It never occurs to us to examine the state or commiserate the feelings of those whose rights are invaded by these amiable wantons." We cannot see any thing very curious in the problem. It was not easy of old to resist a king; and few kings had more winning ways than our *Edward the Sixth*, and the French *Henri Quatre*. Neither the *Fair Rosamond*, (of whom indeed we know nothing but what we choose to think,) nor *La Belle Gabrielle*, of whom we know much, were wantons; and there can be nothing immoral in cherishing an affectionate regard for such delightful creatures, who were not, poor souls, the happiest of their sex; and though weak and erring, were more unfortunate than sinful. Not to pity them would be brutish, not to forgive them unchristian, and where there is pity and forgiveness of the young and beautiful, there will be an affectionate regard which need be thought no curious problem in morals, since a thousand natural feelings are at hand, each able to solve it. *Jane Shore* ruefully expatiated her sin; and from such a death, preceded both by inward and outward penance and humiliation, there is an awful reflection flung back upon her life, as if a cloud dissolved into a shower of blood on her grave. "I am glad," says Mr. Campbell, "that I can recollect the great actress in *Jane Shore*; for it was a spectacle that struck me with a degree of wonder, of illusion, and of intense commiseration, that neither she nor any other performer ever excited in my mind. It was terrible and perfect acting up to the truth of nature; and yet this fearful semblance of reality, if it did not strictly accord with Lord Bacon's definition of poetry being that which accommodates the shows of things to the wishes of the mind, was still in so far poetical that its terrors were clothed in some welcome illusions. It was something to have so romantic a fa-

vourite as *Jane Shore* restored, like a friend in a dream, though only to hear her speak, and to answer her with our tears. And so far was my imagination loath to identify Mrs. Siddons with the heroine she represented, that I remember, as if it were yesterday, my illusion amounting, as far as waking thoughts could go, to the belief that I was looking on reality, and seeing history revived before me."

Perhaps it is because it is history revived before us that we can endure that catastrophe. Had death by hunger on the street, of one who had lain in the bosom of her king, been a fiction, we might have recoiled from it as too cruel to be imagined or witnessed in imagination by a human heart. But we have known all our lives that it happened, and here we but see the *how* pictured to our eyes, that compassion may wring out of our heart-strings very tears of blood. So is it with us when thinking of *Ugolino* and his sons in the Tower of Famine. Had Dante imagined not only the gnawing of the hand, and all that followed, but the immurement itself, we might have thought him a savage. But what man has doomed to man, man may as a poet be suffered to describe; and genius may deal with the pangs of hunger; the last gasp of inanition, in which a sinful but repentant spirit escapes from a polluted body which it has long loathed, and of which the dream of its fatal attractions has never crossed it but with remorse and abhorrence. We cannot therefore wholly agree with Mr. Campbell in thinking, "that the story of *Jane Shore* has certainly one disadvantage, namely, in the catastrophe being a death by hunger. But who will not wholly agree with him in the following judgment?"

"And yet the poet has met this difficulty with some skill; for, before he compels us to shudder at her physical sufferings, he has wound us up to a high interest in her moral character, and prepared us to regard her as expiring; not solely from corporeal inanition, but from having her death at least accelerated by mental agitation. Rowe is judicious in giving her a modest and gradual progress in our sympathy. She is at first only a desolate penitent, who says of her own beauty,

'Sin and misery,

Like loathsome weeds, have overrun the soil;
And the destroyer Shame hath laid all waste.'

She is at the outset nothing but contrition; and her repentance-sheet shrouds from our view the fine lineaments of her heroic and womanly nature. But these come forth, when her fondness for *Edward's* memory breaks out in her anxiety for his children, though in a manner so delicate, that her husband himself cannot be imagined to take umbrage at it. Under this feeling she defies the tyrant *Gloucester*. It was here that the part ascended to the level of Mrs. Siddons's powers, that her voice took a richness beyond the wailing of penitence, and her cheek a nobler glow than the blush of shame. The fervour of her benediction on *Hastings*, though he had insulted her, when, in gratitude for his protecting *Edward's* children, she exclaims,

'Reward him for the noble deed, just heavens!'

makes *Jane Shore* now possess our hearts as a be-

roine. If ever words were pronounced with thrilling prolongation, it was when Mrs. Siddons uttered that line,

'The poor, forsaken, Royal little ones!'

Her death scene in *Jane Shore* would have baffled the power of the pencil, for it was a succession of astonishing changes. Her eagle eyes, obedient to her will, at times parted with its lustre, and, though open, looked sightless and bewildered; but resumed its fire as wonderfully, when '*with life's last spark that fluttered and expired*,' she turned to her husband, and uttered the heart-piercing words,

'Forgive me!—but forgive me!'

Nor should we be doing justice to Mr. Boaden were we not to say that his remarks on the play and the performer, though not written with the same grace, are in spirit as truthful, and altogether congenial with this fine criticism. Thus—"So highly indeed had the author and his great actress worked upon the hearer's imagination, that when tyranny denounced its vengeance, and its ministers were commanded to see her perish for want, an involuntary scepticism came over the mind that the fate was impossible, and that the very stones would become bread, rather than that a hair of that beauteous head should perish." And again, when she is perishing of hunger—"The appearance of Mrs. Siddons at this moment excited pity, but not disgust; there was no squalor, which may be called the silent cant of misery; her frame seemed enfeebled, and her features sharp and prominent; her eye, ever obedient to her will, had parted with its brilliancy, and every sense seemed to be summed up in *caution*, when it stole a glance around, to make sure that the appeal to her charity would not injure that dear friend, from which she expected to receive it. There was, in my early days, such a permanent property as a stage-door in our theatres, and the proscenium beyond it; so that when *Shore* was pushed from the door, she was turned round and staggered till supported by the firm projection behind her. Here was a terrific picture full in the eye of the pit, and Mrs. Siddons knew the amazing value of it. The entrance of *Alice* raving mad, or only sensible enough for outrage, put an end to all rational feeling, and is a severe infliction upon the character of *Shore*. It now, however, draws to a close, and some amends are made by the interview with her husband. The touches of true pathos here abound, and are wound up by the most affecting line that expiring frailty ever breathed into the ear of an injured being—'Forgive me! but forgive me!' I well remember the sobs, the shrieks, among the tenderer part of her audiences; or those tears which manhood at first struggled to suppress, but at length grew proud of indulging. We then, indeed, knew all the luxury of grief; but the nerves of many a gentle being gave way before the intensity of such appeals; and fainting fits long and frequent alarmed the decorum of the house, filled almost to suffocation."

On the 29th of November, Mrs. Siddons appeared for the first time as *Calista* in "The Fair Penitent." We had not read the play for thirty years; never saw Mrs. Siddons in it, and cannot, by rubbing our

forehead, burnish up our memory of it into a distinct drama. The character of *Calista* gave, says Mr. Campbell, "a new modification to that passion of pride which she was unparalleled in expressing;" but while he admires the power shewn in the play, and the knowledge, too, of woman's heart, he confesses that *Calista* is "not perhaps a fair penitent for the stage, though a strong picture of unfortunate human nature." He says, what all must feel, or have felt, "that the exposure of a frail woman's dishonour seems a bad tragic subject to set out with. Her errors are not, like those of *Jane Shore* herself, hid from us by the conception of their remote occurrence, but are blazoned in fresh discovery. The mind recoils from the reception of a proud and beautiful female upon the stage, being prepared by the description which her betrayer gives of the scene and circumstances of her seduction." Nothing can be more utterly disgusting; and though the play is one of great power, and "the protracted martyrdom of *Calista* very affecting," we return for relief to the Siddons in *Belvidera* in "Venice Preserved," a tragedy of which Mr. Campbell says, "it so constantly commands the tears of audiences that it would be a work of supererogation for me to extol its tenderness." Hear this, ye shallow-pates, who pretend to despise Otway! Hear one of the greatest of our poets declare that "*Belvidera* might rank among Shakespeare's creations"—that "Venice Preserved is as full as a tragedy can be of all the pathos that is transfusible into action." True, as he says, that as Otway first painted him, *Pierre* is a miserable conspirator, impelled to treason by the love of a courtizan, and his jealousy of *Antonio*. But his character, as it now comes forward, is a mixture of patriotism and of excusable misanthropy. Until the middle of the last century, the ghosts of *Jaffier* and *Pierre* used to come in upon the stage, haunting *Belvidera* in her last agonies, which, God knows! exclaims our noble poet and critic, require no aggravation from spectral agency! The alterations of "Venice Preserved," have redeemed it, he says, as a public spectacle, and as a work of taste; and of his short critique, how exquisite the close! "Never were beauties and faults more easily separable than those of this tragedy. The former, in its purification for the stage, came off like dirt from a fine statue, taking away nothing from its symmetrical surface, and leaving us only to wonder how the author himself should have soiled it with such disfigurements." Mr. Campbell tells us, that when he saw Mrs. Siddons perform *Belvidera*, she was in the autumn of her beauty, large, august, and matronly, and that he may have judged of her unspiritually, and too much by externals, so that he could have conceived another actress to have played the part more perfectly. So was it with ourselves. But when she was young, there were, he says, no two opinions about her perfection in the part. She was beautiful to the last; but, "Oh! the days when she was young!" Majesty must then have mingled with loveliness, wisdom with majesty, as if Juno, Minerva, and Venice had all met in one divine human face and form—a goddess indeed. We remember a passage in Boaden, though we cannot turn to it, where he says, that they who have but witnessed the force retained in her decline, cannot conceive the

exquisite tenderness which she breathed in youth. Her genius was latterly so devoted to characters of power and majesty, that they who first saw her then, doubted if she could ever have been as mighty a mistress of the pathetic. *Lady Macbeth* and *Queen Catharine*, and *Constance*, and *Volumnia*, effaced the recollections of *Isabella*, *Jane Shore*, *Belvidera*, and *Euphrasia*; as well might they efface the tenderest records ever written on human hearts. But in her earliest seasons pathos prevailed; voice, eyes, lips, looks, figure, motion, all were then softly beautiful at will; and she stood "pouring out sorrows like a sea." Grief and pity seemed sometimes the sole emotions of humanity, and melting bosoms knew of no other tribute to pay to her genius but unmeasured tears. Even the O'Neil herself, one of the loveliest of God's creatures, was not such a *Belvidera*.

In *Zara*, in the "Morning Bride" of Congreve, she appeared for her second benefit, March 18, 1783, and Godwin, to an expression of Mr. Campbell's wonder, "how any powers of acting could throw magnificence around a character so vicious, so selfish, and so hateful, (strong words, my dear sir,) as *Zara*"—and to a question, "how the part of *Almeria*, who indeed ought to be the heroine of the tragedy (oh no!) had affected him," replied, "I recollect nothing about the acting of *Almeria*; for the disdain and indignation of the Siddons, in *Zara*, engrossed all attention, and swept away the possibility of interest in any thing else. Her magnificence in the part was inexpressible. It was worth the trouble of a day's journey to see her but walk down the stage. Her *Zara* was not inferior even to her *Lady Macbeth*." In the same conversation, the author of *Caleb Williams* spoke fervidly of Garrick; but said, "that, in spite of Garrick's superior versatility, Mrs. Siddons shewed at times conceptions of her characters, which he thought more sublime than any thing even in Garrick's acting."

Mr. Galt, in his "Lives of the Players," which he says in the preface, is among the most amusing books in the language," after alluding to the presence of the court at each of her characters during the first season, and her being afterwards appointed reading preceptress to the princesses, says, that "the greatest compliment, however, was paid in the justness of sentiment with which she was uniformly regarded; calm admiration, and anxiety, with the profoundest sympathy, were her constant attendants. Those paroxysms of rapture, with which the vulgar and fantastical idolize some kinds of theatrical talent, are proofs rather of its mediocrity, than of excellence. Judicious admiration is a quiet feeling, and the correctness of taste with which this gifted lady was throughout regarded, was something akin to the calm delight with which the works of Shakespeare and Milton are studied and enjoyed." There is much truth in the observation, but it must be taken with some limitations and corrections, to be entirely true. Mrs. Siddons herself, in her *Recollections*, records various instances of the mania which she inspired; and one, especially amusing, which is described in *Cumberland's Observer*. Miss Monkton, a fashionable, (afterwards Lady Cork,) invited her to her house to meet only half-a-dozen mutual friends, on a Sunday evening, but the astonished Siddons

had to face "the sudden influx of such a throng of people as I had never before seen collected in any private house. It counteracted every attempt that I could make for escape. I was therefore obliged, in a state of indescribable mortification, to sit quietly down till I know not what hour in the morning; but for hours before my departure, the room I sat in was so painfully crowded, that the people absolutely stood on the chairs, round the walls, that they might look over their neighbours' heads to stare at me!" One morning, though she had given orders not to be interrupted, her servant could not hinder the invasion of a person of very high rank; "a tall, elegant, invalid-looking person," with a tail of four, who accosted the domestic lioness, with a most inveterate Scotch twang and unintelligible dialect, with words to this effect—"You must think it strange to see a person intrude in this manner upon your privacy, but you must know I am in a very delicate state of health, and my physician won't let me go to the theatre to see you, so I am come to look at you here." So saying, down sat her grace, stared for some time, apologised, and retired with her appendage. "I was in no humour to overlook such insolence, and so let her depart in silence." But all such vulgar annoyances, from persons in their own belief the sole gentry, must have been trifles to one who received admiring homage from the truly great, and the respectful notice of royalty.

"I cannot now remember the regular succession of my various characters during this my first season, 1782-3. I think *Belvidera* came soon after *Isabella*, who almost precluded the appearance of all others for a very long time; but I well remember my fears and ready tears on each subsequent effort, lest I should fall from my high exaltation. The crowds collected about my carriage, at my outgoings and incomings, and the gratifying and sometimes comical remarks I heard on those occasions, were extremely diverting. The royal family very frequently honoured me with their presence. The king was often moved to tears, and the queen at one time told me, in her gracious manner and broken English, that her only refuge was actually turning her back upon the stage, at the same time protesting that my acting was 'indeed too disagreeable.' In short, all went on most prosperously; and, to complete my triumph, I had the honour to receive the commands of their majesties to go and read to them, which I frequently did, both at Buckingham-house and at Windsor. Their majesties were the most gratifying of auditors, because the most unremittingly attentive. The king was a most judicious and tasteful critic, both in acting and dramatic composition. He told me he had endeavoured, vainly, to detect me in a false emphasis, and very humourously repeated many of Mr. Smith's, who was then a principal actor. He graciously recommended the propriety of my action, particularly my total repose in certain situations. This, he said, is a quality in which Garrick failed. 'He never could stand still—he was a great fidget.'

"I do not exactly remember the time (she continues) that I was favoured with an invitation from Dr. Johnson, but I think it was during the first year of my celebrity. The Doctor was then a wretched invalid, and had requested my friend, Mr. Windham,

to persuade me to favour him by drinking tea with him, in Bolt Court. * * * * *

The Doctor spoke highly of Garrick's various powers of acting. When Mr. Windham and myself were discussing some point respecting Garrick, he said, "Madam, do not trouble yourself to convince Windham; he is the very bull-dog of argument, and will never lose his hold." Dr. Johnson's favourite female character in Shakspeare, was *Katharine*, in "Henry VIII." He was most desirous of seeing me in that play, but said, "I am too deaf and too blind to see or hear at a greater distance than the stage-box, and have little taste for making myself a public gaze in so distinguished a situation." I assured him that nothing would gratify me so much as to have him for an auditor, and that I could procure for him an easy chair at the stage-door, where he would both see and hear, and be perfectly concealed. He appeared greatly pleased with this arrangement, but, unhappily for me, he did not live to fulfil our mutual wishes. Some weeks before he died, I made him some morning visits. He was extremely, though formally polite; always apologized for being unable to attend me to my carriage; conducted me to the head of the stairs, kissed my hand, and bowing, said, "Dear madam, I am your most humble servant;" and these were always repeated without the smallest variation.

"I was, as I have confessed, an ambitious candidate for fame, and my professional avocations alone, independently of domestic arrangements, were of course incompatible with habitual observance of parties and concerts, &c. I therefore often declined the honour of such invitations. As much of time as could now be stolen from imperative affairs was employed in sitting for various pictures. I had frequently the honour of dining with Sir Joshua Reynolds, in Leicester Square. At his house were assembled all the good, the wise, the talented, the rank and fashion of the age. About this time he produced his picture of me in the character of the Tragic Muse. In justice to his genius, I cannot but remark his instantaneous decision of the attitude and expression of the picture. It was, in fact, decided within the twinkling of an eye. When I attended him, for the first sitting, after more gratifying encounters than I can now repeat, he took me by the hand, saying, "*Ascend your undisputed throne, and graciously bestow upon me some good idea of the Tragic Muse.*" I walked up the steps, and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse now appears. This idea satisfied him so well, that without one moment's hesitation he determined not to alter it. When I attended him, for the last sitting, he seemed to be afraid of touching the picture; and, after pausingly contemplating his work, he said, "No, I will merely add a little more colour to the face." I then begged him to pardon my presumption in hoping that he would not heighten that tone of complexion so deeply accordant with the chilly and concentrated musings of pale melancholy. He most graciously complied with my petition; and, some time afterwards, when he invited me to go and see the picture finished, and in the frame, he did me the honour to thank me for persuading him to pause from heightening the colour, being now perfectly

convinced that it would have impaired the effect; adding, that he had been inexpressibly gratified by observing many persons strongly affected in contemplating this favourite effort of his pencil. I was delighted when he assured me that he was certain that the colours would remain unfaded as long as the canvass would keep them together, which, unhappily, has not been the case with all his works: he gallantly added, with his own benevolent smile, "And, to confirm my opinion, here is my name; for I have resolved to go down to posterity on the hem of your garment." Accordingly, it appears upon the border of the drapery. Here ended our interview; and, shortly afterwards, his precious life. Her gracious Majesty very soon procured my dear little boy admittance to the Charterhouse; and the King, who had been told that I used white paint (which I always detest,) sent me, by my friend Sir Charles Hotham, a condescending message, to warn me against its pernicious effects. I cannot imagine how I could be suspected of this disgusting practice.

"Sir Joshua often honoured me by his presence at the theatre. He approved very much of my costumes and of my hair without powder, which at that time was used in great profusion, with a reddish-brown tint, and a great quantity of pomatum, which, well kneaded together, modelled the fair ladies' tresses into large curls like demi-cannon. My locks were generally braided into a small compass, so as to ascertain the size and shape of my head, which, to a painter's eye, was of course an agreeable departure from the mode. My short waist, too, was to him a pleasing contrast to the long stiff stays and hoop petticoats, which were then the fashion, even on the stage, and it obtained his unequalled approbation. He always sat in the orchestra; and in that place were to be seen, O glorious constellation! Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Windham: and, though last, not least, the illustrious Fox, of whom it was frequently said, that iron tears were drawn down Pluto's gloomy cheeks. And these great men would often visit my dressing-room, after the play, to make their bows, and honour me with their applauses. I must repeat, O glorious days! Neither did his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales withhold this testimony of his approbation."

During the summer recess of 1784, Mrs. Siddons visited Edinburgh, and went through the fiery ordeal—or, in other words, the fiery furnace, of the most enlightened theatre in Europe. We need not say that not a hair of her head was singed—and that Melpomene was declared immaculate. The overheated houses, however, which she drew, caused an epidemic, which got the name of the Siddons' Fever; and though it seldom proved fatal, the faculty flourished, and were in a palmy state. The physicians owed her a token, Mr. Campbell hints, more immediately than the lawyers, from which we conclude the lawyers gave her one, after the example of their London brethren—though Scotland has never been celebrated for subscriptions. Proposals are issued, apparently with much national enthusiasm, but is cools on the people being requested for their names in autograph, and on the brink of delivery the dust expires. But let it be recorded, to the immortal honour of our native land, that the price of the pit

ticket was raised, during the engagement of the Siddons, to five shillings, without a national convulsion, while we believe the boxes rose in the same proportion. Her reception was worthy, says Mr. Campbell, "of a land already enlightened by Philosophy and the Musea." She would have produced a sensation in Otaheite or Kamschatka. But the old school of Edinburgh critics was far superior to the middle and the new, with Home and Mackenzie at its head, and inspired the public mind with its own taste and fervour. There were judges in those days of dramatic and theatrical genius—although it is manifest that even then the best Edinburgh audience must have been inferior to the worst London one that ever sat before the Siddons. Now we are in advance of the spirit of the age in ignorance and presumption, and believe that Kean trembled before us in *Richard, Shylock, and Othello*. The admiration of the Edinburgh audience, in the case of the Siddons, was sincere, like that of other savages; and without orders from their chiefs, they expressed it naturally in breathless silence and floods of tears. In calling them savages, we mean no offence, but a compliment. They surrendered themselves to the art of the enchantress, and were rapt in passion. But she had to put forth all her power to move a sluggish mass, which, when moved, heaved like a sea. "The grave attention," said she, in a conversation with Mr. Campbell, "of my Scottish countrymen, and their *canny* reservation of praise till they were sure she deserved it, had well nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated clay; but she now felt as if she had been speaking to stones. Successive flashes of her elocution, that had always been sure to electrify the South, fell in vain on those northern flints. At last, as I well remember, she told me she coiled up all her powers to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart that if this could not touch the Scotch, she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished, she paused, and looked to the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice exclaiming, "*That's no bad !!!*!" This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the Edinburgh audience with laughter! But the laugh was followed by such thunders of applause, that, amidst her stunned and nervous agitation, she was not without fear of the galleries coming down!" Were we then a nation of gentlemen, or a nation of savages? Of both. In no country, much cultivated, could there have occurred on such an occasion such an exclamation, "*That's no bad!*" The consequent laughter shewed that civilization had made some way among the body of the people—and the danger of the galleries proved that the upper ranks had reached even a high grade of refinement. But "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and eleven nights of Mrs. Siddons introduced Christianity into the metropolis of Scotland. If we seem not to be sufficiently serious, let the wonderful lady speak for herself in her Autograph Recollections, in which she assumes a more solemn tone than in her colloquy with Mr. Campbell:—"On the first night of my appearance, I must own I was surprised, and not a little mortified, at that profound silence, which was a contrast to the bursts of applause I had been accustomed to hear in London. No; not a

hand moved till the end of the scene: but then indeed I was most amply remunerated. Yet, while I admire the fine taste and judgment of this conduct on the part of the audience, I am free to confess that it rendered the task of an actor almost too laborious; because customary interruptions are not only gratifying and cheering, but they are really necessary, in order to give one breath and voice to carry one through some violent exertions; though, after all, it must be owned that silence is the most flattering applause an actor can receive." O the intolerable fools that clap their greasy palms,—and rough with their sweating feet, "at every pause the nightingale has made!" Not so did the Athenian mob behave during the representation of a tragedy of Eschylus—and was Clytemnestra a more hushing horror than the wife of the Thane? "Silence! brutes in the galleries!" we once heard an old gentleman indignantly cry—and that command should be remembered over all the house while a great genius is on the stage. As the great genius disappears—then, if you will, let there be thunder.

It was not till a year later, we believe, that our worthy friends—the people of Glasgow—welcomed the great actress to their beautiful city, and then they presented her with a massive piece of plate, with an inscription, purporting that they sent it as a proof of their being able to appreciate theatrical genius as well as the people of Edinburgh. That was so like them! T'other day, at the great Conservative dinner of the West, a burly burgher asked a thin, slip of a friend of ours from the East, "if they could get up such a shine in Emboro?" No—we could not—we have not the sense and spirit. Not that we grudge our guinea—at least "that not much"—but our unanimity is nominal—and we go about chattering in coteries instead of charging *en masse*—the wise are not consulted by the foolish—and the intrepid are overlooked by the pluckless. It is otherwise with the bold men of the West. But we are falling into politics—and Mr. Campbell reminds his fellow-citizens of Glasgow—among whom, Tories and all, he is justly held so dear—Whig though he be—that in the days of their "imagined godliness, they shewed more practically than the people of Edinburgh, how well they could appreciate theatrical genius, by badgering and burning-out the *unfortunate historians*." But lo! the end of our page. Next number we shall meddle with still higher matter.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF MONSIEUR DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

No. III.

WE have already furnished our readers with two articles containing copious extracts from these delightful Memoirs. In the present number we shall present them with some anecdotes and fragments which are too precious to be lost; and in a fourth we hope to again enrich our periodical with further portions, coming in a direct manner from Monsieur de Chateaubriand himself. We do not regret, that on the present occasion we are only able sparingly to inlay our pages with his golden sentences, for we

confess we have been burning for some time to give way to the sentiments which the subject-matter of our two former articles inspired, and which the press of our extracts obliged us to refrain from. We seize therefore the present opportunity. Monsieur de Chateaubriand's is a name which inspires enthusiasm. Who can be acquainted with his career, who can have read his works, and above all, who can have perused those pages of his life, of which we have been able to catch some of the echoes, and not feel the want of rendering the homage of a full heart to such genius and such a character? We confess we cannot, and we are glad of the opportunity of disburdening ourselves of some of our enthusiasm; which, we believe—being somewhat alien from our temperament—we have caught by infection from our illustrious subject himself. But, in truth, is not his biography himself? his works himself? Never was individual soul impressed so vividly and so variously on every view, on every situation of humanity, as in his pages. But let us speak of the man. What first strikes us as brightly peculiar in him is that he is a *reste*, a remnant, an old Corinthian column, rearing its decorated head amid ruins, the lingerer behind of a race which has passed suddenly away from the earth, the survivor of the ancient nobility of France, the last of French gentlemen; and surely the setting sun of this calumniated race, tarrying awhile above the ocean's brim, has shed its rays with intense brightness upon this their last descendant. When he makes his exit, the final exit of the French noblesse—of chivalry, of honour, of religion from France—will be accomplished. The old French nobility, even in an individual, will never again appear above the horizon; but the bright halo of glory which will settle upon his name, will shed its light upon the shades of the great family to which he belongs. He *does* belong to that family much more in mind and character than even by birth. It is impossible to identify him with any other order of men; but the moment we behold his traits and stature, we are struck with the idea, that he is left behind to vindicate the character of his injured race, and to claim for them, in his own person, that honour and distinction of which calumny and misfortune had robbed them. But another and still more singular characteristic of Monsieur de Chateaubriand is, that he is the representative as it were of all the great political transformations of the mind and history of his epoch; the Republic, the Empire, the ancient Monarchy, have all seen him an active agent, preserving a unity and simplicity of character, a real, not a mock, consistency of views and principles, throughout. There is something wonderful in this multiplex existence, when we find in positions so various, in circumstances so differing and opposed, the same individual preserving his original stamp of mind unaltered; trait for trait, opinion for opinion, principle for principle, all retain, at every comparable epoch, their identical sameness of character: we have no time-serving, no expediency, no Protean forms to suit Protean times; but the warmth, energy, sincerity, and boldness of his heart, seem to have fused the outward elements of his destiny—which are generally the controllers, not the controlled—into such shapes, as it consisted with honour—bright,

strict, and inflexible—to pursue. This is *genius of moral character*. But let us now turn to his genius of mind, and open his books. Not less multifarious, not less individualized does he appear therein. The traveller, the sceptic, the believer, the poet, the Frenchman, the Royalist, the friend of liberty, the gentleman, the citizen, the soldier, the historian, the defender of fallen kings, the minister, the youth, the sage; passions, pleasures, meditations, hopes, regrets, dreams; the whole man, in all his moods, varying as the shadows cast by summer clouds, are brightly noted down. Truly has he said,—"My works are the proofs and justifying pieces of my memoirs. What I am may be there read beforehand."

But now for an extract, or rather for an anecdote, for extract it cannot be called, as it is only a recollected passage. It shall be taken from some school scenes on which Monsieur de Chateaubriand seems to dwell with peculiar delight. These are related with an infantine grace, which is perfectly charming. The smallest accidents of this period are detailed minutely, as if their recollection rejuvenated—and it does in the example before us—age itself. There is a regret for all the friends of boyhood who have passed away; among others, for a noble youth named *Regile*, a Vendean and devoted Royalist. Being prisoner at Quiberon on his parole, and seeing an English vessel approach the coast at a dangerous time, *Regile* flung himself into the sea, and, at the risk of his life, approached the vessel to give warning of the danger. The English wished to take him in, and thus insure his escape. But this his chivalric honour forbade; he had given his parole, and preferred returning—as he did—to certain death, to breaking his word. On reaching the land, he was led out upon the coast and shot, his last words being a cry of *Vive le Roi*. Here was another example of the high spirit of the old French nobility. But to our anecdote.

At the college of Rennes, it was expressly forbidden to indulge in one of the most pleasurable pastimes of boyhood, bird's-nesting. One day, however, during a walk, a group of merry pupils discovered a pie's nest on the top of a lofty tree. The mother pie was seen making circles about it, and then settling on the nest. But how to get at it was the question. The boys pointed at the object of their desire, and clamoured together as to who should first climb the tree. Will you, Louis? Will you, Victor? Will you, Francis? "I will," exclaimed Francis, seeing the others hesitate; and up he climbs, higher, higher, higher, his companions gazing on. At last arriving near the nest, the mother bird seeing the depredator, flies away. Francis plunges his hand in; there are no birds, but several eggs. Not to come down with empty hands, he seizes upon this prize, and thrust it into his breast-pocket; when suddenly a cry is heard, "The master is coming, the master is coming." His young companions take fright, and scamper away. One only remains behind—"Quick, Francis, let yourself slip down; put your foot on that stump, hold fast by this branch." At last he is fairly down, and runs away to rejoin his companions, when, Oh, horror! Oh, accident unforeseen! the eggs are broken, his waistcoat has changed its colour, the embryo birds cry vengeance against him, and the master de-

clares he shall be whipped. In vain young Francis expostulates; in vain he begs for some other punishment; the black hole, dry bread, or two hundred verses of Horace to learn by heart. No, he shall be whipped. The master approaches to put his threat into execution, but finding prayers in vain, the young gentleman determines to defend himself by force against what he considered, even in childhood, an indignity. He plants himself against the wall, he kicks, he strikes, he scratches, he bites, he hides himself under the bed, fortifies himself behind the wardrobe; in fact, defends himself like a young lion. At last the master, smiling perhaps, at his defence, or admiring the sense of shame which prompts it, yields in all the forms of war, and the young culprit escapes punishment altogether.

It is impossible to conceive from this faint sketch of the charming manner in which this anecdote is narrated.

We will now give another. It is a perfect little romance, with its adventures, its surprises, its touching interlude, and extraordinary rencontres. We only regret that we are not able altogether to lift the veil and give it in the words of the Memoirs themselves. The scene is England. Mons. de Chateaubriand was then an emigrant. In a retired country town, whither he had betaken himself to decipher some old manuscripts for a bookseller—then his only resource for subsistence—there lived a widow with her daughter. He makes their acquaintance, and shortly after lodges with them. During this time he breaks his leg by a fall from his horse at a hunting party, and Charlotte, the daughter, has the care of him during his convalescence. A gradual, almost imperceptible intimacy, takes place. Petrarch and Dante are read together by the maiden and her foreign guest; the monotonous days of this secluded life fly by unperceived. Meanwhile a warm sentiment of affection in one bosom, and a softer emotion in the other, has grown up, when suddenly the peace of this peaceful house is broken by these words, like a thunderclap, "*Madam, I am married.*" Twenty years elapse, and one morning a lady dressed in black, with two children in the same attire, enter the cabinet of the French Ambassador at London. An electric recognition takes place; then the *epanchemens du cœur*, the mutual recollections, the detailed history of the last twenty years—but we must break off. It is one of the most touching episodes in the whole Memoirs.

Nothing is more interesting to mark than the first literary aspirations of a great author. It is surprising what homage, even in their earliest years, what deferential homage, what timid respect, they render to that excellence of which they feel the seeds to be in themselves. This is, perhaps, a kind of occult selfishness. They bow down to themselves, placed upon a pedestal. That is myself, say they, but myself fully developed. I have it all within me, but I cannot yet express it. And, therefore, their exaggerated wonder at those seeming magicians who can discover the workings of their own minds, and reveal them to themselves. This may explain the trembling anxiety and admiration of Mons. de Chateaubriand—as of others—when first introduced into literary circles. We have seen him at the same age boldly present

himself before the king (Louis XVI.) at first sight the familiar friend and companion of the venerable Malesherbes; and declare at his interview with Washington, that the face of a great man never troubled him; yet his Memoirs confess that he was disquieted and timid in the presence of such a fellow as Champfort, whom he has compared (he confesses ridiculously,) in one of his earliest works, his "*Essay on Revolutions*," to the sages of Greece,—Champfort, whose *blue eyes darted lightning*. But there was another name, now wholly forgotten, who had still more of dis wonder and respect,—Flins. And who was Flins? every one will ask, and no one can answer; but a great poet he was at that time, and called the *celebrated Flins*. "*Epimenidea*," exclaimed Mons. de Chateaubriand, at that time, "has paid his tribute to Mr. Flins in furnishing him with a subject for his comedy." And he has made an excellent commentary on this exclamation, in a note to his Memoirs. "Who would not believe," says he, "that he was reading one of those grotesque apostrophes which Diderot introduces in his history of the two Indies—Oh banks of Aajinga, you are nothing, but you have given birth to Eliza!"

This paper is intended as a kind of *collectanea* of scraps, preparatory to our gratifying, we hope, our readers with more complete passages. It is the *entremets* between the courses. But the interest is less broken, in writing of Mons. de Chateaubriand in this manner, than it would be of any other person. There is so much soul in his every sentence; a single phrase reveals, with such a tract of light, the whole man, that we have him at least ever before us. Now, in this consists, in our opinion, the great charm of his Memoirs. Revelations, as far as we have been hitherto permitted to peep, he has made none; the events which he has dwelt upon are old familiar things; but himself, the exhibition of his own character, which is perhaps involuntary on his part, the grand theme of his eloquence has an uncommon attraction. Childhood, youth, manhood, and age,—the spring, summer, autumn, and winter of life, seem to coexist in his own person. This is singular, and may, from its great rarity, be called a *phenomenon*. The secret of it consists in one word,—*Sensibility*. We have, fortunately, the means of giving an example of this in two short extracts. The first is from a chapter of the second volume of his Memoirs, dedicated "TO THE UNHAPPY!" What a fulness of sensibility there is in the very idea of breaking off one's personal narration to console and counsel the unhappy!

"I picture to myself," says he, "the avidity with which the unhappy, who may read this chapter, will devour its contents. I have myself experienced the same sentiment, when, in reading our moralists, I have turned restlessly to the portions which treated of human misery, hoping to find there some consolation. I picture them to myself, again, deceived like myself, and turning to me and saying,—You teach us nothing—you give us no balm for our pains; on the contrary, you prove that they exist not. Oh! my companions in misfortune, your reproach is just. I wish, indeed, to dry your tears, but you must implore succour from a hand more mighty than man's. Yet do not suffer yourselves to be utterly discouraged. Among many calamities there are some joys. Shall

I now endeavour to shew you the blessings that may be derived from the condition even of the most miserable! Perhaps you may draw more profit from it than from all the pomp of Stoic precepts." He then goes on with his directions. He advises the unhappy man to shun palaces, public gardens, great lights, and loud noises; to quit his shelter only at night to imbibe tranquillity and lofty thoughts from the solemn silence and magnificence of the sky; to avoid the flaring equipage, crowded streets, and illuminated hotels, but to betake himself to some retired faubourg; and there, where he sees the feeble light of a farthing candle from some garret window, to say within himself,—There, there I have brothers; there are hearts which throb in unison with mine. In this manner, the heart of the miserable will become saturated with humanity, and he will be far removed in soul up above the tinsel glitter of prosperity.

The other extract shews the same temperament, the same sensitive texture of nerves; which, it is remarkable enough, constitutes the *only* species of French *genius* as distinguished from *talent*. There is a distinction between genius and talent. Though difficult to define, we *feel* it. Rousseau and Chateaubriand exhibit the genius of *sensibility*. We do not recollect a third name, except, perhaps, in an inferior degree, Mons. de la Martine; but of genius of *intellect*, *soaring strains of mind*, or *revelations of the human heart*, we do not recollect a single example. All under this cope, clever *mimickings* of genius, we call *talent*. But to return to our extract. It will take us once more back into the woods of America; and as we have seen Rousseau thrown into ecstasies by the sight of a periwinkle, and Sterne lamenting over a dead ass, so shall we see Mons. de Chateaubriand, but with much more genuine, and less selfish humanity, recording the emotions which the sight of a poor persecuted cow gives rise to. One day, in passing through a meadow, he saw a poor skeleton of a cow grazing peacefully. Suddenly, three men drove five or six fat cows into the same meadow, and expelled the lean one with sticks and stones. At this spectacle, our traveller was so moved and indignant, that he turned aside from his route to see the result; and here he speaks himself—"An Indian woman, in appearance as miserable as the cow itself, came out of her isolated hut, advanced towards the frightened animal, called to it gently, and offered it something to eat from her hand. The cow ran towards her, stretching out its neck, and uttering a low bellow of joy. The colonists made menacing gestures at the Indian at a distance, and she returned to her cabin. The cow followed her. It stopped at the door, when the woman stroked and patted it soothingly on the neck, and the animal shewed its gratitude by licking her hand."

Who can read this passage without an emotion similar to that which dictated it, or without applying its moral to human life, where the miserable are maltreated by the prosperous (the fat ones,) and find only succour and sympathy from those who are miserable as themselves!

Here terminate the extracts which we are able to give on the present occasion from the *Memoirs* of Monsieur de Chateaubriand; but we shall subjoin a letter lately sent by him to the *Gazette de France*,

1st, Because it is a strictly biographical piece, and will doubtless find a place in his *Memoirs*; and, 2dly, because it gives us the opportunity of furnishing the true key to the political conduct of Monsieur de Chateaubriand. This last has been mistaken. It has been supposed that he has always been animated with the mere love of opposition; that he has thrown himself continually into opposition, because it afforded him the finest occasions for the exhibition of his eloquence; that he has sought contrasts, in order to appear in strong lights, and so attract the public attention and admiration. Now, in this view we cannot acquiesce. We have only to consider that Monsieur de Chateaubriand, even from the beginning of his career, has found himself, owing to the ever-changing political state of France, almost constantly in *false positions*. What then? Was he to hide his talent in a napkin; to renounce public life, and deprive his country of his services? No; by no means. This would have been to shew a sullen discontent against Providence. But he was to do what he has done: throw himself boldly into the arena, and, not being able to control events, endeavour at least to modify them, so as to bring them as near as possible to his own views of the public good. This is not serving expediency. Expediency is the having *no standard of right in one's own mind*; and consistency is having a standard (Monsieur de Chateaubriand's is *monarchical liberty*) never out of sight and pursuit, even when out of reach. Tried by this rule, Monsieur de Chateaubriand will appear one of the most consistent men that ever lived; and applied to every situation he has been in, it will shew why he must almost always have been in opposition. But there is another and even more honourable reason for his frequent *boutades* (as they appear to mere trading politicians,) and this is the principle that private honour—albeit its inspirations may be concealed totally from the world—should never yield to the public exigencies. But it is this very setting up of individual honour above all political considerations (the instances we might mention are numerous,) and making the latter, multifarious as they are, bow down before the Unit, the sacred Unit, which has given to Monsieur Chateaubriand's conduct the appearance of singularity—what are we saying?—real singularity—and made many imagine that he aims at dramatic effect, merely because he will not pluck that bright gem out of the casket of his bosom, and throw it under the hoofs of a party.

The letter we subjoin will shew how this sentiment has prevailed with him, independent of all other considerations, in determining his whole conduct since the Revolution. It is as follows. It is dated 27th June, 1834:—

"SIR,—In this morning's number of the *Gazette de France*, you have the goodness to point me out for the re-elections which will take place at Marseilles and Toulon, in consequence of the quadruple nomination of Monsieur Berryer. I thank you sincerely, but I cannot accept of the proposed honour.

"At present, sir, the Colleges have terminated their operations; and in manifesting again my private opinion, I have no fear of frustrating the plan adopted by the Royalists. Discharged from all responsibility, it is permitted me to break a silence, which deference to judgments much superior to my

own had imposed upon me. It has given me great pain to see a great number of suffrages uselessly lost, by being given to me. I beg, therefore, that independent electors may give in future their votes to a candidate whom no obstacle hinders from taking his seat in the popular Chamber.

"In my letter of thanks, which I addressed some months ago to the electors of Quimperle, I declared my firm resolution of refusing the oath of allegiance. Neither my position nor my principles have since changed. Fortunate *fusillades*, innocent massacres, persuasive butcheries, benign domiciliary visits, liberal prosecutions of the press, little budgets of a million and a half dexterously juggled through, have not converted me. Success is often a bad reason. I shall not go to meet it. I shall never wait for victory to engage myself with a party. As—thanks be to heaven—I am not a king, nothing obliges me to recognise what I despise.

"My discourse in the Chamber of Peers, my declaration to the son of Madame the Duchess de Berri, have traced a rigorous circle around me. I will not procure to the only government which, during the course of the Revolution, has thrust me within the gates of a prison, the pleasure of hearing me pronounce an oath of fidelity. Still more, sir, either *with an oath or without an oath*, I do not believe I have a right to participate in the labours of the present legislature. It would be easy to give my reasons; but they would lead me to *St. Pelagie*, and I wish to enjoy my liberty for the cause of the liberty of France.

"Think not, sir, that, wedded to sentiments and theories, I am one of those troubadours and dreamers who regard not times and events. I neither sing nor misreason. I know very well, that in social transformations, individual resistances, honourable to the individuals themselves, are vain against facts. Every opinion that is not lodged in an assembly which gives it power, informs it with a will, and furnishes it with a tongue and arms, dies impotent or frenzied. In the present state of the world, it is, and always will be, by legal or illegal bodies that revolutions are, and will be brought about.

"I am, then, far from disapproving of the policy which leads the Royalists to the elections. I think, on the contrary, that they do well to enter into the contest, and to defend, by the authority of their characters, the general interests of France; but, attached to the new monarchy by liberty, I hold to the ancient monarchy by honour. After all that I have done during the last four years, an oath would place me far beyond all the oath-takers by profession. I have no wish to be opposed to myself, or to be beaten in the morning with my discourse of the evening. If I have any weight, it is in the public esteem, and I believe myself to have merited this esteem. I should lose it by denying myself, and not accomplishing my sacrifice to the end.

"It is because I remain faithful to legitimacy and misfortune, that I have a right to love liberty so much better than a republican. I will not desert my two altars. Some think, that, in pronouncing my oath, I could destroy it by an energetic protestation; that I could say, *Gentlemen I swear, and I do not swear*. I do not understand this; but certainly if I slew my

oath, my oath would in turn slay me. After this mock thrust, we should remain both on the field of battle, and the party would not be equal. I venture to flatter myself that my life is worth more than that of an adversary so dishonoured.

"I conclude, by offering my sincere gratitude to the electors, who, in the different Colleges, have deemed me worthy of their suffrages. My native city knows that I am devoted to her with the respect of a son, and the sincerity of a Breton. She has given me a proof of her maternal attachment in consenting to receive my ashes. She has granted me the only place I have demanded of her. Others will represent her better in the general council of the country."

We have already instituted a short comparison between Monsieur de Chateaubriand and Monsieur de Talleyrand. We find, since, that the same idea has struck a French periodical writer of great merit, Monsieur *Jules Janin*; and as his comparison seems to be strikingly just, and to set the two characters by contrast in their most prominent light, we shall finish this article by transcribing it.

"Chateaubriand is the heir of Bossuet, the preserver of the religious principle; Talleyrand, the heir of Voltaire, who has never bowed down but to doubt. The one regards the past with a view to the future,—the other holds to the present, as the sole master of the future; the one an enthusiast, and convinced—the other an ironist, and always ready to be persuaded; the one eloquent in the tribune, and in his books—the other eloquent nowhere but in a *tête-à-tête* in his arm-chair by the corner of his fire; the one a man of genius, and who proves it—the other, one who has made all the world believe him a man of intellect; the one full of love and humanity,—the other less of an egotist than is believed; the one good,—the other less wicked than he would wish to appear; the one advances by bounds and springs, impetuous as thunder or a torrent,—the other limping, and always arriving first; the one shews himself, whilst the other hides, speaks when the other is silent—the other arriving at the nick of time, hardly ever seen, hardly ever heard, but every where present, who sees all, knows all; the one intelligent by his heart, the other intelligent by his head; the one a gentleman among the people, the other a gentleman among gentlemen; the one has partisans, enthusiasts, admirers—the other has only confidants, flatterers, relations, and valets; the one always young, the other always old; the one always beaten, the other always victorious; the one the victim of ruined causes, the other the hero of causes triumphant; the one will die, no one knows where—the other will die as a prince in his house, with an archbishop by his bedside."

O. D.

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

The Poetical Works of Anne Radcliffe. St. Alban's Abbey: a Metrical Romance. With other Poems. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1834.

BOOKSELLERS are certainly a peculiar people, and do venture to play very fantastic tricks before the

public. Here are two volumes given to the world, as if for the first time, without a hint of their having ever appeared before, bearing with all solemnity the date of 1834 on the title-page; and yet these self-same sheets were printed and published in 1826. So palpable indeed is the patchwork, that what ought to be the first page of the first volume, is actually page ninety-first; the truth being, that all these poems were appended to Mrs. Radcliffe's posthumous romance of *Gaston de Blondeville*. The tale occupied two volumes, and ninety pages of the third; the remaining volume and a half being occupied with the sheets which are now "done up" in these two volumes, bearing the date of 1834. The publisher, in short, has disjoined them from the romance, and has sent them forth in a new cover, apparently in the expectation that the oblivious public would receive them as a new arrival.

We do not much quarrel, however, with their appearance. Their merits are certainly not high; but were they less than they are, they would still be received with grateful interest, as the last relic of a highly-gifted and amiable mind, which, in its day, exercised no mean influence over the spirit of literature, and the charm of whose productions has perhaps been acknowledged more universally, and with less dispute, than that of any other English writer of fiction. Tastes have no doubt greatly altered since the days when each successive tale of mystery from her pen was hailed with curiosity and delight; another people have arisen that know not Joseph; other principles of composition, other objects of interest, have superseded, in novel-writing, the stimulus of wonder and superstitious fear; nor, with the exception of the anonymous romance of *Forman* (which we recollect perusing with deep interest, and which, though its name is probably unknown to most of our readers, we had the satisfaction of finding had been a favourite with Sir Walter Scott,) and the wild creations of Maturin, in his *Montorio* and *Melmoth*, has any author of superior talent for a long time past ventured to strike the chord which had, in her hands, been made to discourse such eloquent music. Yet there is a charm in her compositions which can never entirely fade; and she need have little apprehension for her posthumous fame, whose romances have been praised by Sheridan, commented on with admiration by Fox, placed by Scott among the *élite* of English fiction, and associated by Byron with the works of Shaspeare, Otway, and Schilier, as having stamped upon his mind, by anticipation, the image of the City of the Sea.*

Mrs. Radcliffe has shared the fate of many an inventor. She has been made answerable for the sins of her imitators; and the just tribute to which she was entitled, as having opened up an original walk in composition, has been withheld, from disgust at the extravagances of the "rabble rout" who had rushed in after her, filling every dingle and bushy dell of that wild wood into which she had forced an entrance. Not perceiving that the very effect of her romances was dependent on the skill with which she knew how to relax, as well as to press, the springs of terror and suspense; to transport the reader, wea-

ried with the darkness visible of Apennine castles, or the scenes of torture in the vaults of the Inquisition, to the moon-illuminated streets of Venice, or the sunset dance by the Bay of Naples; from the fierce encounters of condottieri, to the quiet and mournful solitude of Le Blanc or La Vallee, they laboured to eclipse her in her own field by the simple expedient of crowding wonders and terrors on each other without an interval of repose. In their hands, her "dreary passages," always too long, now becomes ten times longer and more intricate; the castles more and more perplexing in their architecture; the *personnel* of the robbers more truculent; the gleam of daggers more incessant; the faces of the monks more cadaverous; and the visits of ghosts so unjustifiably obtrusive, that they came at length to be viewed with as much indifference by the reader as they were of old by Aubrey or Dr. Dee. No wonder if this school of romance, which, resting as it undoubtedly does, at the best, on no very elevated sources of interest, requires peculiar caution and dexterity in the handling of its materials, should soon have fallen into utter discredit, from the coarse, bungling workmanship of its disciples, and should now recall to our recollection little else than a mass of peurile and revolting absurdity, into the perusal of which we are ashamed to think that, even in boyish days, we should ever have been betrayed.

But Mrs. Radcliffe was as truly an inventor, a great and original writer in the department she had struck out for herself; whether that department was of the highest kind or not, as the Richardsons, Fieldings, and Smolletts, whom she succeeded and for a time threw into the shade; or the Ariosto of the North, before whom her own star has paled its ineffectual fires. The passion of fear, "the latent sense of supernatural awe, and curiosity concerning whatever is hidden and mysterious;" these were themes and sources of interest which, prior to the appearance of her tales, could scarcely be said to be touched on. The *Castle of Otranto* was too obviously a mere caprice of imagination; its gigantic helmets, its pictures descending from their frames, its spectral figures dilating themselves in the moonlight to the height of the castle battlements, if they did not border on the ludicrous, no more impressed the mind with any feeling of awe, than the enchantments and talismans, the genii and peris, of the *Arabian Nights*. A nearer approach to the proper tone of feeling, was made in the *Old English Baron*; but while it must be admitted that Mrs. Radcliffe's principle of composition was, to a certain degree, anticipated in that clever production, nothing can illustrate more strongly the superiority of her powers, the more poetical character of her mind, than a comparison of the way in which, in these different works, the principle is wrought out; the comparative boldness and rudeness of Clara Reeve's modes of exciting superstitious emotions, as contrasted with the profound art, the multiplied resources, the dexterous display and concealment, the careful study of that class of emotions on which she was to operate, which Mrs. Radcliffe displays in her supernatural machinery. Certainly never before or since did any one more accurately perceive that point to which imagination might be wrought up, by a series of hints, glimpses, or half-

* Childs Harold, canto iv., st. 18.

heard sounds, consistently at the same time with pleasurable emotion, and with the continuance of that very state of curiosity and awe which had been thus created. The clang of a distant door, a footfall on the stair, a half-effaced stain of blood, a strain of music floating over a wood, or round some decaying chateau—nay, a very “rat behind the arras,” become in her hands invested with a mysterious dignity; so finely has the mind been attuned to sympathize with the terrors of the sufferer, by a train of minute details and artful contrasts, in which all sights and sounds combine to awaken and render the feeling more intense. Yet her art is even more visible in what she conceals than in what she displays. “One shade the more, one ray the less,” would have left the picture in darkness; but to have let in any farther the garish light of day upon her mysteries, would have shown at once the hollowness and meanness of the puppet which alarmed us, and have broken the spell beyond the power of reclapping it. Hence, up to the moment when she chooses to do so herself, by those fatal explanations for which no reader will ever forgive her, she never loses her hold on the mind. The very economy with which she avails herself of the talisman of terror preserves its power to the last, undiminished, if not increased. She merely hints at some fearful thought, and leaves the excited fancy, surrounded by night and silence, to give it colour and form.

Of all the passions, that of Fear is the only one which Mrs. Radcliffe can properly be said to have painted. The deeper mysteries of Love, her plummet has never sounded. More wearisome beings than her heroines, any thing more “tolerable and not to be endured” than her love tales, Calprenede or Scudery never invented. As little have the stormier passions of jealousy or hatred, or the dark shades of envious and malignant feeling, formed the subjects of her analysis. Within the circle of these passions, indeed, she did not feel that she could walk with security; but her quick perception showed where there was still an opening in a region of obscurity and twilight, as yet all but untrodden. To that, as to the sphere pointed out to her by nature, she at once addresses herself; from that, as from a central point, she surveyed the provinces of passion and imagination, and was content if, without venturing into their labyrinths, she could render their leading and more palpable features available to set off and to brighten by their variety the solemnity and gloom of the department which she had chosen. For her purpose, that of exciting a deep, undefinable interest, ever apparently on the point of being gratified, yet, like the bird with Camaralzaman’s ring in its beak, always flying before us as we follow; an ever-increasing sensation of awe and superstitious fear,—the preliminary agency of powerful passions was, no doubt, necessary. But it was quite sufficient to exhibit them in their results, and any minute analysis of their growth or action, any great anxiety to give individuality of character to the beings represented, would have been thrown away; if indeed, it did not actually interfere with, and run counter to her object. The moral interest involved in the actual play of passion would, at the best, have imperfectly amalgamated with the state of restlessness and sus-

pense occasioned by the investigation of a train of mysterious occurrences, or the thrilling sensations of the supernatural. Nothing, indeed, in her tales, indicates the possession of any power of character-drawing; nor would it, in our opinion, have very materially increased their fascination, if her personages had been discriminated by more characteristic traits. For her object it was quite sufficient, that as the representatives of classes, these leading outlines should be sketched with a firm and spirited hand; that the heroine in white satin should be duly supported by the confidante in white muslin; that the bandit chief of the Appennines wore his mantle and plume with a true Salvatorian grace; that the demure look or villainous scowl of the monk was touched in by a few decided and striking traits; that the chattering attendant, the thick-witted peasant, the thoughtless lazzaroni, the brutal robber, should all be grouped together, acting in their vocation; and should be so placed and opposed to each other as that, in the language of the melodrama, the characters should “form a picture” upon the most received principles of stage effect. Mrs. Radcliffe’s romances are to the tales of her predecessors, what the pictures of Martin are to those of the ordinary masters in historical painting. In Martin’s pictures, how little of the effect lies in the figures! The groups, indeed, are good, the mass tells; but in those slight sketchy forms and features, indicated only by a spot of colour, what microscope shall detect the working of passion, or trace the differences of feeling? The spell which binds the imagination lies in the scene where these personages are placed, and the atmosphere of uncertain light and shadow by which they are surrounded; in those vital pillars of Titanian architecture stretching off into endless perspective, those colossal towers of Belus or Nimrod rising into the moonlight air, the strange radiance of the prophetic characters on the wall, the lightnings which traverse the sky, the multitudes, “beyond number numberless,” which throng the dim-discovered background; in all those accompaniments of grandeur and terror with which the artist has invested the scene, and in which the leading figures, though they are so placed as to assist the effect, form, after all, but one, and perhaps not the most striking, source of emotion. So also in Mrs. Radcliffe’s romantic pictures. The figures are there well sketched, though with a hasty pencil; but it is the scenes through which they are led, the skill with which she scatters over them her light and shadow, the magnificence or terror of the backgrounds on which they are relieved, the variety of the situations in which they are placed, and the sweet transitions from danger and anxiety to tranquillity and joy in which she delights, which give them their main hold on the imagination and the memory.

The truth is, as has been very beautifully remarked by a critic, that though Mrs. Radcliffe’s supernatural machinery is represented as influencing her characters, we tremble and weep not for others, but for ourselves. It is on us directly that it properly operates. “Adeline, Emily, Vivaldi, and Ellena, are nothing to us save as filling up the scene; but it is we ourselves who discover the manuscript in the deserted abbey, we who are prisoners in the castle of Udolpho, we who are inmates of Spalatro’s cottage, we

who stand before the secret tribunal of the Inquisition, and even there are startled by the mysterious voice deepening its horrors. The whole is a prodigious painting, so entire as to surround us with illusion, so cunningly arranged as to harrow up the soul, and the presence of a real person would spoil its completeness. As figures, all the persons are adapted with peculiar skill to the scenes in which they appear, the more as they are part of one entire conception."

In this light, the profusion of landscape painting with which Mrs. Radcliffe has been reproached, and which most readers may have thought carried to excess, was probably adopted on system, as an element of effect. Even while it tires us, as suspending the interest of the story, it probably attunes the mind to sympathy with the coming events, and, like an overture, conveys hints and shadows of what is to follow. That her landscapes are often vague—that no two individuals who read them would draw from them alike, we scarcely know whether to consider as a blemish or not. It is not always desirable to paint or describe too minutely; it is a matter which depends essentially on the object the author has in view; and considered in relation to the general tone and object of Mrs. Radcliffe, the vague mist with which her towers and precipices are surrounded, the Claude Lorraine haze she spreads over her gentler landscapes, probably impress the mind more perfectly with the feeling she wishes to excite, than the most elaborate description in the spirit of an architect or a landscape gardener.

That she could paint with the firmest pencil, who that recollects the first glimpse of Udolpho, with the slant sunbeam lighting up its weather-beaten towers, will deny? Do we not actually see before us that lone house by the Mediterranean, with the scudding clouds, the screaming sea-birds, the stormy sea; the scene selected for the murder of Ellena by her father? Who cannot figure to his mind's eye that ruined villa, with its broken tower, the scene of some half-fainted guilt, in the deserted courts of which Schedoni is attacked by Spalatro? Or those enchanting silvan landscapes, dew-besprinkled, or sun-illuminated, with which she has surrounded the half-decayed mansion which affords an asylum to La Motte? But we cannot resist the temptation of comparing these ideal landscapes, with which every one is familiar, with some of Mrs. Radcliffe's actual sketches from nature; fresh, dewy, bold, instantly impressing the mind with their truth and vigour; as if she had caught, and fixed in the words of her journal, the very hues and tints of the scenes among which she had been wandering. She was accustomed almost every year to take a short tour with her husband, generally along the southern and western coasts of England, and to snatch a moment at the inns where they rested, to commit to paper the impressions and events of the day, though without the most distant view to publication. In these sketches, her acute perception of the beautiful and picturesque, and her power of conveying her impressions in language which excites a corresponding impression on the reader, are remarkable. Like Turner's, her empire is peculiarly that of the air; light and its effects, from dawn to the glow of sunshine—twilight, to the

azure depth of moonlight, as seen on the woodland landscapes, the ruined tower, or the freshening sea, she depicts with singular skill and felicity. To us there is a great charm in the brief and picturesque style of these journals, of which some extracts accompanied the posthumous publication of *Gaston de Blondville*, but which we think ought to have been given to the public entire. They are far more interesting, and a thousand times more graphic, than her published Journal of her tour to Holland and Germany, where much of the original spirit of the sketches seems to have evaporated in the process of preparation for the press.

Here is a sea-scene near, but not in sight of, Beachy-head. See with what a clear and Crabbe-like truth the leading outlines of this marine picture are sketched!

"A shore of ruins under the cliffs, which gradually rise from what is called the Wish-house, a small white building, standing sweetly near the beach, to the summit of the Cape. Large blocks of granite imbedded on the shore, and extending to the waves, which rage and foam over them, giving one dreadful ideas of shipwreck. Sometimes patches of gravelly sand or pebbles, soon ending against masses of granite or chalk, between which it is difficult, and not always possible, to walk: some of them must be stepped on. Within half a mile of the great front of Beachy-head, unable to proceed farther, sat down on a block, wearied out, desiring William to go on: he was soon hid by a turn in the cliffs. Almost frightened at the solitude and vastness of the scene, though *Chance* [her favourite dog] was with me. Tide almost out; only sea in front; white cliffs rising over me, but not impending; strand all around; a chaos of rocks and fallen cliffs far out into the waves; sea-fowl wheeling and screaming; all disappeared behind the point beyond which is the great cliff; but we had doubled point after point, in the hope that this would be the next, and had been much deceived in the distances by these great objects. After one remote point gained, another and another succeeded, and still the great cliff was unattained; the white precipices beautifully varied with plants, green, blue, yellow, and poppy; wheatears flew up often from the beach; *Chance* pursued them. At length William returned, having been nearly, though not quite, in front of the great promontory. Slowly and laboriously we made our way back along the beach, greatly fatigued, the day exceedingly hot, the horizon sulphurous with lowering clouds: thunder rolled faintly at a distance."

A close like this is a good introduction to a nocturnal storm, in the Isle of Wight, which she visited in the autumn of 1801. After describing a "fiery sunset in the evening, with sullen clouds," she proceeds with this brief but graphic description of the thunder-storm which followed.

"After dark, a storm with thunder and lightning; listened to the strong steady force of the wind and waves below. The thunder rolled, and burst at intervals; and often the sound was so mingled with that of the wind and waves, as to be scarcely distinguished from it. *No complaining of the wind, but a strong and awful monotony. Lightning very blue, shewed at moments the foaming waves far out. Glad*

to hear from the other side of the house cheerful voices talking or singing. When the storm subsided, the thunder rolled away towards the Sussex coast. This display of the elements was the grandest scene I ever beheld; a token of God directing his world. *What particularly struck me was the appearance of irresistible power which the deep monotonous sound of the wind and surge conveyed. Nothing sudden, nothing laboured; all a continuance of sure power without effort.*"

Passing with reluctance some beautiful sketches of Kenilworth, (a spot which, by-the-by, so deeply impressed the mind of Mrs. Radcliffe, that its recollections gave rise to her latest romance of *Gaston de Blondville*), of Penshurst and Blenheim, we would request the reader to compare the following night-scene on the terrace at Windsor, with some of her pictures of Italian fortresses. How closely, for instance, does it recall to recollection those scenes where Emily is represented as watching the veiled figure which paces nightly the terraces of Udolpho! In how many points had the romance which appeared in 1794, anticipated the realities of 1802!

"We stood in the shade on the north terrace, where a platform projects over the precipice, and beheld a picture perfect in its kind. The massy tower at the end of the east terrace stood up high in shade; but immediately from behind it the moonlight spread, and showed the flat line of wall at the end of that terrace, with the figure of a sentinel moving against the light, as well as a profile of the dark precipice below. Beyond it was the park, and a vast distance in the faint light, which spread over the turf, touched the avenues, and gave fine contrast to the deep shades of the wooded precipice on which we stood, and to the whole line of buildings which rise on the north terrace. Above this high dark line, the stars appeared with a very sublime effect. No sound but the faint clinking of the soldier's accoutrements as he paced on watch, and the remote voices of people turning the end of the east terrace, appearing for a moment in the light there, and vanishing. In a high window of the tower, a light. Why is it so sublime to stand at the foot of a dark tower, and look up its height to the sky and the stars?"

"What particularly strikes at Windsor is the length of terrace in the east thus seen by moonlight; the massy towers, four in perspective, the lights and shades of the park below, the obscure distance behind them, the low and wide horizon, which you seem to look upon, the grandeur of the heavenly arch which seems to spring from it, and the multitude of stars which are visible in so vast and interrupted a view. Then the north terrace stretching and finally turning away from them towards the west, where high dark towers crown it. It was on this terrace surely that Shakspeare received the first hint of the time for the appearance of his ghost.

Last night of all,
When yon same sun that westward from the Pole
Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one."—

One other quotation from these journals, and we have done. Independently of its beauty—and it seems

to us to possess all the stir and motion, the breezy and sparkling freshness, of one of Calcott's sea pieces—it is interesting as the last description of the kind which flowed from the author's pen. It was the last entry in her journal. For twelve years, she had been suffering from occasional spasmodic attacks of Asthma, during which period, the public had been told, and devoutly believed, that the authoress of the *Romance of the Forest*, the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and the *Italian*, a victim to the terrors she had raised, was the melancholy inmate of a lunatic asylum. Not only was the story not true, but *a priori*, nothing could be conceived more improbable or unphilosophical, since, if these tales of hers have any particular fault, it is precisely, that she all along has her own imagination too completely at command, calculates her effects too calmly and elaborately, and insists after all, to the manifest detriment of her own spells, upon explaining, by natural causes, what we would rather leave enveloped in the vague obscurity of conjecture.

"*Ramsgate, Saturday Morning, October 19, 1822.* Stormy day; rain, without sun, except that early a narrow line of palest silver fell on the horizon, shining here and there. Distant vessels on their course: ships riding in the Downs, exactly on the sea-line over the entrance into the harbour, opposite to our windows, were but dim, and almost shapeless hints of what they were. Many vessels, with sails set, making for the port; pilot boats rowed out of the harbour to meet them; the tide rolling in, leaving the foaming waves at its entrance, where vessels of all kinds, from ships to fishing-boats, appeared in succession at short intervals, dashing down among the foam, and rushing into the harbour. The little black boats around them often sank so low in the surge as to be invisible for a moment. This expansive harbour, encircled by noble piers, might be considered as a grand theatre, of which the entrance and the sea beyond were the stage, the two pier-heads the portals, the plain of the harbour the pit, and the houses at the end of it the front boxes. *This harbour was not now, as some hours since, flooded with a silver light, but grey and dull, in quiet contrast with the foaming waves at its entrance. The horizon thickened, and the scene around seemed to close in, but the vessels, as they approached, though darker, became more visible and distinct, the sails half set, some nearly wholly set. They all kept away a little to the westward of the west pier, the wind southwest, then changed their course, and dashed round the lighthouse pier-head, tossing the foam high about them, some pitching head-foremost, as if going to the bottom, and then rolling helplessly and reeling in, settled in still waters.*"

These beautiful sketches have somewhat seduced us, however, from our subject; and, indeed, we have dwelt longer on them, and on our recollections of the impressions produced by Mrs. Radcliffe's early Tales, because we really feel that, with all our admiration of her powers, we can say little that is favourable of her *Metrical Romance*. Even the tale which originally accompanied these Poems, *Gaston de Blondville*, was quite unworthy of its predecessors. It might have been an improvement on the *Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, or the *Sicilian Romance*, but it was

felt as a sad sinking after the grand and impressive pictures of *Udolpho* and the *Italian*. The truth was, that the plot admitted of no development—no progressive or complex interest. The discovery of a murder, by the repeated appearances of the murdered man, might have afforded materials for one of those episodic fragments which Mrs. Radcliffe has occasionally introduced with such success, as related by some of her personages; it might have been very effective, for instance, if condensed into the same space as that admirable ghost-story of Sir Bevis of Lancaster, which Ludovico is represented as perusing during his midnight watch in the chateau of Le Blanc; but expanded into three volumes, narrated in the obsolete style of a chronicle, and filled with antiquarian descriptions (in which, by-the-by, we greatly doubt the accuracy of the chronology), the story drags most heavily. If any thing, too, could reconcile us to Mrs. Radcliffe's system of explaining every thing by natural causes in her former romances, it would be to see how completely in this she has failed in the management of a true spirit, for here all her early tact seems to have deserted her; her spectre appears so often, with so little reason, and in situations so little calculated to set off his spiritual dignity,—such as the dinner-table and the tilt-yard,—that the reader at last gets perfectly reconciled to his exits and his entrances, and is prepared to receive him with the cool remark with which Hamlet greets the "fellow i' the cellarage," "Art thou there, old Truepenny?"

Though any one might have naturally inferred, from the character of Mrs. Radcliffe's mind, as exhibited in her romances, that she had little turn for the more meditative and reflective kinds of poetry, we should hardly have anticipated her total failure in a metrical romance. For this species of poetry, so purely objective, as our German neighbours call it,—requiring little beyond a picturesque eye, and graphic hand, or perhaps some ingenuity of plot, and exacting no study of character, and but little strictness of versification,—one would have thought her powers extremely well suited. There seem, however, to be some who are poets in prose, but whose poetry forsake them the moment they attempt to embody their ideas in verse; and one of these undoubtedly was Mrs. Radcliffe. In her *St. Alban's Abbey*, she has strung together a few incidents, which are supposed to be connected with, or to follow the defeat of, the Lancastrians by Richard of York in 1455; but so miserably told, so broken and confused by tedious descriptions, that though we have toiled through the ten cantos which compose the story, we have the most indistinct notion what the whole is about. We have some visions of battles in the streets of St. Alban's—monks gazing on the fight from the Abbey walls, alarms, retreats, dirges for the dead, processions and banquets—but the whole blended in such a hazy mass, as absolutely to defy all attempts at decomposing it into its particulars. With the exception of some of the architectural sketches of the Abbey, we can scarcely lay our hand on a passage approaching to poetry, save the following. It is not very striking, certainly, but naturally and unaffectedly told. A father is searching for the body of his son among the different biers

in which the dead are placed, when a dog is seen, with a mute and forlorn look, to draw near, from one of the coffins, and then to gaze up in the stranger's face.

"A little Spaniel dog was he,
All silver white his hair,
Save some few spots of red tawney,
With forehead high and fair.
His lively eyes were hazel bright,
And mild and tender too,
And full of sympathy's quick light,
Artless, and warm, and true.
Full often gaily had he run
In sport o'er field and wood,
With his dear lord round Alban's town,
Now crimson'd with his blood!
And all for sport had sought this day
His master's step afar,
'Till coming where he bleeding lay
Upon his bed of war,
He knew him through his dead disguise,
And own'd him promptly with loud cries;
Then silent crouch'd him by his side,
Faithful the utmost to abide.

Now as the stranger turn'd his view,
He his lost son's companion knew,
And then, the shield from which he crept,
Where he for hours mute watch had kept;
Then was the mournful truth made plain,
A father could not doubt again;
He saw his dead son resting here,
And check'd no more the bitter tear.
The dog, who late had drooping stood,
With fixed and earnest eye,
Soon as the stranger chang'd his mood
To sorrow's ecstasy,
Own'd his dear master's sire in grief,
And sprang as if to give relief
By sad responsive cry,
And even strove those tears to dry,
That now came rolling by.
Stronger no human tongue could speak,
Soothing and comforting,
Than his who drier the mourner's cheek
With tender minst'ring."

Of the other pieces in these volumes, we are compelled to say, that their merits are inversely as their length. The longer pieces, *Stonehenge* and *Edwy*, are very tiresome, though some pleasing moonlight scenes in Windsor Park, in some measure, relieve the tedium of the latter. But in the shorter pieces which are scattered through the book, there is frequently a fine power of description, a pleasing though vague melancholy, and occasionally considerable happiness of expression. The following lines on "A Second View of the Seven Mountains," written during her tour on the Rhine, are full of truth, picturesque, and pleasing. She had last seen them under the splendid effect of a thunderstorm.

"Mountains, when next I saw ye, it was noon,
And Summer on your distant steeps had flung
Her veil of misty light; your rockwoods hung,
Just green and budding, through in pride of June;

"And pale your many-spiring tops appear'd,
While here and there, soft tints of silver grey
Mark'd where some jutting cliff received the ray,
Or long-lived precipice its brow uprear'd.

"Beyond your tapering pinnacles, a show
Of other giant-forms more dimly frown'd,
Hinting the wonders of that unknown ground,
And of deep wizard vales, unseen below.

"Thus on the long and level plains ye rose
Abrupt and awful, when my raptured eye
Beheld ye. Mute I gazed! 'Twas then a sigh
Alone could speak the soul's most full repose;

"For of a grander world ye seem'd the dawn,
Rising beyond where Time's tired wing can go,
As, bending o'er the green Rhine's liquid lawn,
Ye watch'd the ages of the world below."

There is much melody, and a fine twilight solemnity, in the stanzas to the river Dove.

"When Evening's distant hues
Their silent grace diffuse
In sleepy azure o'er the mountain's head;
Or dawn in purple faint,
As nearer cliffs they paint,
Then lead me 'mid thy slopes and woodland shade.

"Nor would I wander far
When 'Twilight lends her star,
And on thy scenes her doubtful shades repose;
Nor when the moon's first light
Steals on each bowery height,
Like the wing'd music on the folded rose.

"Then on thy winding shore
The fays and elves once more
Trip in gay ringlets to the reed's light note;
Some launch the acorn's ring,
Their snail, papilio's wing,
Then shipp'd, in chase of moonbeams gaily float.

"But at the midnight hour
I woo thy thrilling power,
While silent moves the glow-worm's light along;
And o'er the dim hill-tops
The gloomy red moon drops,
And in the grave of darkness leaves thee long.

"Even then thy waves I hear,
And own a nameless fear,
As 'mid the stillness the night winds do swell,
Or (faint from distance) hark
To the lone watch-dog's bark,
Answering a melancholy far sheep-bell.

"O Nymph! fain would I trace
Thy sweet awakening grace,
When Summer dawn first breaks upon thy stream;
And see thee braid thy hair,
And keep thee ever there,
Like thought recover'd from an antique dream."

We must now bid adieu to these poems. They are little calculated certainly to increase the reputation of Mrs. Radcliffe; and perhaps her friends would have acted more judiciously if they had allowed them to remain in that obscurity in which they were left by their amiable authoress. Yet we are glad of the opportunity they have afforded us of expressing our admiration of her powers as a writer of romance; and of reviving in some measure the recollection of that fascination which her scenes of beauty and terror once exercised over our fancy. That a critical perusal of them at the present moment, with the cool eye of middle age, would probably point out to us many incongruities, and many weaknesses, is very probable. It is an experiment which we shall take care not to hazard. We prefer leaving them as they float at present in our memory, here and there freshly remembered in their better parts, the rest fading into distance and half forgotten; on the whole, a pleasing pageant of gloomy castles and caves,—moon-illuminated streets and places,—dance and Provençal song, and vintage mirth,—aerial music floating over fairy-haunted forests,—or choral chant of monk or nun, borne to the ear over the still waters of the Adriatic.

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

The Autobiography, Times, Opinions, and Contemporaries of SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, Bart. (Per legem terræ,) Baron Chandos of Sudeley. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1834.

We have read this work with feelings of considerable pain. It presents to us an elaborate picture of a species of literary character, that may be expected to appear, at times, in that heated and high-wrought civilization, to which the world has attained;—a character that has all the acute sensibilities of poetical genius, without its energy and its power—its irritable temper—its wayward self-engrossment—its early relinquishment of the common pleasures of life, for one feverish and jealous object. This is often a painful picture, even when, as in the case of Byron or Rousseau, it is gilded with all the glory of success, placed in the long gallery of fame, and destined to become immortal. But how much deeper is the pain with which we gaze on these melancholy colours, when we feel them fading as we gaze; or when we know that in a little while the picture will be thrown aside, amidst the lumber of the age, to perish and be forgotten.—All these visionary repinings in which happiness is lost—this morbid susceptibility to the opinion which a no less morbid pride affects to disdain—this sacrifice of health, both of frame and heart—this dreaming youth—this unsocial manhood—this dissatisfied, yet still enterprising old age,—the aching brow without the laurel wreath—the torments of Rousseau without his triumphs! What object more sad or more impressive, in the complex calamities of authorship, ever seemed to present itself to our survey? Yet, no doubt, we exaggerate the melancholy of the prospect. He who feels most the peculiar pains, feels most the peculiar pleasures of the poet: no matter what the silence of the crowd, his own heart is never silent; it whispers fame to

the last. His statue is not in the market-place. For that very reason he expects the chaplet for his tomb. The author before us, for example, is as intimately persuaded of the reality of his powers, of the solidity of his reputation, as if the loud buzzes of the literary world were borne to his retreat. The *amabilis insania* (the delusion is too proud, too strong for ordinary vanity) cheats, soothes, flatters, to the verge of the abyss. All that criticism could prove, all that neglect, severest of all critics, could teach, fall vain and unheeded on the sons of a nature of this mould. Nursed in the tastes and habits of genius, it mistakes the tastes for the capacities; in the habits (making now no mistake) it feels its reward; and if the individual author were the sole concern of the critic, here might we stop at once, leaving him in undisturbed possession of a delusion it would be idle and cruel to destroy. But criticism has a more catholic and comprehensive duty; it seeks less to correct the author, than to instruct his kind. Criticism is literature teaching by examples; and therefore, we have selected this work, dealing with it as gently as we may, for the occasion it proffers us, to warn others to avoid, while it may yet be time, the errors which it is now too late to indicate to the subject of these memoirs. We have allowed, that a certain degree of happiness is to be found in the mere cultivation of literary tastes, and the self-esteem which they engender, even where unattended by the fame and success, which was, perhaps, the guiding motive, and promised to be the certain meed. But is that happiness enough? May not certain self-indulgences greatly lessen and embitter it? This is the question which our Autobiographer suggests to us. We would wish to derive that happiness from the purest and noblest sources; to diminish, as much as possible, the *quidquid amari*—its countervailing pains;—to chasten its nature, while we augment its degree.

It cannot be denied, that no inconsiderable proportion of our literary men, immediately preceding the present day, have been more or less characterized by those feelings, too acute and sensitive, which incline us to the unsocial. Sometimes the disease is mild and gentle in its symptoms; sometimes dark and gloomy; sometimes it is but reserve; at others, misanthropy. The weak but kindly Shenstone—perhaps the most amiable specimen of the morbid species of literary character—appears never to have suffered disappointment to corrupt into uncharitableness. He could not, as Sir Egerton Brydges has done—and this is the most inexcusable infirmity his work displays—gratify general grudges by individual acerbity. Both lived much in the country; both suffered from the rude contact of 'rural thanes'; both, probably, with equal want of candour, complain of the ungeniality of their neighbours, without reflecting that the literary man often is the first to commence offence, and the most stubborn to resent it. With a little tact, and a little good-humour, we believe there are few societies, however rustic, which a man of intellectual cultivation will not propitiate. Men feel jealousy, not towards those who differ from them in pursuits, but towards those who attempt to rival them in the same career; and the merits of a man of letters, in a neighbourhood where men of letters are scarce, will, if he bear his honours meekly, be more exaggerated,

than depreciated. In his very complaints of the bores around him, Sir Egerton Brydges inadvertently and unconsciously confesses himself to blame. He admits that his own manners 'were not very conciliatory!' he admits that his society was 'a wet sheet' to the country squires: then why be so angry at their imitating the example of constraint and coldness that he had set himself? Why—and this is our especial accusation against Sir Egerton Brydges—why indulge an unworthy and bygone spleen? why rake up the decent obscurity of private life? why drag forward, with all particulars of home and circumstances, persons of whose very existence the world till now neither knew nor cared? why manure his pages with the bones of the humble dead? why tell us that Mrs. — (we do not give additional publicity to the name thus unhandsonely traduced) 'was a virago, the most garrulous, vain, foolish, presumptuous, and ill-tempered of women! The same law that makes public property of public names, forbids, to a high and generous mind, the posthumous gibbeting of obscure and private foes.' This, which we have just quoted, is not a solitary instance of spleen; the volumes of our Autobiographer display many instances of an equally small vengeance and poor injustice. Whoever does not acknowledge his pretensions, whether to Parnassus or a Peerage, are equally hateful to the eyes of Sir Egerton Brydges. He does not deem it possible that those who voted in the House of Lords against his claim, could be actuated by other than unworthy motives: some are ungrateful, others envious, all commonplace in ability, or questionable in birth.

There is this consequence of a moody and absorbed concentration in self; it vitiates the whole character: learn to consider yourself alone; make yourself a god; and you deem all who dispute your pretensions little better than blasphemers. You are like the ancient geographers ridiculed by Plutarch, who drew out a map of the little territory that was known to them; and to all beyond, applied the description of impassable sands, or horrid wastes. Yourself, your pursuits, your circle, your admirers, are your chart; beyond, are only

'The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders';—

and this habit of isolation of thought and heart gradually destroys as much of the charm of genius as of the dignity of character. So it is with the complaints of Sir Egerton Brydges—complaints it is impossible to sympathize in, because they are wholly selfish. There is ever something generous in true pathos; it either asks us to sympathize for a loss that affects more than the mourner, or it interests us in the mourner, by showing us that his sorrow is not purely selfish. Rousseau, in the most egotistical of his lamentations, always seduces us into a belief of his benevolence for others; and reveals the glimpses of a nature in which the genial and kindly feelings appear not stifled but perverted. Byron, when he mourns for Thirza, affects us to sympathy with himself, by a sympathy with the love or the loveliness of the dead. Not less, in the gloomiest passages of Childe Harold, are the selfish griefs of the poet exalted by frequent bursts of sympathy with the misfortunes or the doings

of the world, with the struggles of the free, with the vexations of the wise, with the disappointments of the impassioned. But, in Sir Egerton Brydges, the lamentations are solely for self, and for selfish objects—a poem neglected, or a peerage refused. Nor does he ever seek to connect sympathy with himself by sympathy with others. We know nothing of the family, the wife, the children, of Sir Egerton Brydges. He does not burst forth with apostrophes, which every lover, every husband, every father can feel in his heart of hearts. To his "Night Thoughts," there is no Narcissa: for his Pilgrimage, no Ada. Once only he seems aroused into a lukewarm lamentation for a friend, and the few words in which he mentions the death of Lord Tenderden are really the most pathetic in his book. We would warn, then, by this example, the example of a man of elegant tastes, and, doubtless, (for perhaps all poets are,) of original and early kindness of disposition; the younger race from self-indulgence and self-absorption, which make martyrs of the intellect as well as of the heart.

It is not that egotism is in itself revolting, nor the love of solitude in itself a disease; it is the abuse and perversion of both that are dangerous and unworthy. A certain degree of self-esteem is not only natural to all lofty minds, but it is necessary to their exertions. Without it we are echoes of all vulgar cries; the hangers-on and creatures of the crowd. We neither love nor honour Milton the less for his august and frequent reference to himself—a reference more frequent in his prose writings than in his verse. Perhaps in the whole history of literature, there is no passage more egotistical or less selfish than the following: "For the world, I count it not as an inn, but a hospital; and a place not to live but die in. The world that I regard is myself. It is the microcosm of mine own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it, but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude, for I am above Atlas his shoulders." (Here follows the high excuse for this lofty self-exaltation.) "The earth is a point, not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens they have an end, cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number of the arc do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity to us; something that was before the elements, and owing no homage unto the sun. He that understands not thus much, hath not his introductions or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man."

In this magnificent passage—"a solemn procession of purple thought"—who will not allow that the self-esteem is the charm? That self-esteem dignifies us as well as its object; we are elevated with its elevation; we are called upon to sympathize with an egotist who reveals to us *our* nature as well as his own; we are raised to a sense of our own majesty by contemplating that of another; what *he* is, that are *we*; "something that was before the elements, and

owes no homage to the sun." It is not then that either in self-esteem, or in egotism, which is often its expression, there is any thing degrading in itself. To confess is no shame; shame is in that which we confess. When, therefore, it is the natural inclination of genius to reveal its nature, its thoughts, sentiments, or sufferings, it is as foolish as it is vain for criticism to resist the inclination: all that we can suggest is this: the man who does betray the mysteries of his own soul, should study to keep the temple pure and holy; and should ask our sympathy, not because he has thought, nor because he has suffered, but because he has thought deeply and suffered nobly.

But if, in the indulgence of egotism, there be nothing in itself to blame or to condemn,—if, on the contrary, it is this autobiography of opinion, and of thought, which often constitutes one of the most valuable and charming portions of literature,—if we wish indeed with a restless longing that it had been a more frequent habit of mind with our great authors—and if we still search laboriously through the sonnets of Shakspeare—through the correspondence of Montesquieu—through the Latin verses of Milton—for every allusion, every avowal, that makes us more intimately acquainted with the workings of their souls,—still less can we affect to disdain or impugn a more frequent and necessary literary passion—the love of solitude;—a love natural to all contemplative natures—a habit not necessarily selfish in itself; its uses are noble—its abuse only dangerous. It is a bath to the mind relaxed in the feverish atmosphere of crowds; it braces the nerves of the intellect—it renews its vigour. But then we are not always to live in a bath, which strengthens in moderation, weakens in excess. Properly considered, the use of occasional retirement from the world is not to sever, but to confirm the ties that bind us to others. The literary character is necessarily sensitive; so much are its efforts connected with the love of esteem, that it is easily susceptible to mortifications—it magnifies annoyance—it imagines slight:

"it shapes

By choice the perils it by chance escapes."

Hence the wholesome effect of retiring at times from the great mart of competition. The calm restores us: at a distance we review the causes which humbled or enraged, and wonder to find that the spectre vanishes in the clearer light by which it is now examined; and as the desire of fame returns, so also returns our legitimate benevolence for those who proportion that fame in proportion to its utility to them. It was from that cavern, yet to be seen in the time of Plutarch, to which Demosthenes retired, that the great author emerged with new heart and vigour, to thunder forth those divine sympathies with the liberties of mankind which are still the inspirers of public virtue. Viewed in this light, solitude is the nurse of action, no less advantageous than natural to the energies of genius. But a solitude that is the aliment of misanthropy—the den of hatred; the mephitic and noisome cave from which evil oracles are emitted—is the retreat, not of genius, but of envy, which is at war with genius. "There is," said Cowley, the solitude of a god, and the solitude of a wild beast." It was a noble comment by one addicted

himself to solitude, and comprehending all its uses, upon that affected saying of Pythagoras, that he was a "spectator of life,"—"Men," said Lord Bacon, "ought to know, that in the theatre of human life it is only for God and angels to be spectators."

We have made these remarks, first, in reference to those who, justly incensed at the maudlin of modern poetasters, have argued against what are vitally necessary to many natures—a confessional and a hermitage; and secondly, as a warning to others who would devote the uses to abuse. We have said, that however inglorious the result, and however embittered by our own failings, there is always something of happiness in the pursuits of literature. But it is easy to perceive how much purer and how much greater that happiness may be made by the temper of the student; by a constant resistance to all the petty and disturbing passions of spleen and envy; by a watchful restraint of that all-exacting and never-compromising disposition which sensitive minds, in search of the ideal, are too liable to form. It is impossible for some natures to be social, but all may be benevolent. And it is astonishing what innumerable sources of happiness we open to ourselves, by compelling the mind, even in calm and retirement, to take an interest in the stir and action of the world. This interest preserves us from all the stagnation and selfishness of solitude: it ennobles success, it consoles for failure. And failure, indeed, is less common to persons of this habit of mind; for it requires a great genius to embellish the Morose. But the menial adorns itself; and a man resolved to be useful is sure to accomplish his object.

We trust that these remarks occur somewhat in season; for we think we recognise in the rising generation of literary men a more wholesome and masculine frame of mind than that which characterized a large number of their immediate predecessors. And in proportion as the political constitution becomes more popular, genius of every description is perhaps insensibly compelled to become more social. One of the results of the Reform Bill was, that it threw men of letters, desirous of entering public life, at once upon the people,—familiarizing both the candidate and the crowd with the pretensions and qualities of either; and yet this audacity in a student was deemed so impossible by the advocates of the old system, that it was urged as one of the inestimable advantages of close boroughs, that through them, and through them alone, could men of literature and science be returned to Parliament; as if it were desirable to foster in them that fastidiousness and reserve which necessarily diminish their utility in active life. He who shrinks from the roar of the hustings, will probably shrink no less from the eye of the Speaker. The advocates for the old system, under pretence of kindness to the character of the student, were nursing the very qualities that were to secure his failure. But the main advantages of an enlarged political circle, in connexion with the pursuits of the scholar, are less in alluring him from his closet to public life,—(for in that the public may lose as often as it may gain),—than in familiarizing his ear and his heart with the affairs of the actual world. The agitation, the stir, the ferment—the lively, the unceasing, the general interest in political concerns, which it is the

nature of popular governments to create,—meet him in every circle; insensibly they force themselves on his meditations—they colour his studies—they transfuse their spirit into his compositions. This it was which so singularly characterized the literature of Athens; bringing in close contract the statesman and the student,—giving vitality to the dream of the poet, and philosophy to the harangues of the orator. And by a necessary reaction, the same causes which render the man of letters more interested in the affairs of men of action, interest the men of action in the aims and character of men of letters. The connexion is as serviceable to the world as to the scholar; it corrects the dreaminess of the last,—it refines the earthlier calculations of the first; and thus popular institutions insensibly become the medium of exchange, which barter and transfer from the most distant quarters, the most various commodities in the intellectual commerce of mankind.

From the United Service Journal.

SKETCHES OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

"I hear a lion in the lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door,
And keep him out? or shall we let him in,
To try if we can turn him out again?"

At Fort Beaufort one experiences, in a remarkable degree, the very great, though gradual difference of climate between the summer and the winter, which I have mentioned as characterizing also the vicinity of Cape Town. While the winters are rendered delightful and invigorating by the happy union of sunshine and cool or even cold weather, with just enough rain to spread a carpet of verdure over the country and enrich the luxuriance of the evergreen copses, the summer heats are great, and the grass on the embrowned plains and parched hills becomes as dry and easily ignited as tinder; so that sparks falling from the pipes of the Hottentots, or blown away from the remaining embers of the fires kindled by them in travelling, quickly communicate, and set fire to considerable tracts of country, which continue burning, sometimes for hours, sometimes for days, in fact, till the conflagration is extinguished by a heavy fall of rain, or arrested by meeting in its course a barrier of the thick and succulent shrubs. One sees their traces in the wide deep-brown patches, lying naked amid surrounding slopes of yellow hay, stowed with cinders and charred twigs of heaths or young mimosas, or else tinged with a fresh green, where the young grass begins to sprout richly from the fertilized surface, and generally bounded by the shrubbery, where a girdle of bushes, drooping and scorched into a sickly brown, denote the victims that have stood between the rest and the devouring element.

The progress of these fires is curious to watch. A straight or irregular, but connected, line of little flames goes steadily on in the wind's eye, fed by the overhanging grass that bends to the current of air, sending up a chain of little columns of smoke, which unite in an opaque screen, and drift away in a broad canopy of solid-looking dull vapour. At night they produce a beautiful effect, lighting up the atmosphere

above and around them with a lurid red, and frequently so numerous, that one might fancy their long scattered lines on the sides of the hills to be the watch-fires of hostile bands.

During the continuance of the drought, the valleys or standing pools of water (generally the only dependence of the cattle, and sometimes of the farmer) become dried up or evaporated to a thick and noisome puddle of scarcely liquid filth; and when this continues long the cattle turn blind or even die, unless the boor removes with his household and herds to a temporary residence on the banks of some river. As the heat increases, thunder-storms become frequent; and during a period of six weeks or more, few days pass in which the clouds do not begin to rise around the horizon, or in some quarter, about twelve o'clock or a little later, and slowly spread in a lowering grey veil above. Faint distant gleams precede the gradually more vivid and brilliant flashes of lightning, which are soon accompanied by remote mutterings, that deepen as the day wears on into louder murmurs and bellowing peals of thunder. Beneath the still, melancholy, colourless grey expanse dark streaks hang in the distance, while overhead murky broken masses of clouds and fantastic fleecy wreaths sail up to the zenith. The dazzling flashes and sharply-defined zigzag lines, down which a continued stream of intense fire seems to run, piercing the entrails of earth, increase in brilliancy, and anon longer threads of white flame play fitfully nearer, while occasional crashes of tremendous din interrupt the dead pauses between the intervals of the rolling peals and loud echoes of the mountains. There is a passage in "Tom Cringle's Log," which approaches the nearest of any description I know to giving an idea of the sublime and terrific sound of the report instantaneously accompanying the blinding flash, where, speaking of a thunder-storm in Jamaica, he says "The sound of the thunder was a sharp, ear-piercing crash, as if the whole vault of heaven had been made of glass, and shivered at a blow;" so utterly unearthly is its loudness, yet so ringing and sharp its tone. These storms were generally attended by heavy rain, but often only in the distant hills. When it extended to the lower grounds, one could see it driving rapidly on in a solid white mass, preceded by violent eddies and minor tornadoes, which whirled the sand and branches of trees aloft in the air; and when it reached you, you might have thought that the bottom of some vast lake in the upper regions had given way; with such resistless violence did the broad sheets of water come down, deluging the country to the depth of two or three inches, which yet the thirsty soil quickly drank in. When it grew dark, the brilliancy of the flashes was most dazzling, and the whole country to the horizon would stand forth distinct as in the meridian blaze of the sun, but tinged with the variously-coloured light. These commotions of the elements generally die away in the distance about nine or ten o'clock; but the yellow gleams of lightning are seen much longer, and often continue visible through the greater part of the night.

It has been already observed that the regular "commandos" against the Caffres have been latterly discontinued, but only within the last five years. In 1827 (as well as I can recollect) one took place, in

which Lieut. W., commanding a party of the Cape Corps, went by appointment to meet and wait for the Commandant of Caffraria, in a valley about sixty miles to the eastward of the colonial frontier line. The party fell in with several lions, and one or two young ones were killed. This circumstance gave rise to the project of a "lion-hunt" in that uninhabited district; and a party of four soon after went out for some days, and succeeded in killing some. Since that time they have taken place every year, starting from Fort Beaufort; and the preparations for them, the anticipations of the sport, and the reminiscences of the various occurrences and adventures of former similar expeditions, afford a subject for keen interest and animating conversation at the post for a considerable time previous to the start.

The principal management and lead in these parties is vested, by a sort of prescriptive right, founded on their practised experience and skill in the noble sport, in three gentlemen, who are (without a pun) the A. B. C. of lion-hunting. The names of Major C., Capt. A., and Mr. B., a resident for some years back at Fort Beaufort, are so well known to the colony, that I trust they will excuse my alluding to them so openly. Indeed to attempt a detailed description of the amusement without particularizing them, would rival that performance of "Hamlet, leaving out, by particular desire, the part of the Prince of Denmark."

Conducted in its present form, there are various conveniences requisite for an expedition of this kind, such as waggons and oxen, Hottentot servants, &c. which these gentlemen possess in their establishments, in addition to the advantages already mentioned, and that of being near to the scene of operations. As the parties do not admit of many additional guns, it is a matter of no little favour to be enrolled among the select few; and with the requisite qualifications of a quick eye and steady hand, a good double-barrelled fowling-piece, of as large bore as can be conveniently carried, will be found the best weapon, superior to a rifle in lightness and ease in loading, and quite as certain in throwing ball for the quick sudden shots required, besides the obvious advantage of a second shot. As the best method of giving a correct idea of the style of the thing, I shall attempt a description of a lion hunt at which I "assisted" (to use a Gallicism) in March, 1833, the scenes and occurrences of which made a vivid impression on me at the time.

Four other officers besides myself were invited to join the party, which was the largest that had ever gone out. We were to be absent for ten days, and the commandant and an other officer were to join us on the ground for a couple of days. The fortnight preceding our departure was employed in seeing that the waggons were in perfect repair, and choosing teams of the fattest and strongest oxen, and in perfecting the condition of the steeds intended for our own riding and for our servants; besides laying in ample store of powder and balls, grain for the horses, and finally *material* for the mess, wherein large supplies of claret, sherry, and malt, were not forgotten among the innumerable items. Some cows and sheep were also purchased; and two days before that appointed for our start, the four waggons (an additional

one having been hired by us for the trip) were duly packed with their multifarious loads of tents and bottles, beds, trunks, and gun-cases, canteens, claret cases, and sacks of barley, which were piled amicably together up to the very roof of their white canvass tilts. The next day the waggons, having to take a circuitous road through the mountains, were sent off under an escort of some of our servants; and having watched them till the sharp crack of the long whips alone announced that they were getting on "all right," after the turn of the road through the "Poort" concealed them, we lounged about the post till the arrival of those who joined from Grahamstown; and the jovial party at mess that night made the walls ring.

Early the next morning the cavalcade of the remaining servants and Hottentots with the led horses started, followed in two hours by their masters on horseback, accompanied part of the way by some others from the post; and no doubt making a brave and goodly appearance, as, gleaming in the broad sunshine, with our white shooting jackets and leather trowsers, one solitary "rasée" black beaver distinguished amid a cluster of broad-brimmed white hats, nodding with ostrich feathers to keep off the flies, we wound slowly through the scattered shrubbery over the plain leading to a half-worn rugged path up a steep rocky hill, which made the horses blow a little. A long ride over stony mountains dotted with the thorny mimosas and other trees, by tracks invisible except to the leaders and the Hottentots, brought us in sight of the halting-place for the night, just as the sun was darting forth from behind a curtain of heavy crimsoned-fringed clouds his farewell beams, which tinged the rocky summits of the hills with a warm roseate hue, while the valley to which we were descending lay dark in the shade of evening. Our waggons were already there, the tents pitched, and oxen loose grazing. Little was unpacked that night; but after disqualifying some bottles for accompanying us farther, we turned in; those who were in that happy mood to pique themselves on being particularly careful, previously taking a last look at their horses, who were quietly standing in their clothing, tied up in squads, under the shelter of thick bushes, while some of the Hottentots were still sitting round the red fire of dry sticks, eating and chattering.

We started early the next morning, and winding through a long rich valley, where a few Hottentots cultivate little scattered patches allotted to them here on the very verge of the Caffre territory, we crossed a steep, narrow spit of hill, and halted for breakfast at the foot of a tremendous long spur, running down from a lofty mountainous chain over which it offered the only approach. "Hic labor, hoc opus"—our toil was but commencing. Far as we could see upwards the ascent continued; and during our halt various bets were laid as to the chances of precedence among the waggons surmounting it, and reaching the top in safety. The two first started, and pushed up slowly but determinedly; but in a deep watercourse crossing the road at the very foot of the ascent, the third stuck fast, and vain was every effort to move it. Most of the

party had gone on after the first waggons, but I and the owner of the distressed one, after standing by for some time contemplating the exertions of the indefatigable Hottentots, rode slowly up a part of the way, when we dismounted and sat down, anxiously awaiting the result, which threatened to delay at least, if not spoil our expedition. The track-tow, (a long plaited rope of hide,) which is secured to all the yokes, and by which alone the waggon is dragged, broke repeatedly; and at last the oxen, terrified and sulky, would not draw, in spite of all the shouts of the Hottentots and tremendous blows of the clanging whip. After two hours of fruitless toil, the team of the fourth waggon, all this time detained in the narrow pass behind, was put in to add, and after a few unsuccessful attempts at last moved it, and to our great joy dragged it fairly out.

We waited to see no more, but went on after our companions; and in due time arrived at the encampment, seated in a deep dell under two savage craggy mountains, whose frowning peaks rose stern and menacing amid a rack of gloomy thunder-clouds. Away to our right rose in the distance one of those immense masses of tabular rock, so commonly seen among the mountains of South Africa. This one is called "Gaika's hill," and is a very distinguished landmark in that tract of country, which consists principally of long undulating ridges, covered with a rank pasture, which the Dutch colonists call "zuure veldt." Here, while the tents were pitched, and the arrival of the two waggons waited for, we amused ourselves in firing ball. Our target was a gnu's skull, which lay beside the little stream, a relic of some savage feast, and the first visible sign of our approach to the resort of the herds of game which are always followed by the lions. The waggons at last made their appearance, and the creaking and rumbling of their wheels, and the occasional reports of the whip, were succeeded by comparative silence, or a confused murmur of voices, relating how it took both teams united to drag each of the heavy waggons up the long hill in turn. The usual bustle of unpacking commenced, and we shot on, or rambled through the long grass.

By the time that preparations for dinner were in a forward state, the night had gathered its tempest, and heavy rain was falling, accompanied by rattling volleys of heaven's piercing musketry, reverberating and echoed among the naked crags high up. The horses were driven in, fed, and made fast to the rear of the waggons; and soon after the oxen, with the usual scene of driving, crowding, dodging to get hold of the thongs about their immense horns, &c., were duly secured to the wheels, where they stood for the night, or lay huddled together steaming under the heavy shower. Our party assembled in the mess-tent, not the less noisy for the stunning thunder-peals and continual sheets of lightning, which, glaring brightly, threw the interior of the tent, in spite of the candles, into apparent darkness, while behind the black figures of its inmates, the outside was lighted up for minutes together most brilliantly; nor for the want of the still unpacked plates and forks. With boxes and canteens for tables and seats, and an amicable sharing of the motley platters and

gobblots, we kept it up (that is, some few—one or two had retired *non compos* before) long after the night had resumed its quiet solemnity.

I shall never forget the two singular little creatures who served and cleared away that night, and who were from thenceforth appointed by acclamation to the sole superintendence and attendance of the mess-tent. Illustrious "Umtata" and immortal "Donald!" how shall I convey an adequate conception of your merits, unique and incomparable pair,

"Ambo florentes setatibus, Arcades ambo."

'Umtata was a young Mantatée, (a nation resembling the Caffres, but even blacker,) who had been brought away when almost an infant along with one or two others, by a commando then in the country, and had fallen to the possession of Captain A., who, by constant drilling, had formed him into a most active smart little valet, butler, and factotum, of twelve years old; and 'Umtata's entreaties not to be left behind had obtained him leave to accompany his master's waggon; and now he seemed at the summit of felicity, gliding about to shift plates and glasses, stammering his cheerful "Y'-y'-y'-ya, sir," and watching Captain A. with his large lustrous eyes, and mouth widely displaying his ivory teeth, and little woolly black head, set off by his clean white cotton jacket; altogether contrasting strongly with the pale, dirty yellow complexion, the small sleepy eyes and diminutive features of his companion Donald, who was much smaller and slighter, though many years his senior. Donald was a Bushman, and one of the smallest specimens of that pigmy race. Though now full-grown, being near twenty years old, his stature and slight figure, and his small beautifully formed hands and feet, were those of a child of eight or nine years at most. A broad bald patch on one side, gave an additionally-singular appearance to his head, which, like that of all the Bushmen, was devoid of any thing like hair, but dotted over with small pea-like knots of black wool growing at considerable intervals, in regular transverse lines over the smooth, yellow skin.* A most singular creature was little Donald; detesting the inside of a house (like all of his tribe, and indeed the Hottentots too,) an attempt to confine him to it was sure to make him run away for days; in fact, Donald had given leg-bail, some two or three years before, to his rightful master, who was at this time living at a considerable distance, and, as I accidentally heard afterwards, when riding down to Cape Town, imagined that he had escaped to his own people. In ordinary, Donald sauntered about the post with a diminutive bow and arrows of his own manufacture, shooting small birds, or took out the dogs for exercise; but his delight and ambition was, mounted on a tall, raw-boned horse, to carry a second gun, and attend his master when out shooting. He had the eye of a hawk; and his word was without appeal in all disputed points about the species of any object too distant to be clearly made out. This night the two

urchins, after our revel was over, assisted—in my conscience I believe conducted—their masters to bed; and soundly we all slept.

On the following morning the repacking of waggons, and issuing very necessary orders about the arrangement of the tents and the appointment of the spot for encamping, where the sportsmen, who were shortly to separate from the waggons, should rejoin them in the evening, detained us till past 8 o'clock, when we rode off, at first along the waggon track, more deeply worn than we expected to find it; but, after crossing a clear rocky stream, of most inviting appearance to anglers, we diverged to the left up a stiff ascent, from the top of which spread a long plain, dipping suddenly about two miles off, where the little river came round with a long sweep. We were accompanied by two dogs, one a favourite pointer belonging to Captain A.; the other a great mongrel hound, as large as a Newfoundland dog, which had been employed in former hunts.

Scattering a very little, we rode slowly for a considerable distance over a deeply undulating country, covered with a short olive-coloured pasture, except in the bottoms of the winding hollows, where grass of a dark rich green denoted a moister soil, and in the principal of which long belts or occasional patches of lofty reeds fringed the narrow channels of little streams or the chain of stagnant pools that marked where streams were in winter, while masses of rock peeped out from the steeper banks. We had seen nothing but a solitary roebuck, and a single ostrich that ran away at our approach, his white plumes floating in the gentle breeze. The Hottentots with keen eyes scanned all the country around; and at last, still moving on, we saw on a hill about three quarters of a mile ahead, eight or nine dark spots, easily distinguished on the monotonous expanse of russet sword. "Quaggas;" as we advanced they retreated over the brow; and when we arrived at the top were seen at a similar distance cantering heavily over the summit of the next ridge. Tired of our blank morning's work we pushed on, and rising the next ridge, saw also one or two scattered gnus, easily distinguished by their lighter gallop and playful antics. We now dismounted to relieve our horses; and after a short halt again resumed our slow search, still seeing but a few scattered game in the distance. As we advanced the country gradually rose in a succession of long wave-like but immense ridges towards an irregularly tabular mountain of rocks, about two miles long from the southern side, where it was more lofty and perpendicular, to the northern extremity, which terminated in a sudden cleft, and then a perfectly pyramidal hill. It is called the Winfogel Berg, and is a most striking and peculiar feature in the country; its deeply cleft and fissured sides, feathered with thick bushes about the base of the cliffs, looking in the distance like a gigantic battlemented wall clustered with ivy.

A herd of some thirty gnus, old and young, were described grazing in a valley beneath us; and eager for a nearer view, some of the younger hands made a circuit to get below them, while two of us quietly rode to the brow of the hill, there somewhat steep; and as the alarmed herd swept by, we had a beauti-

* This peculiarity is not confined to the Bushmen; the Hottentots and Caffres' heads are similarly adorned; but in the latter the little balls grow irregularly all over the head.

ful view of their graceful forms, which they displayed in various wheels and curvettings, with their heads down, and long silvery tails switching and streaming in the wind; but the few shots fired at them were ineffectual. Re-loading, we overtook the leaders of the party, whose previously sanguine hopes of sport were beginning to be damped by the extreme scarcity of game. The country we had passed over they had formerly found alive with wild animals, and they had pointed out in our progress the scenes of various rencontres with lions. The unpleasant recollection of the too well-worn appearance of the road coincided with the present deserted scene in exciting our fears that the frequent visits of the boers and Hottentots from the Kat River had driven away the herds of antelopes, &c., and consequently the lions, to other yet undisturbed regions farther north. The sky, which, in the earlier part of the morning, had been brilliantly clear and sunny, had gradually filled with grey bright-edged clouds, which still were rising and concentrating from every quarter; and with hopes equally overcast, we resumed our leisurely climbing of the hilly ridges, while the younger sportsmen still turned at times to gaze at some distant speck, denoting a straggling individual of the (to him) new and interesting denizens of the waste.

We had gained the summit of a considerable eminence, and nought but a few scattered spring-bucks and quaggas were visible over the widely-extending slopes. It was about mid-day, and by this time a heavy cinereous line of clouds which had been hanging like a pall over the dreary "Winfogel Berg," deepening its grey wall of crags into an inky hue, was gradually but rapidly approaching, and seeming to attract other dark wisps of vapour. A sombre stillness pervaded the air, and occasional red gleams and flickering threads of light played about the hill, among whose summits the coming storm announced itself in angry peals, while our exposed situation on this elevation, destitute of a single shrub or plant three inches high, rendered the approaching deluge no joke.

We resolved to descend to the valley, where there was a large pool of water, and unsaddle our horses for half an hour. As we moved on for this purpose in no very compact order, happening to drop behind, I observed two of the Hottentots riding in the rear alongside of each other, conversing in a whisper, and with their eyes steadily fixed on some distant point in the hollow below. After a long, silent and intent gaze, their eyes met, as they simultaneously looked up as if to read each other's thoughts, and one said in a low cautious tone in Dutch, "They are lions." The other thought them too dark, and both renewed their earnest scrutiny of the suspected objects with greater eagerness, and soon with symptoms (but in silence) of mutual understanding.

Riding up to Major C., I informed him that the men undoubtedly saw lions, and the intelligence caused an instant halt. While he and Captain A. strained their eyes to make out the various indistinct objects, the two Hottentots coming up, made in decided and animated voices the cheering announcement of "Lions below!" and pointed to two brownish objects now beginning to be in motion in the dark green bottom of the narrow valley. A short examination

left no doubts of the joyful fact; and after a hasty exhortation to keep together, and to pull up and dismount at once on receiving the word from Captain A., we grasped our double-barrels, and gave the spur to our steeds to overtake the chase, who were soon out of the long grass, and going off up the opposite slope. Captain A.'s clear "Tally ho!" was chorused loudly as we galloped down the brae, cheering to bring them to; when from the same rushy bottom emerged two others, going off to the right, and for them we immediately rode, and quickly swept through the firm, though rank grassy hollow. As we were fast gaining on them up the rise, they suddenly swung round in succession, like two cutters suddenly letting go anchor while carrying a press of canvass off the wind; and there they lay couched, two lionesses seemingly, with heads erect, and glaring eyes, and jaws half opening, and swinging tails.

Captain A. warning us to be cool and steady, or else there would be mischief, (as an encounter with two at once is dangerous, from the chance of one breaking in while the other receives all or most of the shots,) directed us rather to the left, that we might gain equality of ground, and keeping a wary eye on the nearest, he said quickly, as we came within about sixty paces of her, "Let's dismount now, and be smart, or she'll be in upon us before we know where we are—she looks d—d savage." There was an immediate halt and dismounting. Two seconds sufficed for Captain A. and myself to stand "ready," gun in hand, as our horses stood unheld; but about a minute elapsed before the servants (except three who carried second guns) had secured the reins of all the steeds; and after a rapid glance at our locks and copper caps, we advanced in a line at about two paces' distance from each other, the servants in our rear.

The scene was now magnificently grand and exciting. Broad sheets of lightning flashed from every part of the heavens; heavy drops were falling, and a general gloomy mist half veiled the hills, but unheeded, for every eye was fixed on one spot, where the noble savage lay facing us, with a stern countenance; her wide, round, yellow eyes, with small jet-black pupils glaring fiercely, and her massy fore-paws half raising from the turf her milk-white chest and throat. She lashed the ground heavily on either side alternately with her tail, which swung over her back in regular pendulum-like vibrations, and her formidable jaws opening with a grim yawn, seemed to emit from time to time hollow, half-suppressed roars, which, however, were inaudible from the now uninterrupted rattle of the thunder. Her companion lay about twenty paces behind her. Major C. begged us to let him have a first shot at her, to try a new rifle he had brought as his second gun, and we halted while he fired at about thirty-five paces; but his ball fell three yards short, and to our surprise was quite unnoticed by the lioness, who still lay as we again advanced. Suddenly the two dogs made a violent rush forward, and Captain A. alarmed for his favourite, exclaimed, "Let us fire now!"

He and Mr. B. fired, and wounded her, when instantaneously bounding on her feet, she was coming in with a heavy lumbering gallop, when a volley of four shots sent her rolling over head-foremost; and

the dogs running in, began to lay hold and bite at her hind legs, instinctively keeping at a respectful distance from her head; but she was quite dead.

We re-loaded to prepare for the other, but she, or he (for we had afterwards reason to believe it was a young male) had risen on the first rush of the dogs, and turning about a hundred yards off, one of the shooters had seen him couch again. However, he was now nowhere to be seen, having probably stolen off during the smoke of our shots; and we ran up to where the first lay, and stood gazing in admiration of our prize. She was a very handsome full-grown lioness, measuring nine feet from nose to tail; her skin beautifully sleek, and the upper part of a rich tawny, darker down the spine, while the jaws, throat, belly, and inside of the legs were of a pure milky white. Her bright yellow eyes were wide open and life-like, while five bullet-holes in her chest and shoulders out of the six shots, reflected no disgrace on our shooting.

We called up the servants with our horses, and remounting, rode briskly under the heavy rain, with our guns pointed upwards, for fear of accidents from the lightning, in the direction we supposed the other to have taken; but after a short unsuccessful search, it was determined, as the shower was nearly over, and the thunder rolling away in the distance, to off saddle and turn our horses loose to graze and roll, previous to commencing a pursuit of the first two lions. While the servants knee-halted and watched the horses, we returned on foot to where the corpse lay, and while yet at a distance, observed it already covered with about a dozen of large grey vultures, while others stood round in little groups, and numbers more were descending from the sky; some wheeling in gradually lower and diminishing circles, others yet but specks sailing in the upper air. At our approach they heavily took flight, and retiring to a little distance, remained watching for our departure.

It is almost incredible within how short a time these birds assemble from every quarter of the sky upon the death of any animal. Often, on killing an antelope, we looked up to the heavens to observe if one was in sight; but though not a speck denoted a living creature in the broad expanse, before a minute had elapsed, there they were sure to appear, some like motes sailing across from the distance, others dimly becoming visible as they descended from their aerial altitudes, from which their farpiercing ken must take in an immense circuit of earth.

We set three of the Hottentots to flay the lioness, an operation they perform very neatly; and as the pliant white skin peeled from the body, we tyros were surprised at the extremely delicate colour of the white and pale-blue muscles.

The paws, when stripped, were as beautifully blanché as the most exquisite female hand, but the ropy white sinews were as thick as one's thumb, and hard as iron; in fact, a knife could scarcely divide them. As the process descended, suddenly an overpowering odour most unlike "Arabia's spicy breath," caused a spasmodic elevation of hands to noses, and we bolted precipitately to return for our horses, which were driven in, saddled, and remounted.

Passing by the scene on our way, the spoils of the

lioness were carefully rolled up, tied and secured behind on Donald's horse, and we set off in a scattered line to explore along the valley, where it was supposed the lions must have taken cover. We soon fell in with a troop of gnus; but intent on noble game, we disregarded them, although nearer to us than any we had seen; until a shot from one of the party highest on the hill-side, followed by a second, attracted our attention, and a fine largegnu came tearing down the slope, heading for the herd who were now behind us. As he pushed to pass between the two lowest down of the sportsmen, we bundled off our horses, and he regularly ran the gauntlet, barrel after barrel going off at him within 130 yards; but he escaped unhurt, and when beyond our reach behind, he wheeled about, whisking his tail, prancing and butting the air, as if in derision of us. The general missing was followed by a general laugh. We imagined it easy to bring down so large a mark, but afterwards found by experience that it is very difficult to disable them, however severely hit.

Following the declining valley for a mile or two to the north, we turned to the right up the face of the hill, and circled round the summit, then following the long ridge for some way, came to a sudden declivity.

Beneath us lay an extensive undulating tract, glowing in the golden sunshine, and studded over with large scattered parties of spring-bucks, gnus, and blaes-bucks (a fine large pied antelope,) which as we descended began to move, the nearest constantly retiring, while fresh troops appeared in the hollows, and the numbers increased to the sight.

Having little hope of seeing more lions this day, we broke through all restraint, and dispersing, we rode in different lines at the game, separating widely from each other as we galloped on in the ardour of the chase. My little horse pricked up his ears and pulled hard on the rein, stretching along after the strings of blaes-bucks and gnus with surprising keenness and enjoyment; while the white shooting-jackets of my companions gleamed every minute more distant on my left, as they scoured away after the flying specks that wheeled and sailed along before them; and an occasional popping shot was heard distinct or faint on the breeze. The spring-bucks and other antelopes quickly gained and kept at a considerable distance; but two or three herds of gnus never left me far behind. Racing with each other, wheeling sharply round with their horns down, as if about to charge their pursuer, then bounding away again with a kick and a snort, frolicking and switching their light tails, they kept up a perpetual internal bustle and change of place among themselves, while now and then a fresh squadron would come sweeping over the brow of a slope, and suddenly stop and stare. Frequently I pulled up shortly, and sprang off my horse to get a shot at them, while he stood perfectly still, though with head erect, and his full black eye gazing at the animals he had been chasing with such evident delight. But however short the interval, from the inequality of the ground, they generally got over the brow of the ridge, or dipped the hollow so suddenly, that I fired but few shots, and though I felt confident of having hit once or twice, not one dropped.

After going on this way for about an hour, I thought it advisable to rejoin the party, now long out of sight; and crossing away to the left for this purpose, before long I met Mr. B. and another, who, like myself, had outridden the rest in pursuit, but had not killed anything. We shaped our course in the direction pointed out by Mr. B.'s Hottentot, as leading to the encampment; though how he could know it, puzzled me at the time, and I question if any but savages or half-savages could steer their course with such confidence and accuracy over such a sea of long ridges and swelling slopes running into each other in endless succession; all apparently so destitute of the smallest plant or bush, that, to ordinary eyes, the only distinguishable features were the central hill and the peculiar distant mountains in the northern and eastern horizon.

Riding on we met a large string of spring-bucks, and we scattered to get shots, one following the top of the tongue of land, the others taking each a side; and we all fired, but without result. As we crossed a deep little sedgy hollow, a jackal bolted out and had a narrow escape for his life, Mr. B. firing at him from his horse, and going so close above and under him, that the wind of the bullets made him twist like a cat. As soon as he had re-loaded we were proceeding, when a shot in our rear attracted our notice, and looking, we saw on a distant hill a horseman riding backwards and forwards as if in perplexity, and finally stopping short.

The Hottentot recognised him as one of our party and after trying to attract his attention by shouting, waving hats, and at last firing shots, but to no purpose, we sent the lad to bring him up, and slowly went on. They overtook us before long, and our companion presented a comical figure, covered with blood and bearing in his arms a monstrous spring-buck's head newly dismembered; and from his rockets he produced a pair of what seemed bits of leather, but were the ears of another. He had lost sight of the others while in chase of a large herd, and had killed right and left two spring-bucks, but being unable to lift them unassisted on his horse, he had cut off these trophies and proofs of his prowess with a simple *pen-knife*.

It was too late to send back for the game, and we soon after reached the rendezvous, which was in a picturesque dell, where a bend of the stream circled round a gentle slope covered with long hay, and adorned with clumps of bright green mimosas. The white tents shone brightly in the sinking rays of the sun, now declining behind the purple range of the "Wingfogel Berg," and the numerous oxen and horses were grazing in a level lawn beyond the stream while a thick column of smoke rising among the trees, and busy figures bustling about, gave the scene an animated air.

The rest of the party had arrived before us, and the preparations for our temporary residence were far advanced. Twotents nearest the stream were allotted to the servants and Hottentots, who had got their blankets and carosses with them; four others were disposed in line for our own beds and trunks, and one in the space between stood for the mess-room, where a skilful disposition of canteens and boxes formed a table and seats. The waggons were drawn

up in line above all, where the oxen were secured at night; and our servants had taken advantage of the spreading trees and interwoven cut-down branches to form hallophen inclosures for their masters' horses.

Having fired off our guns, and set a Hottentot to stretch and salt the lioness's hide, we descended to the river to bathe, and afterwards wiled away the time shooting at empty bottles at twenty and thirty paces, and breaking several, till the announcement of dinner, at which our performance was worthy of Ulysses' companions—

"στ' ἕλπον καταβύνα
ἡμέτερά θανάτου κεία τ' ὤππεια καὶ μίθου ἄβυ."

Corkscrews were at a premium, and many a mimic report preceded the qualifying of black bottles unnumbered for morning ball-practice. Our spirits were elated by early success, and vivid descriptions of former adventures awakened the enthusiasm of the experienced lionkillers, and kindled the emulation of those now embarked under their auspices. As the long-necked bottle passed from hand to hand, various sage and grand calculations of the number to be slain were made, till Captain A., reproving our inordinate cupidity, decided that we must not be unreasonable; "Twelve, yes, positively twelve is the proper number; we must leave some to breed, and I prophesy we shall bag exactly a dozen."

Early in the morning, partridges and pheasants were crying all round the encampment, and some of the party went out through the long wet grass with their guns; one or two, like myself, lay still, listening to their shots till seven, when we too rose, and after our morning ablutions, were occupied in cleaning our double-barrels, replenishing our powder-flasks and pouches, and making out the roster of the servants and horses for the day. The shooters returned with eight or nine brace of birds, and we were soon seated round kettles of tea and coffee, flanked by various solid viands.

On this our second day, we rode over a great extent of country, similar to what we had traversed the preceding, and saw considerable numbers of quaggas, antelopes, &c., but nothing like a lion, though every belt of reeds, every likely green bottom was tried. In the latter part of the day we had a great deal of galloping and shooting at the troops of game, and killed one or two, and in the course of the afternoon fell in with four or five "bastards," who had found the way here to shoot bucks for some days. They rode miserable little hacks, and carried very long coarse guns, and we had an opportunity of witnessing their method of killing game. I have already observed, that the gnus and antelopes constantly got off from us, unless struck in a vital part, or disabled by a completely broken leg, and probably became the prey of the hyenas and wild dogs, as we would not take the trouble of following them; whereas, the Hottentots, when they wound an animal, which one can tell by the peculiar *flap* of the ball against the flesh, watch and dog it quietly at a distance, letting it stand till the stiffness of the wound enables them easily to ride it down, even on their half-starved ponies.

They had not seen any lions, but informed us that two other parties of Hottentots and boers were in

the neighbourhood, killing bucks for belting, (the meat dried in the sun in strips,) and had shot on the mountain several elands, (an immense heavy antelope,) a piece of intelligence by no means agreeable, but which explained the extraordinary scarcity of game. Here, on the ground where we at no time saw more than four thousand head at once, Major C. and the others assured us that, in their former expeditions, the numbers were incalculable; the country looked a perfect forest of horns.

We returned home late, the sun throwing long orange gleams over the wave-like ridges, while their sides and hollows were immersed in a deep neutral purple. We were less sanguine in our hopes, though still flattering ourselves that trying new ground would bring us on lions yet; and we determined to remove the encampment to a spot about a mile higher up the stream, where there was better grazing, and a more abundant supply of fuel from the dried trunks and arms of the mimosas.

I shall not weary my readers, following the incidents of the next four days. They were all blank, as far as lions were concerned, and our hopes sank, as day after day we tried the country for miles around the long "Winfogel Berg." Yet it was a delightful week, the constant exercise in the fine invigorating air imparting a vivid sense of existence, and a keenness to the sight, and to say the truth, to the appetite, that in the latter amounted to voracity; and though our guns furnished game, (by-the-by, "buck-soup," properly *doctored*, with claret and spices, is a superb mess,) yet we had so many mouths to feed, (particularly after the arrival of the expected guests, who came through three hours of the most tremendous rain, accompanied by a troop of orderlies, &c.) that we were obliged to sacrifice one of the team-oxen. He was a little tough, to be sure, but nothing comes amiss to the persevering mastication of the Hottentots, whose capacity for solid comestibles is beyond conception. Positively three of them will sit round a fire all night, and eat a whole sheep before morning.

At a little distance from our new position was a charming natural basin, in the rocky bed of the stream, overhung by a stony mound, adorned with the dark protruding trunks and clustering spikes of the scarlet-flowered aloe. Here we used to assemble every morning early, to bathe and swim in the icy-cold water; and the first day we saw with surprise the mark of a fearful adventure on Captain A.'s arm. In the preceding lion hunt twelve months before, Captain A. had outwitted on a fleet horse his companions, in pursuit of a lioness, who, when pursued, instead of turning to couch, had wheeled and charged him at once. He had barely time to throw himself off, and sinking on one knee, to fire both barrels, when the furious animal made her spring, and he went down holding up one arm to save his head. The savage seized it, making her fangs almost meet, but fortunately without injuring the bone or artery. Captain A. had the presence of mind enough not to move, further than saying, "By —, this is a d—d pretty business!" and she lay upon him with his arm in her jaws for about two minutes, when the rest of the party coming up at full speed, she relinquished her hold, and after upset-

ting his servant, was going off, when several shots at once killed her. His arm was much lacerated, and his chest bruised, but he was otherwise uninjured, his escape being attributed to her having one fore-paw disabled by a wound, (since the first blow is generally fatal;) but even now, after so long an interval, five inches of his upper arm were of a deep livid purple, almost black.

In our daily rides over the hills, we found them strewn with skulls and horns of gnus and antelopes, bleaching in the sun, and sometimes a freshly-picked skeleton of a quagga; the hyenas never let them lie long, but carry them off to their caves and lairs about the bushy roots of the mountain cliffs. One day four or five of us had a gallop of three miles up a long hill, after what were thought lions, but turned out to be wolves (as the hyenas are called;) but we blew our horses uselessly, for though awkward in their shuffling gallop from the shortness of their hind-legs, they had such a start, that gaining the summit before us, it was vain to pursue them down hill after we discovered our mistake. The Hottentots, and even little Donald, maintained to the last, that the third, which disappeared during the run, was really a lion; but though staggered by their positive confidence, we were nearly convinced that all three were alike.

After the commandant and his companion left us, while sitting in debate, after dinner, on the disappointment of all our fair hopes, and the mortification of returning to the post with but one skin, to-morrow being the last day we could remain on the ground, it struck us at last to try as a last expedient, sending out three of the mounted Hottentots before dawn, for the chance of seeing lions, if there were any in the country; and if they did, to follow them to their lair, and while two remained in observation, to despatch the third with the news to us, and a subscription was forthwith entered into, to reward them if successful. Schumacker, a dark visaged bastard, of well-known nerve and eagle eye, was called into council, and after a little hesitation at first, agreed to go, and we told him to choose his companions; he pitched on two, both equally well acquainted with the country, and some hours after they departed before daylight.

In the morning, after we had bathed and breakfasted, we shot at empty bottles, and the bright sunny day wore on; the guns were duly cleaned and laid by loaded, and we looked at our watches, and began to despair, when about twelve o'clock, a Hottentot was seen slowly approaching on a tired horse. Captain A. ran down to meet him, and we saw him hold a brief and earnest converse, and then hold up both hands as a signal. It was quite enough, servants were loudly summoned, horses saddled, and guns brought forth; and then the guide having got a fresh horse, we started in high glee, the man informing us as we went along, how they had described a "leliwe" and "weife" in the morning; how they had approached and followed them as they slowly moved away, frequently turning round and growling at them, and how at last they entered and lay in a rushy hollow. An hour's ride brought us to the spot, very near the scene of the first day's find, and as we approached, we saw the two Hottentots dismounted

and waiting us on the opposite slope above the hollow, in which they made signals that the lions lay concealed by long green sedges and reeds. We circled round to them, and ascertained that they had not seen the animals for the last two hours and more, but they pointed out the spot where they couched, and were certain of their not having moved; so we descended on foot in a concave line to the edge of the long rank grass and sedges, and shouted to try and rouse her, Schumacker's bold companion advancing to the front, and assailing the female with various opprobrious epithets, to make her come out, while the Hottentot servants, one and all, hung back in a remarkable way, not liking an approach to an unseen enemy. Indeed, we had great difficulty to prevent them making shields for us, and in getting them to stand behind, but in the intervals, as we thought ourselves in more danger of getting shot by them in their trepidation than of missing the lions, if they would come out. Out, however, they would not come, and we slowly beat down the edge of the hollow, trying to get the old hound to range it, but after a single scamper through the high grass, he kept on the other side, not seeming to like it. Some of us, impatient of the delay, wanted to enter the cover, but this was loudly remonstrated against by the Hottentots, and overruled by our experienced companions, who knew the danger of one of the party being upset by a sudden spring of the animals, before the others could get a shot. At last the lion suddenly sprang up, and with a short roar or snort, and an impatient toss of his head and mane, bounded away down the little valley, one of the Hottentots immediately mounting and pursuing him, with loud cries, and at last firing a shot, when he couched in a thick patch of reeds; the man remaining like a sentry on the declivity, to watch him. The impatience of one or two now overcame all caution, and we advanced in a line in the high sedges, when the female suddenly went off with a similar leap and grunt, but in another direction, a shot fired by me to bring her to having no effect. She lay again in a thick patch, about three hundred yards off, and we were now sure of her. We immediately followed, and lining the nearest edge of the cover, here about seventy yards across, with some coaxing got the dog to enter. After beating a little, he was crossing towards us, when all at once, as if fascinated, he stopped short, with his head on one side, and his nose pointing to a spot not three yards from him, and with a look of most ridiculous amazement, in fact, struck all of a heap, as they say; but quickly slinking off, he backed out of the scrape. On a shot being fired at the spot, up she bounced with a sharp angry roar, and at first came towards us, bounding through the high grass with a few short hollow grunts; but as if quailing at our formidable numbers, was wheeling to our right, when a volley laid her low, and after she fell, some shameful dropping shots from the armed servants tore the grass about her, and cut the skin off her back.

Those who had fired re-loaded, and we hastily mounted to push on for her mate. We had the advantage of the height, about five-and-twenty paces above the clump of reeds, when he started up, and

wheeled away across us with the same appearance of adopting second thoughts; three or four shots were fired, and he fell head over heels into a sunken pool of water, heavily struck in the body. He swam across to the side next us, and as we descended, we saw his head and bristling mane and glaring eyes protruding through the screen of reeds, as the wounded but undaunted creature clung to the bank, struggling to drag himself up and charge. A few shots in the head put him out of pain, and he fell back. When we looked over the edge, he lay quite dead, and almost under water; so having found a place where the bank shelved to the bottom, two of the party stripped, and plunged in, and one taking him by the head, the other by the tail, they swam across to the creek. The scene was highly amusing and novel, the sun shining brightly on the animated party above, and on the oily brown skins of the naked Hottentots, standing in the water, and the white gleaming shoulders and arms of the swimmers, as they impelled the half-seen corpse through the deep bay mirror of the reed-fringed pool.

When brought to land, he was flayed and decapitated for his skull. He was a young male, scarcely so large as a lioness, and his imperfect short *tawny* mane showed him to be not nearly full grown, which accounted for the most unusual circumstance of his declining fight, instead of coming in at once. The female, to which we returned, was of tolerable size, though not so large nor handsome as the first killed, though she had four unborn whelps, with downy skins, striped like the tiger. Our horses did not exhibit the least appearance of alarm or dislike to approach her close, but it is well known that they become paralyzed with terror at the rush of the living lion.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in "yoicking" and shooting at the troops of game; and the following morning we packed up and despatched the waggons, shooting over a different line to the night's halt. It was with regret I left this wild and sunny region, and returned to the comparative tameness of Fort Beaufort, where we arrived two days afterwards, the waggons being a day longer on the road.

The slight specimen I have seen of this magnificent sport would certainly lead me to rank it above any others I have tried. The tiger-hunting of India, I imagine, cannot be put in comparison, as they want the exciting run after the chase; and how tame the plodding through jungle and reeds, cooped up in a howdah on an unwieldy elephant, above the reach of the tiger's spring, beside the glorious range over the open mountain-side, and the manful encounter on foot with this nobler if less beautiful animal, knowing that the strife is for death, for the lion will always come into the last while life remains. Fortunately none of the few accidents that have occurred in these hunts have been fatal.

One hears frequently of lions killed by the boers, but their method is very different from this sporting style of attack. They ride up in a party to a certain distance from the animal, and then backing their horses, which they keep between themselves and him, take a steady aim from behind them, with their long *roers*, or guns of great bore; and as they are capital

marksmen in this deliberate way, they seldom fail to kill him, and should be possibly be able to charge, the hind quarters of their horses receive the shock.

I am aware that this imperfect sketch is far from doing justice to the subject; and could any of the celebrated lion-hunters I have alluded to be prevailed on to give their reminiscences to the public, they would form a most attractive and interesting detail of scenes and adventures to sportsmen.

I have not touched on the pursuit of the elephant, nor of the hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and buffalo. Few of the first are now found in the colony, though in the neighbourhood of the Fish River, and the sea-coasts, they were extremely numerous some years since. They are gradually retiring before the march of civilization (or intellect!) to the dark kloofs and forests of Caffreland, and the south-eastern coasts, where they exist in immense herds, and are the largest in the world. I have been assured that they have been shot of eighteen feet in height.

The chase of the rhinoceros and the buffalo is still keenly followed in the thick bush, and these sports are sufficiently exciting and dangerous for the most daring sportsman; but I must leave to abler hands the task of describing them, and take my leave, hoping that the Recollections of Caffraria, promised to the readers of the United Service Journal, may fill up the many blanks in my hurried outline.

H. R.

From the Gem.

THE STORY OF FIESCO,

By the author of "May You Like R."

"How justly am I punished for being such a proud, such a happy bride!" said the gentle Countess of Lavagna to herself. "How deeply did I feel the triumph, which I did not show, when Fiesco was mine—when the dream was realized, the sweet and dazzling dream, that Fiesco loved me! Alas! I have loved him too well! I have only felt my existence in his presence! and now I had but just begun to lose the awe which mingled with my love for him—to lose the timid, trembling awe of a girl's love, in all a wife's fond, free affection. Yet all my happiness seems breaking up! Fiesco is changed—wherefore, I know not; how, I can scarcely tell; only this poor heart feels the change. Only feels it, did I say? Do I not know it? for he is not here. Where is your master?" said the young Countess, turning suddenly to her nurse, who at that instant entered the room: "has not my Lord returned?"

"Ah no, my sweet one!" replied the old and loving nurse: "that is, he is not now at home. He came in soon after yourself, but only to change his dress for gay and masquerading garments, and went out, unattended, even by a single lacquey."

"And left he no message for me? How could you see him depart, without using the privilege which my love has given you? Dear nurse! had not your woman's wit a word to keep him?"

"I made bold to speak to him," she answered; "to ask him when he would return—what message he

would leave with me. He stared at me, as if his thoughts were wandering, at first; but at the repeated mention of your name, a soft and gracious smile came like light over his countenance, and he bade me bear a thousand loves to my dear mistress."

"But his return!—spake he not of his return, nurse?"

"No, sweet one! not a word did he say. I would have asked again, but he was gone while the words were on my lips."

"Well, nurse! good night!"

"Good night! Why, my own child! you are not undressed yet! Shall I send your maidens to you?—or, let me stay to-night; for you seem sad and thoughtful, and might not please to bear the gaze of young and careless eyes."

"Dear nurse! good night! I need no help at present, I shall not go to rest just yet; indeed, I could not rest. Yet stay awhile. Take hence these glittering baubles—on this aching bosom they hang too heavily. Untwist these jewels from my hair. Why am I thus bedizened, unless in mockery of an aching heart? Nurse, dear nurse, how kind you are! 'Tis sweet rest to my head upon your bosom—it has been often laid there."

"What is the matter, darling?" said the nurse, looking down fondly on the soft downcast eyes of her beloved lady, and smoothing the beautiful hair on her brow with her wrinkled hand. Leonora did not answer just at first; but when she did reply, she gently raised her head, and said, almost playfully,

"Perhaps, dear nurse! I can scarcely tell, myself, what I have to complain of; and, if so, I am sure I ought not to trouble others with my fancies." The old nurse was discreet enough to see that her mistress did not wish to be questioned.

Long before hour of matins the Countess of Lavagna entered the ancient church where she was accustomed to perform her devotions. An attendant followed her, bearing a basket of orange blossoms and white roses. They passed onward through the long and dusky aisles to a little vaulted chapel. The gentle lady knelt for a few minutes before the altar, and then filled the silver vases there with her fresh and snowy flowers. As her attendant quitted the chapel, she turned to an old monument that stood at the farthest end. It was the monument of a former Count of Lavagna, a brave and gentle warrior, who had been killed in battle a short time after his marriage. The figure of the young nobleman, carved in white marble, lay upon the tomb. His young widow had erected the monument not long before her death, for she had died within the year of her widowhood; and her own tomb had been erected at the foot of her husband's.

"I was wont to pity thee," said Leonora. "I was wont to come hither, and feel that I could have mourned with thee, young and melancholy lady; deprived so soon of thy dearest earthly treasure! but now I almost envy such a lot. 'Tis better to mourn the high-minded, honourable dead, than to bewail, as I do now, the lost glory of the living. I almost wish this aching heart of mine was freed from the wretched vanities of the unsatisfying world."

For a little while the gentle lady stood in deep thought, leaning upon the marble monument of the young and widowed Countess of Lavagna: then she remembered, that it was not merely to bewail her own troubles, that she had entered the sacred edifice; but to confess that she herself was weak and sinful, and to pray for patience to bear the trials of her lot, and faith to walk meekly and resignedly with her God. She rose up from her quiet prayers refreshed and comforted in spirit. Nay, she left the church deeply impressed with the sinfulness of murmuring at any trial she might be called upon to endure; for her eye fell upon an old painting of the Man of Sorrows, standing in the midst of cruel mockers in the purple robe, with the crown of thorns on his head, and the reed in his hand. Underneath the picture was written, "He pleased not Himself." Those words conveyed to the heart of Leonora the lesson she felt it necessary to learn, and to learn at once.

The door of Fiesco's own apartment was partly open. Leonora, as she passed by, pushed it a little farther open, and said playfully and gently, "May I come in! No answer was returned; and, peeping into the apartment, she repeated her question. Fiesco had thrown himself back on the couch where he had been sitting, and was fast asleep. Lightly and cautiously she stole across the room, and, bending down over him, she kissed his forehead. Still Fiesco did not wake: he was too wearied to feel so slight a disturbance, as the gentle voice, and the light footfall, and the soft lips, of Leonora. She sat down opposite her husband, to wait quietly his awaking; and, as her full gaze rested on his countenance, she thought within herself, "Can this be the most thoughtless wiling in Genoa? Can that broad, thoughtful brow, those deep-set eyes, those lips so closely shut, and so expressive of decision and firmness, can they be the expressive features of Fiesco's real character? Is it possible that such a man should be utterly given up to frivolous and wanton pleasures?" Just then, a frown knit the brow of the sleeper, and his lip and nostril were slightly curled with an indignant and haughty scorn. He struck his firmly closed hand upon the open pages of a book that lay upon the couch beside him, and a few muttered words escaped from his lips. The book fell, and, as Leonora took it up, the title met her eye.

"You have been reading the Orations of Cicero," she said, as Fiesco awoke, offering him the volume as she spoke.

"Have I?" he said, carelessly taking the book, but appearing a little confused. "You mean, my Leonora, that I have not been able to keep awake over this same dull volume."

Leonora Cibo had become the wife of Giovanni Ludovico Fiesco, Count of Lavagna, soon after he came into possession of his paternal inheritance. His family was one of the oldest and most noble among the families of Genoa *La Superba*, as that city of beautiful palaces has long been named. Not long after his marriage, to the astonishment of all, Fiesco became an altered being. The quiet manliness, the deep reserved thoughtfulness of his character, left him suddenly. He became, to all appearance, madly devoted to the pleasures and follies of the most pro-

fligate society in Genoa. Some thought he was an infatuated gambler; others looked upon him as the dupe of some shameless woman; and his name was coupled with the names of many ladies high in rank, but light and wanton in their demeanour. Some few, and those utter strangers to the gentle, lovely Leonora, expressed their fears that he was disappointed and wretched in his marriage, and that the wife of his choice made his home unhappy. Leonora herself said nothing, made no complaint, bore every indignity with an undisturbed sweetness; but she became meekly and quietly sad, though she smiled and spoke as usual.

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"Will you not stay beside me a little while, my Fiesco?" said Leonora, as, leaning on his arm, they ascended the marble staircase of the Doria Palace. "Tis to please you that I come, and yet we are as strangers to one another, whenever we appear together. Do I tease you, my beloved husband?" she continued, observing that Fiesco's head was turned away. "Do I tease you? Forgive me, if I do; and I will be silent."

Fiesco had not heard her first question; but he recovered, with a smile, from his deep abstraction. "Tease me! (he repeated her words) you charm, you delight me, at all times."

As he spoke, the doors of the splendid saloon were thrown open by the servants who attended them; and, in a minute, Fiesco was at the side of a vain and beautiful woman, and one distinguished for her boldness and levity, though exquisitely beautiful and of high rank.

Leonora herself was soon annoyed by the familiar and offensive attentions of Giannettino Doria, the nephew of the venerable Andrea Doria, then the first man in Genoa. Giannettino was an ill-educated, vulgar-minded fellow, long the sworn enemy of the Count Fiesco; but now, to the astonishment of every one, his friend and intimate associate. This Giannettino did not attempt to conceal his admiration of the lovely Countess of Lavagna. Deeply pained and disgusted with his insolent familiarities, the chaste and modest Leonora could not help turning her eyes once or twice, almost unconsciously, towards her husband. She saw the gaze of his dark proud eye, fixed for a moment, full and sternly, on Giannettino, but only for a moment: the most calm and careless smiles succeeded.

"Dear husband," she said to Fiesco, when she was alone with him afterwards, "how could you leave me so the whole long evening? I cannot expose myself again, indeed I cannot, to such attentions from Giannettino Doria. Are you not indignant at his insolence?"

"Am I not rather charmed at his exquisite taste?" replied Fiesco, smiling.

"At any rate, my Fiesco," said Leonora, "I shall take care not to put myself in the way of such insulting familiarities again."

"Really, cried Fiesco, you judge poor Giannettino a little hardly. I find little to complain of about him."

"Is that your true opinion, my Fiesco?"

He stared at her a moment: then drawing her gently towards him, he playfully twined a long ring-

let of her luxuriant hair around his fingers, and kissed the downcast lids of her modest eyes, now swelled with tears.

"Yes, yes!" he answered, "it is my true opinion, sweetest wife; but why do you weep?" for now her tears fell fast.

"For the simplest reason, my Fiesco," she replied, fixing her tearful eyes, with an appealing look, upon his countenance; "I weep because I am unhappy. My heart is full of grief whenever I behold my husband, the first, the noblest mind in Genoa, as I have this night beheld him. I must speak, if only to remind you of talents, of no common order, that you seem to have forgotten, of your station in this our beloved Genoa. Does not the state demand your services? Do you not live as if you had forgotten all all this, my husband?"

"My fair and eloquent monitor," replied Fiesco, archly coaxingly, "are these the subjects fit for ladies' lips?"

"No, not for ladies' lips, but for your lips, your mind, your heart, Fiesco."

"It must be very late; 'tis long past midnight," remarked Fiesco, his countenance and manner expressing only careless unconcern. "We must to rest, my Leonora. I will send your woman to you, as I go to my dressing room. You are pale with much fatigue."

"Not with fatigue, Fiesco," she said, sighing deeply, as she spoke; but he was gone, and her words, if not unheard, were quite unheeded.

"I scarcely thought to see you here," said Paolo Pansa; he was sitting in the library of the Lavagna Palace; "but I am glad to see you, Count Fiesco. I have been wishing to tell you that your levity has not made me your dupe. Those very smiles upon that face of yours, are as out of place as the gaudy weeds in which your limbs are fancifully clad. Do I not know that, even from a youth, your countenance has ever worn a grave, deep thoughtfulness? Young as you are, the lines of thought are deeply graven there. You never studied aught in attire but a manly simplicity. Why is the eagle in the peacock's plumage?"

"Perhaps," said Fiesco, carelessly, "I am as others have often been before me; as many a dull and morose boy has become when he has escaped from his tutor, and left off pouring over books. Perhaps I am tired, heartily tired, of your lessons, with all due deference to yourself, my dear and honoured tutor. Forgive my yawning, but the sight of you brings to to my remembrance the old worn-out story of freedom, and the public voice, and the rights of free-born men. Pah! it makes me sick! I was once like you, most honoured sir!—a lover of the fabled follies of old Rome. I have done dreaming and doating about heroes; Leonidas, the Spartan; Themistocles, of Athens; and Tully, your favourite, the sweet and forceful orator of Rome; or the stern Cato, which is worshipped now. What are you reading? Ha! the Life of Socrates; 'tis rather fine."

Pansa closed the book, and, looking Fiesco in the face, not sternly, but very calmly and searchingly, he said: "I remember, among the fables of old Rome, Fiesco, the story of a deep and crafty fellow,

who played the fool till he persuaded all men he was witless, and then burst forth among them like a fire-brand. His name was? What! you have forgotten, or care not to remember. Am I to interpret that upraised eyebrow, and that smile of unconcern, into such language? Well, well, 'tis an old story that you have studied to some purpose, count of Lavagna: names, we know, are nothing; but the plot of Brutus has not been forgotten with his name. Nay, nay, do not look offended. If you wish your secret to be safe, tell me to be silent; but do not think to dupe me. Do not mistake your friend; I ask no confidence. I wish to know nothing that you would not freely tell me, quite unasked; but, my friend, (my child, I had almost said,) can you seriously imagine that I am to be deceived like the crowd?—I who have known and studied you so long?—I who have watched over you since your early childhood? There is a secret, is there not?"

"There may be, and there may not be," replied Fiesco, rather haughtily.

"That is," said Pansa, "you own the fact, but do not choose to take me into your counsels."

"I did not say so," replied Fiesco; "but —" and he hesitated.

"Nay, my friend," exclaimed Pansa, "you need not hesitate as if you thought it right to weigh well the advantages of making me a confidant or not. I tell you plainly that I should decidedly refuse that confidence, it were tendered. I wish for an answer to one question, and I have done. I expect your fiery spirit will take it as an insult; but for that I care not. Are you seeking any selfish end? Answer me this question."

"I had struck down almost any man at such a question," said the Count of Lavagna; "but to you I answer at once. I have no selfish end in view, but one as grand and glorious as an ancient Roman's."

"I will not doubt your word, my son; but beware, lest in this secret plot of your's in which you evidently make so many dupes—beware, lest you are making yourself the greatest. You know I always had a rough, blunt way of speaking; and, therefore, you may bear with me while I tell you I like not your affected friendship with Giannetto Doria, a man you hate. I saw you arm in arm with him a few days since. I saw you coming with him from the Doria Palace this very morning. I saw you take his children, his motherless children, in your arms, as if you loved them. There may be policy in this, and many other ways of your's that I have lately noted; but there is a lack of honesty that I cannot tolerate."

"Stop, stop, I entreat you," exclaimed Fiesco, in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper, his cheek becoming of ashy paleness, and his eyes glaring in their deep sockets. "'Tis well that I respect those snow-white hairs. I shall go mad, if you continue speaking such stabbing words."

"There's no occasion for all this violence, boy: no, no, not boy," said Pansa, checking himself, and looking with affection on his pupil. I meant not to insult or hurt you. Not boy, except in one sense, except when I address you as my son; for as my son I ever must regard you."

A servant entered here, announcing to his master that the Signors Verrina and Caliofno were waiting below.

"I will see them presently," said Fiesco.

"And as I," said Pansa, "wish to see neither one nor the other, (for, to tell the truth, I have no opinion of them,) I shall take my leave. This door will lead me, will it not, Fiesco? to the apartments of your wife, the loveliest and the sweetest gentlewoman that I have ever known."

"Leonora always sees you with delight," said Fiesco, throwing open the door for Pansa; "and you will find her in her favourite room, or on the terrace, looking towards the sea."

"Those children!" said Fiesco to himself, when left alone; "he touched me there. I felt a villain when I kissed those children! A woman passed and said, 'That man's a father;' and Giannettino, whom I hate, smiled with such fond, paternal love, that all my hatred turned, for a moment, back upon myself. I felt myself no father, but a low, treacherous villain. If ever the great enemy of man entered my heart, it was when I kissed those children."

For many minutes, he walked up and down the library, deep in thought; and he managed in those minutes, to find arguments and excuses enough to satisfy himself. "I am justified," he said, "thoroughly, certainly justified, in using any means for such an end!—Caliofno, Verrina, my good friends, you are most welcome!"

"Your fête will be magnificent to-night, Lady," said Paolo Pansa, as, many days afterwards, he entered the apartment where the Countess Lavagna was sitting.

"My fête!" replied the lady, looking up with a stare of astonishment: "I never had less idea of a fête, or felt less inclined for one, than on this evening. I have been reading in this my favourite saloon, with no sound but the light splashing of that little fountain, in my ears. Open the lattices, Bianca: since the sun has left us, the light breeze may enter at its own sweet will. Shall we remain here, by the margin of the fountain, or shall we go into this open corridor, and sit down among the jacinthes and orange trees? My fête will be magnificent indeed!" she said, and smiled. "See how the large and full-orbed moon is rising! Out of the very waves, she seems to come like a rich golden urn of light; and now she pours her lustre back into the sea, and leaves a quivering and lengthening line of light, as she glides upwards, brightening as she rises. Thousands of stars are sparkling overhead, and the deep azure dome, that rising moon, the glittering stars—these are the splendours of my fête."

"I did not like to interrupt you, sweet lady, in your description of such splendours as I would have you love, for they are splendours fresh from the hands of our high and great Creator; but tell me, did you not expect me?"

"I always welcome you with much delight," replied the lady.

"Still you did not expect me?"

"I am the more pleased to see you."

"But you knew not of my coming!"

"Well then, I did not," said Leonora, "if you will have me answer bluntly."

"I have a billet, Lady, from the Count, your husband, inviting me to meet his gentle wife and himself; and I was about to blame you for bidding me to such a crowded entertainment, when I find you almost as unconscious as myself of the preparations going on below."

* * * * *

"Have my orders been obeyed?—are none permitted to go forth!—have any offered to do so?—are the guests many?" These questions were asked, in a hurried voice, by one who stood at the entrance-gate of the Lavagna Palace, muffled up in a large dark mantle. The porter knew his master's voice, and answered with low and rapid words; but the Count Fiesco stopped not to hear them: he had hastened onward into the Palace with a band of armed men, that passed through the gates just as he stood speaking to the porter.

In less than half an hour he was again before the Palace gates. "How many have entered now?" exclaimed Fiesco. "It is well!" he replied, as the number was told him; and springing forward, he flung to, with his own hands, the massy gates, and drew the bolts, and summoned, at the moment, a close guard of soldiers. "Let no one pass," he cried. "Keep fast the gates: they open not but at my order."

"And now, my guests!—my friends!—my noble gentlemen!" said the Count Fiesco—he had entered the great banquetting hall, by a small door at the upper end—"there is scarce time for particular salutations; but I must address you all as a most courteous host. You stare about you with astonishment, finding no banquet spread, but on all sides armed men. Still, the welcome that I give you, is a more honest, hearty welcome, than ever silken lordling gave at his most gorgeous feast. You have known me, latterly, as a fool, a prodigate, a most contemptible and senseless fellow! The time is come when I must throw off the mean disguise. I do so as entirely as I fling off this clogging mantle." He threw off the mantle as he spoke, and stood before them, clad from head to foot in close and glittering armour, every limb and his whole body covered, all but his graceful throat and head and they were bare. "The time is come," he exclaimed, "and Genoa must be freed from the tyranny of certain of her nobles. An hour hence, and Genoa will be free. Behold the fête to which I have invited you! That dolt, Giannettino Doria, would fain be master of this Genoa—of our free and beautiful Genoa. I have written proofs of his intrigues and treacheries, and at the proper season you shall see them. He feels, and he has cause to do so, that I will never submit to his insolent ambition. He would willingly get me out of his way; and he has sought to do so. He has tried poison and the assassin's dagger, but in vain; for I am here to lead you to the downfall of his whole faction, and himself among them. Be free, and follow me. I go to raise our lost Republic from its ashes, to build up again the noble edifice in strength and glory; the blood of Doria will cement it well. My plans are well and deeply laid; and, believe me, I know not what it is to fear on this occasion. My friends, I love and honour you. I would

make you my comrades in this grand design. I have three hundred armed soldiers within these very walls. My well-manned fleet is floating in the harbour. The guards, both at the Palace and in the Port, are in my interest. Fifteen hundred of our poor mechanics watch for my signal to fly to arms. Two thousand of my vassals, and two thousand soldiers, furnished by the Duke of Placentia, are at this moment entering the city; and all this has been done with the most perfect secrecy. Not the slightest suspicion of my proceedings has got wind as yet: I have foreseen and obviated every risk, though many a perilous risk have I encountered. But the glory, my brethren, the glory that will this day be mine, it must be shared by you."

Fiesco hastened to the apartments of his wife. Leonora sprang forward to meet him. "I am half fearful," she said, "and half bewildered. Not an hour since, they brought me word that many guests had arrived, in most superb attire, to a fête; a fête and banquet in this very mansion. Our friend," she added, turning to Pansa, "received an invitation to pass a quiet evening with my beloved husband and myself. I have not known, my Fiesco! what I should do to please you, the wish to please you being my highest object. The nurse came bustling in, not long ago, affronted that I had not told her of our festivities; then wondering at the plainness of my dress, and bidding me attire myself at once. I sent her to my dressing-room to please her, with orders that my jewels and rich dresses should be laid out in readiness. Others of my women came soon after, saying the courts below were full of armed men. I sent one back, bidding her seek thee, and request thy presence; but she returned at once, and told me we were prisoners, in this, my range of chambers, the great door at the staircase foot having been locked since she had passed it last. We sat down, therefore, to wait in patience, till we knew your pleasure. But you are come, Fiesco, my dear lord! and you will let me hear, from your dear lips, some reason of this mystery. Is there a fête?—some masque, perhaps, intended as a pleasant surprise for me, kindly intended, though I take no pleasure in such poor shows? Is this your masquing suit to night?" she said, and smiled, as the gleam of his armour met her eye, beneath his loose mantle. "Fiesco, my Fiesco! you do not smile; and now I bethink me of those armed soldiers. Say, is there danger to thy person?—are they come to seize thee for some offence thou never hast committed?—has word or look of thine been construed as an insult against that ancient foe to thee, that would-be tyrant, Giannettino Doria? Speak, for suspense creates a thousand fancies, that you may smile at, but that make me wretched."

Fiesco had stood gravely silent while his wife addressed him; his countenance was grave and full of thought, and his attention seemed all fixed on her; but every now and then, his restless eye glanced on his friend, and former tutor, Paolo Pansa. As he entered, he had placed a written paper in the hands of Pansa, and when the latter had perused it, and come forward, Fiesco said—One word will do; you promise not to leave her, you promise to attend to all I ask?"

"I do, I do," said Pansa, slowly, and thoughtfully, and then added, even more deliberately: "I promise most faithfully; but —"

"I have no time, not a moment, for your remonstrances; you have promised, I ask no more. And now, my Leonora, my noble, lovely, injured Leonora!—injured, for I have wronged you by appearing what I was not, and what you could not love; hear me;" he said, with a look of tenderness, and a voice of winning sweetness, that contrasted strangely with the stern clank and glitter of his armour (for he had now thrown off his mantle for the last time:) a naked sword was in his hand, for which he wore no scabbard, and daggers in his girdle:—"Hear me, my noble wife: you see me as I am, as I have ever been, under my witling's garb. You see me fulfilling your own wishes, fired with a noble ardour for great deeds, determined to avenge great wrongs. Hear me, when I declare that I have ever loved you above myself, and second only to mine honour. I have loved the print of your small footsteps in the common dust, before the brightest glances of those eyes you thought I basked in. Your words of censure, had they been unkind (and they were never yet unkind,) would have been sweeter to my ears than the best praises of an angel's tongue. I have now no time for explanations, my sweet Leonora. Fear not for my safety—fear nothing. After one little hour, I shall return." He took her hand and pressed it to his lips. He gently drew her towards him, and kissed her cheek, and then her lips, with one long, fervent kiss. Leonora could not speak; her whole countenance was changed; her whole frame trembled with a strong hysteric agitation. Her lips unclosed, as if to speak; and still she did not speak. Gently and pityingly her husband led her to his friend. "With you, my honoured friend, I leave this treasure above all price," he said, in faltering accents.

"Wait, wait a moment," cried the distracted lady; "all you tell me perplexes me, confounds me. Why this haste? Sit down, my husband; let me sit beside thee, and let me hear enough to calm my terror; to stop the throbbings of this heart, that feels as if it would burst my bosom. Stop a little while, not to gratify aught like a woman's idle curiosity; only in pity stop, in gentlest pity!"

Fiesco took the little trembling hands that were so piteously extended to him, in his own. "All depends," he said, "on doing what is to be done, at once; there is no danger but in loss of time. I must not wait to tell you more than this. Within an hour, the influence, the tyranny of the Dorias, will have ceased for ever. Within an hour, Genoa will be free. Within an hour, when I take this hand, 'twill be to hail thee, not as the loveliest only, but the first lady in Genoa, the Magnificent. No, no, look not so sad, and so affrighted still. There is no danger to your husband, lady, but in delay, and trifling in your chamber. My tarrying here perils my life, for I am losing time. My going forth guards me, preserves me, assures me of the triumph almost in my grasp."

"It may be true," replied the lady, wiping away the tears that fell fast over her pallid face; "it may be true, but I am certain there's to be bloodshedding within this hour, Fiesco. The good old Andrea Do-

ria is to die, and Giannettino, with all his sins full-blown and unrepented of; he's to be sent to his great, dread account: they must be both murdered; murdered by treachery, in the silent night. I know that this must happen, and I know not where the dreadful carnage is to end. 'Tis easy to talk of one short hour. It is just as easy to throw a spark into a magazine of gunpowder, and say only a barrel or two shall explode there."

"Sweet Leonora," replied Fiesco, "you are talking, as women sometimes will, of what they know nought."

"Must there not be bloodshedding to night?" she said: "that's all I ask."

"I am already detained too long," he said, with some impatience.

"If you go," she cried, "promise me you will not murder them."

"If I go not at once," he answered, "Genoa will be bound with double fetters, and I shall be murdered at your very feet."

"My Fiesco, my own Fiesco," cried Leonora, tenderly clasping his arm, but shrinking away, when the hard, cold armour met her hand: "any thing is better than the cold-blooded murder of those men."

"Leonora, I entreat, I command you to be silent, and let me go. You, you yourself, have oftentimes reproached me with my inglorious life of late. You have often urged me to avenge the honour of this, our Genoa."

"To preserve, but never to avenge it, unkind Fiesco. Openly and manfully to preserve the freedom and the honour of the state."

"Silence!" he cried; "we have had enough of this!"

Leonora fell at his feet, and again entreated him to hear her; but now Fiesco was almost furious: roughly he tore himself away, and with a deep, stern voice, commanded her to speak no more; yet, as he was striding from the chamber, he turned his head, to take one last look at her he loved so well. She was kneeling where he had left her, her hands clasped, her meek, expressive eyes fixed with a look of anguish on the ground. He stopped, and, gazing tenderly upon her, "Forgive my brutal roughness, gentle love," he said.

"One moment, only one moment," she exclaimed, with a trembling voice: "take leave of me, Fiesco. We shall not meet again. Take me to your bosom, and kiss me for the last, last time." She rose up, for Fiesco came towards her. Tenderly he took her in his arms, her head sunk on his shoulder, and once she pressed her lips to his bare throat; but when he raised her, there was no breath upon her pallid lips; her eyes were closed, her graceful arms hung lifeless. Leonora did not recover from that long and deathlike swoon, till the whole Palace was shut up, and quiet as the grave.

The plans of Fiesco had all been made with admirable skill and foresight; every precaution had been taken, every contingency prepared for. In every quarter the most complete success attended his conspiracy. Giannettino was slain at the onset: but the loved and venerable Andrea Doria, though ill and feeble, was carried in safety, by his own faithful domestics, to Masona, a country-seat, about fifteen miles from Genoa. Every quarter of the city was

now suddenly in motion, and men of all ranks rose up to terror and dismay. But while to one party every thing wore the aspect of one scene of inextricable confusion, in which the only wise and safe way was to submit to the other party; to Fiesco, and the whole of his conspirators, to whom he had given orders, at once the most minute and the most decided, all was one clear, well-organized, well-working plot.

It is a remarkable fact, that in this celebrated conspiracy, every one had been thought of but the One all-wise disposer of all human events. Every thing had been foreseen but the interference of his wise providence. Fiesco, with all his consummate skill and policy, had probably forgotten that no cause can prosper which is not attended with the blessing of God. Perhaps he felt that there was too much of selfishness, and too much of downright crime, in his well-laid and executed plot, for God to tolerate, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.

It sometimes pleases that often forgotten, often insulted Being, to disconcert, in a very quiet and simple way, all the skilful arrangements of earthly policy.

The dauntless head and chief of this extraordinary conspiracy was already triumphant. His every plan was crowned with wonderful success. His lofty form was seen, his voice was heard, in every quarter. He shouted liberty! and the cry spread like a blazing wild-fire on all sides. Not liberty alone, but Fiesco and liberty, became the cry. Fiesco was seen running to the Port, and, as he ran, shouting liberty. The galley slaves, awakened by the cry, repeated it; and Fiesco seems to have feared lest these convicts should burst their chains and escape. There was a little plank leading from the shore to the galleys. It is supposed that Fiesco's foot slipped in passing along this plank; nothing more was known with certainty. The inquiry, however, began at length to be made, Where is Fiesco? The conspirators waited his further orders. The Senate, who had assembled at the Palace, waited to hear his terms, and even to submit to them. His presence was required and waited for every where, but he appeared not. As the truth broke upon them, the people began to lose their ardour in furthering the conspiracy. That one false step changed the aspect of the whole affair. It was not till the fourth day after the breaking out of the conspiracy, that the body of Fiesco was found. His last mortal agonies had met no human eye, his last cries had not been heard. Clogged and forced down by the weight of his heavy armour, he had been drowned.

It was not long after the death of the young and gallant Count of Lavagna, that an aged man entered the church of —, in haste. His countenance was troubled, and he was clad in mourning garments. As he passed along the beautiful but gloomy aisles, he looked from side to side with anxious eyes, as if in search of some one he had lost. He went towards the chapel of the Lavagna family, but came back unsatisfied. At last he stopped. A slight and girlish figure, in the deepest mourning, was kneeling on the pavement in a dark corner of the ancient church: her pale hands were clasped, her eyes timidly raised, and her lips moved in humble prayer. The aged man knelt down, but at some distance, as if fearing

to disturb her; and when at length she rose, then he came forward. She turned to greet him, not with smiles, but with a calm and melancholy sweetness, more pleasing than any smiles. She thanked him for his kind anxiety about her; then gently pointing to an old picture, she said, "The painting and the words are nothing; but I have been praying that their lesson may be taught me by the Spirit, and for His blessed sake, my Father! 'He pleased not Himself!'"

From the United Service Journal.

THE FRENCH FISHERMAN.

We had scarcely swallowed our meagre breakfast of weevilly biscuit and cocoa next morning, when our poor old captive was sent for to be examined by the Captain. His sloop lay at anchor within half a cable's length of our starboard-quarter. Her sails were neatly furled, and, as if to mock the misery of the old man's feelings, she looked better than he had ever seen her look before. The English union-jack hung in loose folds over a small cotton tri-coloured flag at her mast-head; and the little skiff, which had carried the old man to his cottage for more than forty years, was moored under her stern. The sea, extending along the coast from Rochelle to L'Isle Klie, was covered with fishing boats, which were grouped together, as the morning breeze had left them; and the lively songs of the fishermen might be distinctly heard, as their voices swelled over the smooth surface of the water.

Our aged prisoner was habited in the costume of his humble station; a large pair of boots, drawn loosely over his trousers, had settled down in ample folds over the knee; a blue and white striped Gurnsey frock fitted closely the upper part of his slender person, and a pea-jacket of considerable dimensions covered his shoulders, very much in the style of a handspike in a purser's bread-bag. In the days of his youth he must have stood, at least six feet two; but age had materially crippled his height, and his weather-beaten features were wrinkled by time. His hair showed itself in silvery whiteness beneath the margin of his night cap; and he held in his shrivelled hands a ball of twine and a mesh with which he had been mending his nets the day before. He was eighty-three years old, and his little grandson stood timidly by his side, gazing in mute astonishment at the order in which every thing was beautifully arranged on the quarter-deck.

During the examination of the old man, we all listened with eager attention to every syllable that was said. The inquiry was carried on through the medium of an interpreter, one of our fore-castle men, who spoke French so fluently that, upon one occasion, when he was himself a prisoner of war, he narrowly escaped being shot for a spy. As the vessel was not worth sending to England, we all concluded she would be given back to the poor old fisherman, and I think we all hoped so; when, however, it was announced to the afflicted captive that his sloop would be set on fire that night, he clasped his hands in silent energy, and raising his mild eyes to heaven with an air of pious resignation, stood for some mo-

ments transfixed to the spot, as pale and as motionless as a marble statue. I cannot recollect a more painful incident in my life; and I have at this moment the meekness of the captive's attitude so strongly pencilled in my memory, that I can scarcely imagine more than twenty years have elapsed since I witnessed the event. Relaxing from his humble posture, the countenance of the old man underwent a sudden change; his features became convulsed with agony; the blood rushed to his temples, and snatching up his grandson in his arms, he held him forward as an appeal to the feelings of the Captain, while he invoked a blessing on the children of the British warrior. He called on the names of his beloved wife and the father of the youth, pointed to the cottage on the beach about a mile from Rochelle, wherein he had dwelt for sixty years; and when he found that the usage of war enforced the severity of his destiny, he laid the little boy beside him, and cursed it with all the bitterness of despair.

As soon as the Captain communicated with the commander-in-chief, the sloop was hauled alongside our ship and dismantled. In a short time nothing was left but the shell of the sloop; her planks and rafters were cut away, and at sunset she was set on fire.

Towards midnight, all that remained visible of the sloop was a glimmering spark on the horizon, which became fainter and fainter as it receded from our view.

When I returned to the quarter-deck, I found the officer of the middle watch waiting to relieve me; but my thoughts were so much engrossed with the expected story of the fisherman, which he promised to narrate to us before I went down to the captain, that, instead of going to my hammock, I re-seated myself in a coil of rope close to the mizen-mast, and after we had each of us taken a glass of grog to keep the cold out, the old man began his story thus:

"Were I to go back, gentlemen, to 1729, the year in which I was born, I should probably speak of events in which, at this distant period, you cannot feel much interest, especially as they relate to the history of an humble French fisherman. It will, however, astonish you to hear that my ancestors were English; and little did our progenitors think, when, after the capture of Rochelle, they were induced to remain there, that the welfare of their children would be for ever blasted by the cold-blooded, unnatural decree of their own country. At the age of five-and-twenty I married the daughter of a respectable innkeeper of Rochelle, and with our small capital I purchased the sloop, of which there does not now remain the shadow of a shade. She was all we possessed in the world, and well and faithfully she served our purposes for a period of sixty years! We had five children—three boys and two girls, but they all died in their infancy, except the youngest, who was the father of my little boy here, and he was taken away from me in my old age to fight under the banner of the Emperor.—Vive l'Empereur, mon fils!—Vive l'Empereur!—Vive Napoléon!" responded the boy, as he drew from his bosom the little cotton tri-coloured flag, which, in the bustle of the day, had escaped the observation of every one else. I will not attempt at this distant period, to describe

the powerful effect which this little incident had upon the old man; he caught his grandchild in his arms, clasped him with energy to his bosom, and it was some moments before he recovered himself sufficiently to renew his narrative.

"The father of this boy, gentlemen, was, ten years ago, the finest looking man I ever beheld. He was tall, athletic, and vigorous. He had the strength of a lion, with the docility of a lamb. My child," said the old man, as the tear glistened in his eye, "was both brave and generous. Mais hélas, messieurs—We carried on our humble occupation together with every prospect of happiness. During the summer we helped to supply the market of Rochelle with the produce of our labour, and in the winter our sloop brought wine from Bordeaux. We were one evening seated, after the toil of the day, upon a rude bench, which he constructed in the front of our cottage, when the fatal mandate arrived which made my only child a conscript. His wife—poor Annette!—was getting our evening meal ready; alas! poor thing, it was the last she ever prepared for us—they took her husband away from her, and she died that night in giving birth to this boy.

"For sixty years every thing had gone on so smoothly with me, that I was ill prepared, in my old age, to stand this blow—I felt it ranking at the very core of my heart. My cottage looked sad and mournful—my sloop looked deserted, and in sorrow I prayed to be taken to the grave where my daughter lay. But Providence willed it otherwise. After days and weeks of restlessness and disquietude, I suddenly resolved on going to Paris. The Emperor, said I, is generous; he will hear the prayer of an old man, and restore his son to him. This idea gave me the energy of youth. I travelled to Paris on foot; and there the scene of bustle which every where met my astonished eye, lulled for a moment my resentment and my sorrow. It was just before the battle of Austerlitz. The boulevards were thronged with the gaudy equipages of the rich and powerful. Peers, councillors, and senators were crowding to the palace, to make their homage to the Emperor. Praise and adulation re-echoed from every street and square in the capital; and the military energies of France were in full preparation for war. Hurried along—I knew not whither—by the impetuous rush of the multitude, I found myself in the Champ de Mars, where thousands of the finest looking troops in the world were assembling amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the Parisians. In vain I cast my searching eyes along the ranks—my boy was nowhere to be seen. A sudden and convulsive movement announced the approach of the Emperor. The air resounded with acclamations. The countless multitude rushed simultaneously towards the post of honour. I was carried along with it—resistance was vain; and scarcely knowing what would become of me, I raised my eyes, and discovered my son in the body-guard of Napoleon. With the energy and vigour of my early days I made an effort to get near him, and at the moment he seemed within my grasp, I was borne away in another direction by a counter movement of the crowd. I called upon the name of my son, but my feeble cry was lost in the deafening shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!'

"Again the stream took another course, and I found myself within a few yards of the Emperor. My despairing cry of 'Mon fils!' opened me a passage—it caught Napoleon's ear; he turned round; I rushed forward, and throwing myself at his feet, besought him to restore my son to my arms.

"'France,' said Napoleon, 'has need of all her sons. Grieve not, old man. These,' he added, extending his hand towards the magnificent array before him—'these are all my children!'

"The air was rent with shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoléon!' Overcome with grief, I turned from the Champ de Mars, and wandered to an obscure hostellerie at the other end of the town. The hopes which had sustained me on my long journey were shattered, and I felt my frame sinking under the weight of my miseries. My child, my only child, was on the eve of quitting France. The glory of our country was to be purchased only by oceans of her blood.

"Slowly and in sadness I traced my feeble steps back to my home; but how changed was its aspect; no longer the abode of contentment and happiness; no more, after our anxious toil upon the deep, was the glad song of the fisherman to enliven our frugal meal—no more the lively voice of our poor Annette to cheer us after the peril of some stormy day. Still I would not despair—my little boy tied me to life. I looked forward with anxious hope to the return of his soldier-father, and joyed in my anticipations of presenting him his son. During my absence, my boy contrived, with a touch of paint, to make our old sloop look well again; he had, moreover, mended our nets; and, encouraged by the good example my child set me, I renewed my daily occupation.

"Thrice only did I hear of Jerome. Shortly after the glorious day of Austerlitz, when the star of our Emperor shone forth in all its magic brilliancy, I received the first tidings of my boy: he had distinguished himself on that bloody but memorable field; he had drawn upon himself the notice of his commanding officer, and was promoted. After an interval of some months, again I heard of his increasing fortune. Little did the Emperor consider, when he presented him with the cross of the Legion of Honour, that this was the soldier whom the poor old fisherman claimed of him in the Champ de Mars. These glories, gentlemen, raised my heart within me. Did not Ney, Davoust, and Lannes, said I, rise from the ranks, and may not the humble fisherman live to see his son a general—a marshal of France?

"Alas! alas! honour and rank lead but to death. In the next battle—fired by the praise he had received, stimulated by ambition—my boy was foremost in the fight, and fell—covered, said the letter I received,—covered with glory.

"It was then I felt in all its force the vanity of my aspirations. Humbled though I was, and little as I had to bind me to this world, I struggled to suppress my grief; and many a long winter's night, when the pitiless storm has dashed against the casements of my cottage, have I exerted myself to conceal the sorrows of my aching heart. Le bon Dieu has left me, said I, in this boy, the image of my child; for him shall my grief be forgotten; for him will I labour on; and for his sake have I continued to stem the

tide of my affliction. But I felt the infirmities of age creeping on me; I had no longer the manly assistance of my son to lessen the dangers to which the appearance of your squadron exposed me. I could no longer venture, as we used to do, along the coast with the boldness and freedom of an expert mariner. My little voyages were protracted; my sloop, like myself, was almost worn out; and upon one occasion, a cannon shot from that black schooner of yours,* struck us on our starboard bow, tore away our bulwark, and nearly deprived me of my boy. Yesterday morning we returned to Rochelle with a cargo of wine; the old sloop almost knew her way along the coast; and I had made up my mind, if God spared me my life, to work for my boy, until I earned enough to purchase a small *chasse-marée* for him. By that time I hoped he would be man enough to manage a vessel of his own, and his poor old grandfather might then sink in quietness to his grave.

"*Mais, l'homme propose et Dieu dispose!*—the event of last night has withered all my hopes. I have seen my poor old sloop—my friend, my companion for sixty years—broken, unmercifully broken to pieces, and her shattered remains burnt to the water's edge. 'Twas a sad sight, gentlemen, for an old man of eighty-three years to behold; and as the timbers cracked in the blaze, I thought my poor heart would break from its feeble tenement; and now what am I! a broken-down captive in the hands of a powerful enemy."

The old man checked himself; he seemed to feel that his grief was hurrying him into expressions which he should not give utterance to; and raising his eyes, he touched his cap in silence as an atonement for what he had already said. The recital of his simple narrative seemed to be a relief to his mind, and he thanked us with a modesty I shall never forget for our kindness in listening to it.

To sleep that night was out of the question; in fact we had not much time to think of it, as it struck seven bells (half-past three o'clock) just as the fisherman finished his story, and we were in one of those smart frigates the regulations of which obliged us to turn out of our hammocks every morning at five bells, just allowing those who had the middle watch a two hours' restless nap, amidst the almost suffocating fumes of the finer particles of sand which enveloped them from the dry holy-stoned deck. I thought a good deal of the French fisherman; and my reflections carried me with delightful rapidity from the dark cockpit to the command of a noble frigate: I imagined myself in all the pomp of power and authority, looking with benign compassion on the sorrows of the poor old captive. I thought of the happiness I should feel in restoring to him the remnant of his property; in fact my aspirations carried me so far, that I actually dozed off into the visionary idea of being a post-captain, and to complete the fabric of my dream, I was one of the finest post-captains in the service; when the hoarse voice of the master-at-arms, who shook my hammock until he almost shook me out of it, roared out, "Past five bells, sir!" I then discovered I was but a youngster. I had scarcely dropped off into another nap—for I

generally stood a second call—when the voice of the quarter-master roused me: "The first lieutenant wants you on the quarter-deck, sir." I gave a spring from my hammock in right good earnest. Such a summons, and at such a time, boded nothing good; instead of looking forward to what I would have done in my dream, I looked back to what I had left undone in my waking moments; but my thoughts were too confused to take a distinct glimpse of any thing retrospective. Dressing myself with amazing alacrity, for a second call in this case was quite out of the question, I was on the quarter-deck with the speed of lightning, when, to my horror, the first objects that met my eye were the signal-flags we had used the night before, lying in disorder abaft the mizen-mast, an empty black-jack, scraps of cheese and biscuit, and my Britannian metal tooth-cup—the sorry remnants of our middle watchers. The first lieutenant, to do him justice, never passed over the delinquency of the youngsters; and I verily believe that one or two mast-headings in the morning sharpened his appetite for his breakfast. On the present occasion he eyed me with a malicious grin, which had more of pleasure than reproof in it, and to give my midnight frolic its full effect, had given strict orders that the flags should not be touched. Habit had accustomed us to each other; that is to say, I knew my man; for I walked quietly to the Jacob's ladder, and slowly ascended the rigging to the main top-most head, while he called out "Four hours, youngster."

This sudden transition somewhat cooled the enthusiasm of my dreaming lucubrations, especially when I thought of the assistant surgeon, who lay snugly shrouded in his hammock, whilst I was trying the difference of the temperature between the cockpit and the mast-head. The moment the first lieutenant descended to breakfast I took the immediate liberty of descending also; and calculating the exact time he would take to masticate his hot roll—which, by-the-by, I had learnt on former occasions to estimate to a nicety—I ascended again, and had just resumed my elevated post when he returned to the quarter-deck. His first glance was at the mast-head. He called me down. "Well, youngster," said he, "have you recovered the effects of your middle watcher?" "I have," said I, rather meekly. "Very well; you may go down to your breakfast."

The worst part of the affair was, however, to come. The first lieutenant had ordered the midshipman's black-jack to be thrown over board, and the offender must be punished. I was tried by a court martial, fined six for one, and received a feeling mark of the caterer's striking propensities, which again convinced me of the fallacy of my dream.

At twelve o'clock a boat with a flag of truce left the ship, under the command of my friend Mr. Elwin, with the fisherman and his son. I ran up to the main-top with my telescope, that I might uninterruptedly watch their progress to the land. A crowd of fishermen collected round the old man's cottage, as soon as they observed the boat leave our ship; but when they perceived she was pulling in towards the town, they all hastened to welcome the old man's arrival; and at two o'clock he was restored to his aged wife, a heart-broken bankrupt.

From the Friendship's Offering.

THE CLIENT'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830," &c.

It was late one Saturday evening in December, when I received a letter, which, on opening, I found to be from Walter Moreton; and the purport of the letter was, to request my immediate presence at Cambridge, in the capacity both of a friend and of a lawyer. The letter concluded thus: "Do not delay your journey many hours after receiving this. My urgency will be explained by the change you will perceive in yours, Walter Moreton."

I had known Walter Moreton in youth, and in manhood: we had been intimate, without having been altogether friends; and the attraction which his company possessed for me, arose rather from the shrewdness of his remarks than from any sympathy of feeling betwixt us. Of late years, I had seen comparatively little of Moreton: I knew that he had married; that he had been in straightened circumstances; that his father-in-law had died, and left him a rich widower; that he had married a second time, and that he was now the father of three children. From the tenor of the letter I had received, I could scarcely doubt that Walter Moreton had been seized with some dangerous illness, and was desirous of settling his worldly affairs. My old intimacy with Moreton would of itself have prompted me to obey his summons; but the requirement of my professional aid of course increased the celerity of my obedience. Early next morning, therefore, I put myself into the Cambridge coach; and after despatching a hasty dinner at the Hoop, I walked to Walter Moreton's house in Trumpington street.

I was prepared for a change, but not certainly such a change as that which presented itself. Walter Moreton could not have been forty, but he seemed a broken-down man; gray haired,—thin visaged,—and cadaverous. His expression, too, was changed; there was an uneasy restlessness in his eye; his lips had grown thin; and he appeared, moreover, to be under the influence of extreme nervousness.

He received me with apparent kindness; thanked me for my ready compliance with his wish; and informed me at once that he had need of my professional services in the disposal of his property; but I had no difficulty in perceiving, from a certain reserve and distractedness of manner, that something beyond the mere making of a will had brought me to Cambridge. I did not of course make any observation upon the change which I observed in his appearance; but expressed a hope that his desire for my professional assistance had not arisen from any apprehensions as to the state of his health; to which he only replied, that his health was not worse than usual, but that it was always well to be prepared; and he added, "Come, Thornton, let us to business;" and to business we went.

I need scarcely say, that I was prepared for instructions to divide the father's fortune according to some rule of division,—or, perhaps, of some capricious preference, among his children—two sons and one daughter, children yet of a tender age,—and to secure a life-rent interest to his wife. Great, therefore, was my surprise when Mr. Moreton, after mentioning a few trifling legacies,

named, as the sole successors of his immense fortune, two individuals unknown to me, and of whose connexion with the testator I was entirely ignorant.

I laid down my pen, and looked up:—"Mr. Moreton," said I, hesitatingly, "you have a wife and children?"

"I have children," said he; "but God preserve them from the curse of wealth that does not belong to them."

"Moreton,—Walter Moreton," said I, "you are over-scrupulous. I know indeed, that this large fortune has come to you through your first wife; but it was her's to give; she became the sole heiress of her father, when his three sons of a former marriage were unfortunately drowned in the —"

"Hush, Thornton!" interrupted he, hastily; and in a tone so altered and so singular that it would have startled me, had I not at the moment been looking in his face, and seen the expression that passed over it, and the convulsive shudder that shook his whole frame. I perceived there was a mystery, and I resolved to be at the bottom of it.

"Moreton," said I, rising and approaching him, and laying my hand gently on his shoulder, which slightly shrunk from my touch, "we were once companions,—almost friends; as a friend, as well as a lawyer, you have sent for me. There is some mystery here, of which I am sure it was your intention to disburden yourself. Whatever the secret be, it is safe with me. But I tell you plainly, that if you are resolved to make beggars of your innocent children without giving a sufficient reason for it, some other than Charles Thornton must be the instrument of doing it.

"Thornton," said he, in a grave tone, and without raising his eyes,—there *is* a mystery,—a fearful mystery; and it shall be told this night. That done, neither you nor any man can be the friend of Walter Moreton; but he will have no occasion for friendship. Reach me some wine, Thornton, and pour it out for me; my nerves are shattered:—another glass,—now, sit down,—no, not there,—ay, ay,—one other glass, Thornton."

"I took my place in a large high-backed chair, as Walter Moreton directed me; and he, placing himself a little out of my view, spoke as follows:—

"It is now upwards of ten years, as you know, Thornton, since I married my first wife, the daughter of Mr. Bellenden,—old Bellenden the lawyer. She, you also know, was the child of a former marriage,—and that the large fortune of my father-in-law which in the end came—no matter how—to me, belonged to him, or rather to his three sons, in right of his second wife, who was also dead at the time of my marriage. I could not have indulged any expectation that this fortune would ever reach me; for although I knew very well that, failing my wife's three half-brothers, it came entirely into her father's power, yet there could be no ground for any reasonable expectation that three healthy boys would die off, and make way for Agnes. Mark me, Thornton, I did not marry for money; and the thought of the succession which afterwards opened, never entered my mind. I will tell you, Thornton, the first occasion on which the hope dawned upon me. There was an epidemic in this part of the country; and my father-in-law's three sons were seized with it at one time. All the three were in the most imminent danger; and one evening when

the disease was at its height, and when my wife seemed greatly distressed at receiving a message that it was doubtful if any of the three would survive till morning.—'And if they should die,' said I, within myself!—This supposition constantly recurred,—and was so willingly entertained that I lay awake the whole of that night, planning within myself the disposal of this large inheritance; forgetting, at the time, that another life, that of my father-in-law, stood betwixt us and the succession. Next morning, however, a favourable change took place, and eventually the three youths recovered: but so strong a hold had the hopes, which had been thus suddenly created, taken of my mind, that in place of their being dissipated by the event, which naturally deprived them of any foundation they ever had, I was not only conscious of the keenest disappointment, but felt as if an untoward accident had defrauded me of something that was all but within my reach. 'How near I have been to affluence,' was a constantly recurring thought; and when I heard every morning, that this person was dead, and that person was dead, a feeling of chagrin was invariably felt. You are perhaps incapable of understanding these feelings, Thornton; and so was I, until the events took place which gave birth to them."

Moreton paused a moment; but I did not interrupt him; and, after passing his hand over his forehead, and filling out with an unsteady hand another glass of wine, he proceeded:—

"You must understand, Thornton, that these were mere thoughts, feelings, fancies: if I had stood beside the sick beds of these boys, when the flame of life was flickering, I would not have blown it out; if two phials had stood by, one containing health and the other death, do not suppose I would have administered the latter:—no; I was no murderer, Thornton—no murderer—then!

"You know something of the river here; and of the passion for boating. The three boys often indulged in this exercise; and it sometimes happened that I accompanied them. One day about the end of August, we had spent the day at Eel-pits, and it was not far from sunset when we set out to row back to Cambridge. It was a fine calm evening when we left that place, but it soon began to rain heavily; and in the scramble for cloaks and umbrellas, which the suddenness and heaviness of the shower occasioned, the boat was all but upset; but it righted again, and served only as matter of mirth to the boys; though in me a very different effect was produced. More than a year had elapsed since the presence of the epidemic had given rise to the feelings I have already confessed to, and the circumstances had been nearly—but not altogether forgotten. At that moment, however, the thoughts that at that time had continually haunted me recurred with tenfold force. 'If it had upset!' I said within myself, while sitting silent in the stern.—'If it had upset! and the prospect of wealth again opened before me. The three boys, Thornton, were sitting shouting, and laughing and jesting, and I sat silently in the stern, putting that question to myself. But it was only a thought, a fancy, Thornton; I knew that no one but myself could swim; but any thing premeditated was as far from my thoughts as yours. I only contemplated the probable results of an event which was nearly taking place.

"Well,—we continued to row and it soon fell dusk,—and then the moon rose; and we continued

to ascend the river,—ours the only boat upon it,—till we were within less than two miles of Cambridge. I had occasionally taken a turn at the oar; but at that time I sat in the stern; and still something continually whispered to me, 'if the boat had upset!' I need not tell you, Thornton, that little things influence the greatest events; one of those little things occurred at this moment. I had a dog in the boat, and one of the boys said something to it in Latin. 'Don't speak Latin to the dog,' said another, 'for it's master does not understand Latin.' 'Yes he does,' said the eldest, 'Mr. Moreton understands dog Latin.' This was a little matter, Thornton,—but it displeased me. There was always a good deal of assumption of superiority, especially on the part of the eldest, on account of his university education; and little annoyances of this kind were frequent. It was precisely at this moment that something dark was seen floating towards us: it chanced to come just in the glimpse of the moon on the water, and was seen at once by us all; and as it approached nearer, till it was about to pass within oar's length of the boat—You have heard the story, Thornton,—you said, if I recollect, that you knew the three boys were"—Here Moreton suddenly stopped, and hastily drained the wine he had filled out.

"Drowned in the Cam," said I:—"yes, I knew of this misfortune; but I did not know that you were present."

"I was—I was—*present!*" said Moreton, laying a peculiar emphasis on the word. "Ay, Thornton,—you've hit the word.—I was present,—but listen: I told you the dark object floated within an oar's length of the boat; at once the three boys made a spring to the side of the boat, extending arms and oars to intercept it: and—in an instant the boat was keel uppermost!"

Moreton pronounced the last words rapidly, and in an under tone,—and stopped: he raised the wine decanter from the table, but let it drop again. Moreton had yet said nothing to criminate himself; the incident appeared, from his narrative, purely accidental; and I therefore said, "Well, Moreton—the boys were unhappily drowned; but it was the consequence of their own imprudence."

"Thornton," said he, "you are there to hear a confession; I am here to make it;—'tis of no use shrinking from it: fill me a glass of wine, for my hand trembles.—Now,—two of the boys, the two youngest, I never saw; as God is my judge, I believe if I had seen the youngest, I would have done my uttermost to save him. I suppose they sank beneath the boat, and floated down below the surface. The eldest, *he* rose close to me; we were not twenty yards from the bank; I could have saved him. I believe I *could* have saved him, if he had cried for help. I saw him but for a moment. I think, when I struck out to swim, I kicked him beneath the water—undesignedly, Thornton,—undesignedly: but I did not turn round to help him; I made for the bank, and reached it—and it was then too late. I saw the ripple on the water, and the boat floating away; but nothing else.—Thornton—I am his murderer!"

When Moreton had pronounced this word, he seemed to be somewhat relieved, and paused. I imagined his communication had ended; and I ventured to say that although it was only justice that the inheritance which had become his should revert to the heirs of those who had been deprived of it,—supposing them to have been deprived of it by his act,—it was proper to consider the matter

coolly; for there was such a thing as an over-sensitive conscience; and it was perhaps possible that, in the peculiar circumstances attending the awful event, his mind had been incapable of judging correctly; that he might have too much coupled the fancies which had preceded the event, with the event itself; and that want of presence of mind might have been mistaken for something more criminal. I confess that, in speaking thus, although I believed that such reasoning might in some cases be correctly applied, I had little hope that it was so in the present case. There was a deliberateness in the mode of Moreton's confession that almost commanded belief; and besides, Moreton was no creature of imagination. He had always been a shrewd and strong-minded man; and was in fact, all his life, a man of realities.

"No, no, Thornton," said he, "I am no fancier: believe it to be as I have told you. But if you ever could have doubted,—as I do not believe you do,—your doubts would have been dispelled by what you have yet to hear. I am not going to give you a narrative of my life; and shall say nothing of the time that immediately followed the event I have related. The fortune became my father-in-law's; and my wife became an heiress. But my present circumstances were no wise changed. Brighter prospects led to increased expenses; and embarrassments thickened around me. You know something of these, Thornton; and tried, as you recollect, ineffectually, to extricate me from them. Meanwhile, my father-in-law, who speedily got over the loss he had sustained, spoke of his daughter,—of Agnes, my wife,—as a great heiress, and boasted and talked much of his wealth, though it made no difference in his mode of living. 'Not one shilling, Walter, till I die,'—was constantly in his mouth: and not a shilling indeed did he ever offer, although he well knew the pressing difficulties in which we were placed. I once, and only once ventured to ask him for some advance; but the answer was the same. 'Not a shilling, Walter, till I die: patience, patience,—it must all go to Agnes.'

"Must I confess it, Thornton? yes—I may confess any thing after what I have already confessed. The words 'not a shilling till I die,' were continually in my ears. The event that had placed fortune within my power frequently recurred to my memory; and with it, the conviction that I was no way benefitted by it: the nearer vicinity of wealth only made the want of it more tantalizing. The 'ifs,' and fancies, that had formerly so frequently arisen in my mind, had all been realized. The crime,—ay, Thornton, the crime—that had placed an inheritance within my view, seemed the blacker since no advantage had attended it; and the oft-repeated 'not a shilling till I die,' repeated, and re-repeated with a complacent chuckle, and on occasions the most inopportune, begot within me an insatiable longing for—ay, why mince the matter?—for the moment when the saying should be fulfilled.

"You recollect very well, Thornton, my application to you in December, 182—, six years ago. You recollect its extreme urgency, and the partial success which attended it, sufficient however to keep me from a jail. You might well, as you did, express your surprise that my wife's father should suffer such a state of things to be; but he could suffer any thing, save parting with his mo-

ney; he was a miser; the love of riches had grown with their possession: and I believe he would have suffered me to rot in jail rather than draw upon his coffers.

"It was just at this time, or at most a week or two subsequent to it, that Mr. Bellenden was attacked by a complaint to which he had been long subject,—one, requiring the most prompt medical aid; but from which, on several former occasions, he had perfectly recovered. Agnes was extremely attentive to her father; and on Christmas evening, as we were both on the way to the sick-chamber, we met the family surgeon leaving the house.

"'You are perhaps going to spend some time with my patient?' said Mr. Amwell.

"'My husband,' said Agnes, 'means to spend an hour or two with my father: I have a particular engagement at present,—and am only going to ask how he does.'

"'I have some little fears of another attack,' said Mr. Amwell; 'do not be alarmed, my dear madam,—we know how to treat these things; promptness is all that is required. It will be necessary, my dear sir,' said Mr. Amwell, addressing me, 'to lose no time in sending for me, should Mr. Bellenden experience another attack; all depends upon the prompt and free use of the lancet. There is no occasion for any alarm, madam. The good old gentleman may live to eat twenty Christmas dinners yet.'

"Mr. Amwell passed on, and we entered the house, and ascended to the sick-chamber. My wife remained but a few minutes,—she had some particular engagements at home; and as she left the room, she charged me not to lose a moment in calling Mr. Amwell, should there appear to be any occasion for his aid. She shut the door, and I seated myself in a large chair near to the bed.

"Mine was a singular situation. I, who for many years had had my hopes directed towards a great inheritance—I, who had seen, and rejoiced to see, the most formidable obstacles removed, and who had myself been instrumental in removing them, was now watching the sick-bed of the only individual who stood between me and the succession,—an individual, too, whose death I had looked forward to and had allowed myself to hope for. I could not help smiling at the singular situation in which I was placed; and as I looked towards the sick-bed, and heard only the uneasy breathing of the old man in the silence of the room, I felt—very like a criminal.

"There was a table near to me with several phials upon it. I took them up one by one, and examined them. One was labelled 'laudanum.' While I held it in my hand, all the demon was within. My pecuniary difficulties seemed to augment; the excellence of wealth to increase; the love of enjoyment grew stronger; and my estimate of the value of an old man's life weaker. At this moment, the sick man asked for drink. Thornton!—need I hesitate to confess that I was strongly tempted—but I resisted the temptation; I held the fatal phial for a few moments in my hand; laid it down, pushed it from me, and assisted the old man to his needs. But no sooner had I done this, and re-seated myself, than I began to accuse myself with inconsistency. These, thought I, are distinctions without any real difference. A youth, who stood betwixt me and fortune, was

drowning; and I did not stretch out my hand to save him; there are many kinds of murder, but in all the crime is the same.

"I had nearly proved to my own satisfaction that I was a fool, when certain indications that could not be mistaken assured me that Amwell's fears were about to be realized, and they instantly were, to the fullest extent. Mr. Amwell's parting words recurred to me: 'all depends upon the prompt use of the lancet.' My heart beat quick; I rose,—hesitated,—re-seated myself,—rose again,—listened,—again sat down,—pressed my fingers on my ears, that I might hear nothing,—and leaned my head forward on the table. I continued in this posture for some time, and then started up—and listened. All was silent; I rang the bell violently; opened the door, and cried out to call Mr. Amwell instantly,—and returned to the chamber—which I believed to be no longer a chamber of sickness, but of death; and re-seated myself in the chair, with a strong persuasion that the last obstacle to fortune had been removed. But,—Thornton,—again I knew that I was, a second time, a murderer!"

Here Mr. Moreton paused, and leaned back in his chair, apparently exhausted. I again thought his communication had ended; and although I could not now address him as I had addressed him before, I was beginning to say that to make absolute beggars of his children could not be an acceptable atonement for crime,—when he interrupted me, heedless, apparently, of my having addressed him.

"In a few minutes Mr. Amwell entered the room. He approached the bed, bent over it, turned to me, and said, 'I fear it is too late, Mr. Moreton.'

"Perhaps not," said I; 'at all events make the attempt.'

"Mr. Amwell did of course make the attempt; and in a few moments desisted; shook his head, and said, 'A little, and I have reason to believe only a very little too late,' and in a few minutes I was again left alone.

"Thornton, since that hour, I have been a miserable man."—Another long pause ensued, which I did not attempt to break; and Moreton at length resumed.

"Since that hour, I say, Charles Thornton, I have never known a moment's peace. My wife's tears for her father fell upon my heart like drops of fire; every look she gave me seemed to read my innermost thoughts; she never spoke that I did not imagine she was about to call me murderer. Her presence became agony to me. I withdrew from her, and from all society—for I thought every man looked suspiciously upon me; and I had no companion but conscience,—ay, conscience, Thornton,—conscience that I thought I had overcome; as well I might, for had I not seen the young and healthy sink, when I might have saved? and how could I have believed that? but so it was, and is: look at me, and you will see what conscience has made of me. Agnes sickened, and as you know, died. This I felt as a relief; and for a time I breathed more freely; and I married again. But my old feelings returned, and life every day becomes more burdensome to me. Strange, that events long passed become more and more vivid,—but so it is. The evening on the Cam, and the death-chamber of old Bellenden, are ternately before me.

"Now, Thornton, you have heard all. Are you now ready to frame the will as I directed? I am possessed of a quarter of a million, and it belongs to the heirs of those for whom it was originally destined."

Some conversation here ensued, in which my object was to show that, although the large property at Moreton's disposal ought never to have been his, yet, if the events which he had related had not taken place, it never could have come into the possession of those for whom he now destined it. I admitted, however, the propriety of the principle of restitution to the branches of the family in which it had originally been vested, but prevailed with Mr. Moreton, in having a competency reserved for his own children and for his wife, who married in the belief that he was able to provide for her. And upon these principles, accordingly, the testament was framed and completed the same evening.

It grew late. "Walter Moreton," said I, rising to take leave, "let this subject drop for ever. When we meet again, let there be no allusion to the transactions of this evening."

"Thornton," said he, "we shall never meet again."

"There are remedies, my friend, said I,—for could I refuse to call the wretched man before me friend?—"there are remedies for the accusations of conscience: apply yourself to them; if the mind were relieved by religious consolations, bodily health would return. You are yet little past the prime of life; I trust we may meet again in happier circumstances. Conscience, Moreton, is not given to us to kill, but to cure.

Moreton faintly smiled. "Yes, Thornton," said he, "There are remedies; I know them, and will not fail to seek their aid. Good night!"

I returned to the inn, and soon after retired to bed; as may easily be believed, to think of the singular revelations of the evening. For some time these thoughts kept me awake; but at length I fell asleep. My dreams were disturbed, and all about Walter Moreton. Sometimes he was swimming in the river, or standing on the bank, pointing with his finger to a human head that was just sinking; sometimes he was sitting by the bedside of old Bellenden, examining the phials, and walking on tiptoe to the door, and listening; and sometimes the scene of the past evening was renewed, when I sat and listened to his narrative. Then again, he had a phial in his hand, and uncorked it; and in raising it to his mouth, it seemed to be a small pistol; and just at this moment I awoke.

The last scene remained forcibly and vividly on my mind. It instantly occurred to me that he might have meditated suicide, and that that was the remedy of which he spoke. I looked at my watch; it was an hour past midnight. I hastily dressed, and hurried to Trumpington Street. There was a light in one of the windows. I knocked gently at the door; and at the same time applied my hand to the knob, which yielded. I hurried upstairs, directed by the situation of the light I had seen, and entered the room. Moreton stood near to the bed, beside a small table; a phial in his hand, which, at the moment I entered, he laid down. I sprang forward and seized it. It was already empty. "Ah, my friend!" said I—but further speech was useless. Moreton was already in the grasp of death.

From the Forget Me Not.

THE BEAR OF CARNIOLA.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

The incidents of the following tale, romantic as they may appear, are attested by the chroniclers of the country, and verified by the existing monuments of the times in which they are laid.

ONE evening, in winter, the Emperor Maximilian was seated at table, surrounded by the principal lords of the court. The night was far advanced, and many a brimming goblet had given birth to many a lively sally. One by one had been toasted the noted beauties of the day, each being seasoned with the scandal of the times, and each anecdote heightening the hilarity of the guests. The Empress herself, it was said, had not been spared, so much boldness had the generous wine of Hungary given to the drinkers, and tolerance to the monarch. Carelessly reclining in his chair, lined with embroidered skins, one hand of the prince played with the fair ringlets of a page, who stood by his side, whilst he listened with a smile to the story of a beautiful Baroness of Ebersdorff. A sudden noise arose at the door of the chamber. The two men-at-arms who guarded the entrance reeled, as if flung aside by a powerful effort; and a knight of lofty stature, wearing over his hauberk a huge bear-skin, strode boldly up the hall and paused within three steps of the Emperor.

"Who is this insolent intruder," cried the enraged monarch, "who dares thus to penetrate into my presence, and beat down my guards?—Does he know before whom he stands?"

"He does," replied the stranger, bluntly. "You are the Emperor; and if it be my duty to obey your commands as supreme head of the empire, and to serve you in your wars, it is yours to do me justice when I need it. And can I find for my demand a time more fitting than when you are embarrassed by no business, by no cares, and engaged in no more pressing occupation than that of drinking and taking your pleasure?"

Maximilian darted around the assembly glances flashing with astonishment and anger. "Will none of you," he cried, "tell me who is this strange petitioner, who appears here as if he had fallen from the sky, and speaks as haughtily—God pardon me!—as if he were an elector of the Holy Empire?"

An aged knight, who, in spite of copious libations, still retained some presence of mind, at length broke silence. "Sire," said he, "if the somewhat savage dress which distinguishes this bold knight did not of itself identify him, his bearing and his language would proclaim him to be the noble Herrmann, Lord of Lueg, commonly called The Bear of Carniola."

"I begin to understand," said the Emperor: "the Bear has quitted his forests, allured by the scent of our imperial kitchen. Lord of Lueg, your little castle is far from Vienna; what pressing motive has driven you to this journey?—Is it hunger or cold?—Or have a few robbers taken your domain by assault, and have you come to apply for some dozen of our men to aid you in reconquering your heritage?"

"In my castle," replied the indignant Herrmann, "we suffer neither from hunger nor from cold. If it should please your majesty to honour it with a

visit, I take upon myself to feast you and your retinue with fresh meats, green vegetables, and juicy fruits, in that rigorous season when, as I here perceive, your majesty's table is covered only with confectionary and dried fruits. As for an attack on my castle by a few robbers, so far from needing your majesty's aid in such a peril, I should not be afraid to undertake its defence against your majesty's self, in case you should take it into your head to besiege it with your entire army."

A long and unanimous burst of laughter replied to this declaration of the knight's. Maximilian himself, in spite of his efforts, was compelled to join in the general merriment. Herrmann's eyes flashed fire upon the assembly; and when they fell upon the Emperor it was evident that respect for his authority alone restrained the utterance of his indignation. The monarch at length perceived that the dignity of his rank was suffering from this scene, and he assumed a tone more befitting himself, as he again addressed the knight.

"High and puissant Lord of Lueg," he said, "who possess such mighty riches, and a fortress of such strength, what can you have to ask at hands weak as ours?"

"I have said it, sire—Justice!—justice on one of your vassals, who has deeply wronged me!"

The Emperor frowned. "Justice," he murmured; "that eternal word, justice, is even in all their mouths. One would think, to hear them, that a sovereign once seated on the throne of the Cæsars had no future occupation save that of listening to complaints. Herrmann! could not you, after the practice of so many of your class, do yourself justice?—and, if not, think you that you have chosen a place and an hour the most fitting to put the wisdom of our judgment to the proof?"

"The rank of the offender," gravely replied the knight, "did not permit me to take justice into my own hands, until I had first tried the effect of an appeal to your sovereign decision. As for the time and place which I have chosen, they seem to me fitting, since your majesty can at once hear the parties, and form your opinion, my adversary being now in your presence."

"Here!" cried the Emperor; "your foe here!—who, then, is he?"

"Behold him!" cried Herrmann, pointing to the noble who sat on the monarch's right hand; "I demand justice against the grand marshal, the Count Pappenheim!"

"Pappenheim," exclaimed the Emperor, "thou hearest! What dealings can there be between the Bear of Carniola and thee?—How hast thou wronged him?"

The grand marshal, according to his custom, was the least sober of the company. He had arrived at that middle state, between sleeping and waking, in which it is alike fatiguing to hear, to speak, or to think. At his master's question, however, he raised his eyes heavily, gazed stupidly on Herrmann for a moment, then let them fall again, and replied, in a voice broken by hiccup, "I never saw the man in my life—I have no dealings with him."

"More than you think, Count Pappenheim," said Herrmann. "It may be that you know me not; but you have not forgotten the young girl whom you carried off last summer from the monastery of Inspruck, and foully abandoned at Salzburg."

"A young girl carried off! Is this true Pappenheim?" said the Emperor mildly to his favourite.

"By my faith, another of thy wily tricks this! Wilt thou be for ever incorrigible?"

The grand marshal made a prodigious effort at attention, and sought from amid the chaos which the wine had produced in his brain to muster a few recollections. At length he appeared to have succeeded, for he made an attempt at a smile, and murmured, in an under-voice, "At Salzburg! Oh, Ida! the charming girl!—Ay, by my faith, she *was* handsome!"

"That Ida," cried Herrmann, in a voice which sounded as if it issued from a tomb—"that Ida whom her beauty has plunged into the ruin which you prepared for her—that Ida was my own blood—my only child—the last scion of the house of Lueg!"

At these words, a deep silence fell upon the assembly, and its gayety went out, as by a sudden chill. The face of the Emperor became grave, and his voice was solemn and kind when he again spoke to Herrmann.

"Knight of Lueg," he said, "the charge which you prefer against our grand marshal is a heavy one. This matter shall be investigated with scrupulous care; but, at this moment, Pappenheim is, as you see, in no condition to reply. Return to-morrow, and we will take counsel on the means of healing this grievous wound."

"And how, then, does your majesty imagine that a quarrel like this can be reconciled?" vehemently asked the knight of Carniola.

"Only by proportioning the reparation to the greatness of the outrage and to the rank and fortune of the offender," replied the Emperor.

"One only reparation is possible!" vociferated Herrmann, in a voice hoarse from the concentration of many feelings. "And, oh! that I should be driven to receive *that* from a man degraded by debauch, like him whom I now see before me! But honour sways all other feelings. Your majesty has heard from that drunkard's mouth the avowal of his crime and the proof of my wrong. There needs no counsel, and can be no delay. Here, on this spot, and at this moment, your majesty will order the Count Pappenheim to espouse my daughter, whom he has seduced and dishonoured."

There was a moment's silence, during which the guests whispered with each other. The grand marshal gazed by turns on the Emperor and the knight, and seemed suddenly to comprehend what was passing; for, bursting into a drunken laugh, he exclaimed, "It—I marry Ida!—Ha! ha!"

The Emperor darted on him an indignant look, and for an instant seemed uncertain how to act. At length he turned towards the knight, with that air of princely dignity which he could assume upon occasion, and thus addressed him: "Lord of Lueg—were it even fully demonstrated that your complaint is well-founded—that all the blame is on the side of the grand marshal alone—that your daughter is, in truth, the victim of seduction, carried on by artifice and crowned by perfidy—and were I—overlooking all the difficulties which stand in the way of this unequal union—to employ all my authority in compelling him to contract it—he could not obey me. Pappenheim is married."

As he spoke, a sudden and deadly paleness overspread the face of Herrmann of Lueg, and his teeth chattered as with mortal cold. A violent spasm shook his whole frame; and a sort of growl struggled from his throat, which made the assembly shudder. Even the intoxication of Pappenheim seemed to vanish before the savage aspect

of his furious accuser. He half rose from his seat, and gazed on his foe with a livid lip and a quailing eye. At a sign from the Emperor, two of the guards had placed themselves by the side of Herrmann, who struggled fearfully with the feelings that for many seconds were his uncontrolled masters. At length, and after terrible efforts, he succeeded in regaining articulation; and his voice, broken and interrupted at first by the strong contest of the passions, grew clear as he proceeded, and, before he ceased, was loud, and wild, and shrill, as when he shouted his war-cry in the rush and whirlwind of the fight.

"Married!—monster!—my poor, poor, Ida!—lost!—for ever lost!—no more of reparation!—no more appeals to justice!—but blood!—vengeance!—vile seducer! To the sanctuary of this place thou owest it that this moment is not the last of thy life! But I defy thee!—Count Pappenheim, I defy thee to mortal combat, afoot or on horse, with lance, sword, and dagger! Take my battle-gage—and be it a presage of thine overthrow!"

While thus speaking, Herrmann had loosed from his arm a heavy gauntlet of iron, and, as he finished, he hurled it with prodigious force in the face of the grand marshal. The blow was so violent that Pappenheim, overthrown, fell on the breast of the Emperor, bathing the royal garments with his blood. His left temple was beaten in by the stroke of the terrible gauntlet. A momentary spasm convulsed him—his limbs stiffened—and there remained in the arms of Maximilian only the corpse of his favourite.

The spectators rushed forward with cries of horror and affright, and the next movement was to seize the murderer. But he was gone. One of the guards was rising slowly from the floor, on which he had been flung; and the other yet staggered under a blow which Herrmann, had dealt him as he retreated. Some of the party hurried into the hall, in the hope of overtaking the knight before he could pass the guards stationed at the palace gates; but it was soon discovered that he had entered these apartments by a door communicating with the exterior of the palace, which being usually kept closed, was left unguarded, and that he had affected his unobstructed escape.

On the following morning, the trumpets of the heralds sounded in the streets of Vienna; and they proclaimed a reward of four hundred golden ducats to any one who should bring in, dead or alive, the knight Herrmann of Lueg, murderer of the grand marshal. Orders were also despatched to the governors and councils of the different towns of the empire, to seize him wherever he might be found. The funeral of Count Pappenheim was celebrated with great pomp, and the mausoleum raised to his memory may still be seen in the cathedral of St. Stephen.

A month passed away without tidings of the knight of Carniola. At the end of that time, the following report from the commander of the district of Laybach was transmitted to the imperial chancery:—

According to intelligence which I have obtained it appears that the knight Herrmann of Lueg passed through this town about three weeks ago. In his company was a young girl, who travelled on a pillion behind him. They were met by two inhabitants of Idria, in the morning, a few miles from this place, on the mountain. The horse, worn out with fatigue, had broken down; and Herrmann was in the act of abandoning it, carrying in one hand his cloak-bag,

and with the other supporting the young girl, who appeared to be very weak and ill, and whom the peasants believe to have been his daughter. They lost sight of the travellers amid the winding paths which lead to the castle of Lueg.

On the receipt of this information, I sent a sergeant and ten men-at-arms to seize the murderer in his den. The sergeant has not returned, and one only of his ten companions has this morning come back, bringing the following extraordinary particulars:—

Though the castle of Lueg is but a day's journey from this place, the men were unable to reach their destination before the second evening. The difficulty of advancing at this season of the year, by paths buried in snow, cut through gloomy forests and along abrupt precipices, was partly the cause of this delay; but it was greatly increased by the absolute necessity of seeking guides and the great difficulty of procuring them. The peasants of the neighbourhood, apprised of the purpose of the expedition, fled at the approach of the soldiers; and the women only remained behind, who assured them that the castle was impregnable, and defended by unearthly powers. In the end, however, a young peasant was forcibly placed at the head of the detachment, and compelled to show the way to the fortress. Arrived at the foot of the rock on which the castle stands, the soldiers began to climb the narrow and dangerous road which conducts to its principal entrance; but, before they had proceeded far, they were stopped by a wall of snow, of fearful height, and extending directly across their path. Whilst they were seeking some means of passing this barrier, their attention was attracted by a sound overhead; and, looking up, they saw (says the soldier) a troop of bears, furiously pawing amid the snow, and growling defiance, as it were, against the assailants. While their attention was riveted upon this strange sight, the terrified guide fled, and the surviving soldier was directed by his sergeant to pursue. This order saved his life; for, at the moment he overtook the peasant, the wall of snow was shaken behind him, and an avalanche, huge as a mountain, overwhelmed his miserable companions. He affirms that at this moment he heard the hideous roar of the bears rise up like a shout of victory, and that he saw the animals fly like shadows towards the pinnacle of the rock. The dreadful and momentary scene was succeeded by an awful silence; and the two sole survivors returned to make their report of it to me. Every where on their route this singular catastrophe only served to confirm the terrified peasants in their previous belief—that the castle of Lueg is protected by supernatural agents.

Upon receipt of this report, the Aulic Council of War despatched immediate orders to the military governor of Carniola, to invest the castle of Lueg, to destroy it by fire and sword, and to seize all, without exception, who should be found within its walls. But, before this order reached him, circumstances still more extraordinary than those which we have narrated had occurred to strengthen the belief of the neighbourhood in the magic resources of the castle.

On the morning which succeeded the mission of the former expedition, the inhabitants of Wipach, a village in Upper Italy, situate to the left of the road leading from Udine to Laybach, and more than twelve miles from Lueg, discovered on the entrance-steps of their church, in the public square, ten sleeping men. They were recognized by their dress as soldiers of the imperial guard; but on awakening them, it was found impossible to learn from them the motive of their entering the states

of Venice, then in profound peace with the Emperor. As they appeared to be suffering and exhausted, the local magistrate ordered refreshments to be distributed to them, and furnished them on the following day with a conveyance to Adelsberg, the nearest imperial town, where they were taken before the commandant of the castle. To his unbounded astonishment, they turned out to be the sergeant and the nine soldiers who were believed to have been lying for two days beneath the snow in the gloomy valley of Lueg.

No rational or satisfactory account of their strange adventure could, however, be extracted from the men. They were separately examined, and unanimous in declaring that they were ignorant of the means by which they had been brought to Italy; having no consciousness of any thing which had happened to them since they were stricken insensible by the falling snow. They appeared to be quite as much astonished at the event and at their present situation as their interrogators. One of them related, as the confused and wandering recollection of a painful dream, that he had been in hell; where he had beheld demons dancing round a huge fire, and been forced to swallow burning liquids; and all were firmly persuaded that they had been under the influence of evil spirits, who had ultimately carried them through the air, and laid them down in the square of Wipach.

The governor, however, despising the popular rumours, set about executing his orders, and, in person, led a body of troops to the siege of Lueg. He took with him two very light pieces of artillery, of a kind then recently come into use, called falconets; and made all possible arrangements for supplying his camp with provisions as amply as the severity of the season and the sterility of the country would permit.

The castle of Lueg is built in an immense hollow, formed by nature in the face of a perpendicular rock, about two thirds of its height, the sides of which shelter it in every direction, except towards the east. From the almost inaccessible summit of the mountain which overhangs it a stone would fall to the bottom of the hollow, passing in front of the castle, but without striking it. It cannot be seen from the foot of the rock, or from the valley which it commands, and is visible only from the surrounding heights, which are too great a distance for artillery planted on them to bear upon the fortress. At the time of which we speak, a narrow path, cut in the face of the rock, and winding in many zigzags, was the only one which afforded access to the castle; and it was at the entrance to this path that the soldiers first sent against Herrmann had been overwhelmed by the falling snow.

Having reconnoitred the fortress, and decided that it was inaccessible by any other way than the winding path in front, the governor signified his approach to the besieged by a discharge of arquebuses and artillery. The balls broke off some splinters from the rock; but not one of them reached the castle, which, at this point, as we have said, was invisible to the engineers. Guards were placed on all the adjacent heights; the neighbouring forests were in vain explored in all directions, to ascertain if no other road than that which we have described could be discovered; and, as this only path was completely choked up with ice and snow, and a single man could, under such circumstances, have readily stopped the advance of an

entire army along its narrow and sinuous defiles, the governor deemed it advisable to convert the siege into a blockade, and endeavour, by the aid of famine, to conquer those whom nature had taken pains to defend by so extraordinary a position.

It was drawing towards the close of December; the cold was piercing, and the tents of the besiegers afforded very inadequate shelter. Their provisions, brought from a considerable distance, were mostly frozen on the way. At the same time, the thick smoke which rose from the castle overhead indicated that its occupants possessed all the requisites for defending themselves against the severity of the season. To the shouts of menace which were directed against them they had only replied by mocking cries. Each evening, the echoes of a falconet, discharged by the besiegers to awaken the attention of their outposts, resounded through the valley; and it was invariably replied to by a similar discharge from the castle; after which the soldiers occasionally fancied they could hear the sentinels relieved on the Alpine platform overhead.

Things continued in this state till towards the beginning of March; and the governor felt assured that the besieged could not possibly hold out much longer; for he had learned that the castle was but slenderly provisioned at the moment of its investment, and that Herrmann had not had time or opportunity for collecting stores. His conjectures appeared about to be realised, when, after a siege of more than sixty days, he beheld, one morning, a white flag planted at the summit of the path which led to the castle, and two or three unarmed men waving handkerchiefs over the parapet of the platform. Convinced that the besieged were making signals of surrender, he sent two officers to meet their flag of truce and conduct the bearers into the camp. At the same time, he perceived advancing down the tortuous path a superintendent and four men, bearing large baskets on their shoulders, which they finally deposited at the foot of the rock. Their leader at the same time delivered a despatch for the governor, and then with the rest of the envoys immediately began to reascend the precipice.

The baskets and the despatch were carried to the camp. The latter contained a letter from Herrmann to the governor, counselling him to abandon his useless enterprise, and save himself and his soldiers from perishing with cold, in the attempt to blockade a fortress defended by a power mightier than that of the sovereign who had sent him. It consoled with him on the numberless privations to which he had been subjected in the discharge of his difficult duty; and knowing, said the letter, how much the governor must suffer from the scarcity of provisions in this rude season, the writer requested his cordial acceptance of the little present therewith sent—which present he undertook to renew, during the continuance of the inclement weather, as often as the governor would do him the honour to accept it.

After the reading of this singular epistle, the baskets were opened. The first was filled with Cyprus wines, Italian liqueurs, and choice confections; the second, with fish of various kinds, which appeared to have left its native element but a few hours; the third, with oranges and lemons of great beauty and excellent quality; and the fourth enclosed green herbs, salads fresh gathered, and strawberries and raspberries in full ripeness.

The surprise which this extraordinary gift excited in the camp soon resolved itself into a participation, by no means equivocal, of the popular terrors on the part of the soldiers, who could not help attributing to sorcery that which it was impossible to account for by natural means. A few days afterwards, the governor, having determined to accept the challenge of Herrmann, for the purpose of ascertaining how far it might be mere bravado, requested a supply of fresh provisions for the festival of Mid-Lent, which, he reminded the knight, was a *flesh-day*; and to this demand Herrmann replied by sending him the four quarters of an ox and a dozen roasted lambs. The murmurs of the soldiers rose louder with their increased conviction of the magic defences opposed to them; and there was great reason to apprehend that the panic which had spread among them would render the further prosecution of the enterprise useless. The governor, however, had come to a different conclusion; and, on the same day, he wrote to his court the assurance of a speedy and successful termination to the siege, in consequence, he said, of circumstances which had just been communicated to him.

The severe season was drawing towards its close. The snow yet covered the whole of the Julian Alps, amid which the castle of Lueg is situated; its streams and lakes were still frozen. But, at the southern foot of this chain, the soil of Italy had begun to put on its garb of greenness. The wood-cutters of Carniola were still shut up closely in their smoky cabins, while the dwellers on the banks of the Isonce, at only a few leagues' distance, had already spread themselves abroad over the fields, and, cheered by the earliest beams of a March sun, resumed their rustic occupations.

In the little town of Gorice, the capital of that happy country, had, for many years, resided an honest disciple of Esculapius, who, in the quiet and benevolent exercise of his useful art, had conciliated the respect and affections of the simple people amongst whom he dwelt. And truly did the Doctor Belgarbo deserve the reputation which he enjoyed, and which had somehow spread beyond the neighbourhood which might have seemed to be the natural limit of its influence. An exterior somewhat rude, and manners which had taken their tone and forms from the mountains, were combined with an upright spirit and a gentle heart. To his skill as a physician he added the fidelity and judgment which made him a sure and fast friend, and, in cases of difficulty, a safe and prudent counsellor.

It was towards the close of Lent, in the year which witnessed the events just narrated, that a servant in livery, and leading by the bridle a riderless horse, richly caparisoned, stopped one morning at the doctor's gate. He was the bearer of a letter, written in the most pressing terms, which intreated Belgarbo to set out without delay for a castle in the neighbourhood of Idria, in order to employ the resources of his skill in behalf of a lady of rank, who was severely indisposed. Not unaccustomed to such summonses, the doctor at once took his cloak and case of instruments; and, having delivered a few instructions to the assistant, who supplied his place during his short absences, he mounted the horse brought for him, and set out with his guide in the direction of Germany.

After a few hours' riding, they passed through the village of Wipach, and about sunset arrived at the extremity of the valley leading to the foot

of the mountains, over which lies the road into Carniola.

During their ride, the doctor had time to remember that the letter mentioned neither the name of the sick lady nor that of the place to which he was thus suddenly summoned; and he had more than once endeavoured to extract some information on these subjects from his guide. But the man either could not or would not give him any further explanation than the assurance that they should reach the place of their destination on that same evening.

At length, at the entrance of a very confined gorge, and on the brink of a stream whose noisy waters were crossed by a rude bridge, his guide turned aside, and struck into a narrow and difficult defile to the right, following the edge of the torrent in a direction contrary to its course, and penetrating among steep and abrupt rocks whose bases formed its rough bed. The doctor could not help feeling some surprise that such a path should lead to any habitation; in fact, after a few minutes travel, the by-road itself disappeared at the foot of a perpendicular cliff, whose lofty and abrupt front was separated by a kind of esplanade, only a few fathoms in breadth, from a precipice, at whose dark foot the torrent flowed with a dismal sound. Here his guide paused and dismounted, directing the doctor to do the same. "The rest of our journey," said he, "can be performed only on foot."

The doctor threw a distrustful and uneasy glance around him. The sun had sunk below the visible horizon; but, by the imperfect light which still lingered in the heavens, he perceived, at a few paces' distance, the entrance of a low cavern. While his eye was fixed upon it, two men issued from its mouth, and began silently busying themselves about the horses, the bridles of which they tied to the hanging shrubs which clung to the face of the rock. Their spatterdashes of leather, and caps made of the skin of the wild-boar, gave them the appearance of miners; but they wore, besides, over their shoulders, each a bear-skin cloak, reaching down to the waist.

By the time, however, that he had completed his hurried survey, his guide had struck a light; and the men who had issued from the cavern having kindled two torches, he turned to Belgarbo, and, with a motion of the finger, directed him to enter the subterranean passage. The doctor was a man of resolution; and, without giving way to unnecessary alarm at the somewhat extraordinary position in which he found himself, he resolved to break its mystery. Turning to his conductor, he addressed him in a firm tone and manner.

"I came here to visit a sick lady in a knightly castle," he said, "and not to explore gloomy caverns with unknown companions. Unless the object for which I have been brought hither, and the place to which it is proposed to conduct me, and the names of the parties having need of my services, be explained to me in clear terms, I refuse to proceed further, and will at once endeavour to retrace the road by which I have been led into this wild place."

"You are wrong," said his guide, in a mild tone, "to distrust us. No danger awaits you. The master whom I serve has, in truth, placed himself in your power, since I have conducted you, without taking any precautions for secrecy, into a place, which it is of high importance to him that no stranger should know. My orders are to lead

you into his presence; but I am forbidden to employ any means of compulsion. If you persist in your refusal to follow us, it will be my duty to conduct you back to Gorice, without further condition on your part than your word of honour never to point out to living man the spot on which we now stand. But, trust me, should you complete the journey, you will find no cause to repent it. My master is generous, and will freely requite the services he seeks at your hands—to say nothing of the urgency with which humanity calls on you to exert the powers of your art for a beautiful and unhappy lady, whose real danger alarms all who love and grieves all who serve her."

During this harangue, the doctor fixed his eyes searchingly on the open countenance and composed features of the speaker; and the deep and earnest gaze appeared to satisfy him. As the man proceeded, his reluctance seemed gradually to vanish; and the concluding words determined him to pursue the adventure at all hazards. Though past the age of passion or enthusiasm, the image of a young and suffering woman had still a powerful interest for the doctor; and the sentiment of manly pity was, on the present occasion, strongly reinforced by that of curiosity, which, also, the doctor had not outlived. After a short pause, therefore, he expressed his willingness to follow his conductors.

They then entered the cavern. The miners led the way, one of them carrying a torch, and the other a plank, which served as a bridge for passing over the gaps and fissures, which in many places crossed their path. The doctor followed, and the order of march was closed by his travelling companion carrying the other torch.

After a progress of a few minutes, the vault seemed to terminate; and the two leaders, having removed with great effort a huge block of stone, which turned on a secret pivot, discovered a low and narrow passage, which could only be entered singly and in a stooping posture. This inconvenient path, after some hundreds of paces, opened into an immense hall, whose sides, embellished with stalactites of varied and grotesque forms, reflected in all directions the glare of the flambeaux, and produced the effect of a thousand lights.

The floor of this immense cavern was traversed in its centre by a torrent which flowed through a fissure in the rock. Having crossed this melancholy stream by means of the plank, the path passed at some little distance from its banks over a narrow ledge, suspended, as it were, above a dark precipice, whose depth could only be guessed at; and, after having led them painfully up a steep and toilsome ascent, terminated, at length, in a series of caverned halls of different dimensions, whose varied incrustations and transparent columns, startled into splendour by the lights which they carried, almost blinded them with their sudden and dazzling brilliancy. Their progress continued long amid the windings of this vast and splendid labyrinth; and the amazed doctor would gladly have paused more than once both for rest and that he might examine more closely these natural wonders. His guides, however, walked silently and steadily on; and the echoes of their footsteps died solemnly and mournfully away amid the far recesses and beneath the vast and gloomy vaults.

The wearied doctor at length began to think that this subterranean maze was to have no end.

It appeared to him, judging from the fatigue and hunger which he began to feel, that he must have walked for many hours along this damp and dangerous floor, when he found himself at the entrance of a corridor, whose sides, hewn and wrought with care and regularity, indicated, at length, the handiwork of man. At the further extremity of this artificial passage, a thick iron door creaked on its massive hinges, and disclosed a flight of thirty or forty steps, at the foot of which the two peasants stopped. Up this staircase his first guide alone preceded him, carrying the light; and, on arriving at its summit, a small door, invisible without, was opened from within: and Belgarbo found himself in a saloon, magnificently furnished and warmed by a blazing fire, and in presence of a man of noble appearance, who advanced to meet him.

"By my faith," said the doctor, setting down his glass on the table at which he and his host were seated, "the honest fellow was right when he said that I should not repent following him, since I find myself once more in companionship with an old acquaintance—I think that I may venture to say a friend—of my youth. But why was I brought hither with such mysterious precautions?—and why by that infernal route?—A word of yours, Lord of Lueg, would have drawn me to you by the highway, which—unless I am out in my reckoning—must pass very near this hill-fortress of yours."

"I could not be sure," replied Herrmann, "that the memory of our ancient ties would suffice to determine you upon this expedition; and, in the event of your refusal, prudence required that my name should not be disclosed to you. As for the way, it was impossible for me to select a more commodious one, the troops which besiege me occupying all the other approaches to the castle."

"You in a state of siege!" exclaimed the astonished doctor: "wherefore?—by whom?"

To these questions Herrmann replied by a recital of the events with which the reader is already acquainted, adding some particulars which he has yet to learn.

"The ten soldiers," said he, "who were buried beneath the avalanche which my people had prepared in front of the castle terrace, were speedily extricated from it. They were brought, in a state of insensibility, into this hall, and restored to life. Scarcely had they regained the use of their faculties, when we administered to them a sleeping potion, which, in their exhausted condition, soon reconsigned them to unconsciousness. In this state they were carried, by the same route which conducted you hither, till they reached the frontier of Italy. There, a faithful agent, with two covered cars, awaited them, conveyed them to Wipach, and laid them down in the market-place, while its inhabitants were buried in slumber. Thus did I contrive to get rid of these inconvenient guests, without the necessity for more bloodshed, and without compromising the important secret of my defence. With the exception of you alone—of the three men whom you have seen, and of whose fidelity and prudence I am assured—and of myself—no living being knows the avenue by which you have reached this castle."

"And now," said the doctor, after a moment's pause, "what is your intention? Do you reckon upon holding out, with a dozen peasants, against the forces of his imperial majesty?"

"It would be mere madness!" said the knight. "A month hence, the ice and snow which render this castle unassailable will be dissolved, and the vigorous attack of a few hours would force an entrance. My design is to withdraw into the state of Venice, to which city I have already transmitted all that I can realize of my property."

"Then the sooner the better," said the doctor. "I marvel that, having a sure retreat at your back, you have not sooner taken the wise step on which you have resolved."

"Ten days ago," replied Herrmann, "I should have abandoned this castle but for the illness of my child, who appears to me too weak to bear removal. It is precisely to assist me in overcoming this difficulty that I have need of your skill. When you have seen my poor girl," continued he, ringing a bell which stood on the table, "you will tell me if it be possible, without destroying her life, to transport her by the route which you have travelled this evening. If not, I must stay here and perish with Ida."

The large door of the saloon opened, and a servant appeared. "Tell my daughter," said the knight, "that the physician whom I expected is here, and ask her if she is ready to receive him."

The servant seemed scarcely conscious of the order which he had received; he remained as if turned into stone, with his eye fixed upon the doctor. The strangeness of his demeanour excited the notice of Belgarbo, who met the stupefied gaze of the man, and in his turn began to scrutinize his features.

"Well!" cried Herrmann, "why do you linger there?—Did you not hear my commands?"

The servant left the room without uttering a word; and Herrmann was about to resume the conversation which his entrance had interrupted, when he was stopped by Belgarbo, who, laying his hand solemnly on the arm of the knight, inquired, in an earnest tone of voice, "Who is that man?—is he well known to you?"

"He is an old servant of our house," replied Herrmann, "who, since the siege, has discharged in this castle the functions of major-domo."

"Beware of him!" earnestly answered the doctor. "I have looked well upon the lines of his physiognomy, and they speak of no good."

The smile of an instant passed across the features of the knight of Lueg. "You must forgive me," he said, "if I suffer many years of faithful service to outweigh in my mind the loose and experimental rules of a conjectural science."

"Despise not those rules, though you know them not. I have been rarely deceived in their application. Again I say, beware of that man! I have read him closely. The prominent cheek-bones, the thin lips, the pointed chin, the sunken eyes, the triangular forehead—these, when they come together, are the unfailing indices of treachery and crime."

"I will not dispute with you," said Herrmann. "I have, however, nothing to fear from that man. He is not one of those whom I intend to make the companions of my flight; and the secret of the subterranean outlet is entirely unknown to him. To this circumstance is owing the grotesque surprise which he exhibited on seeing you here, without being able to divine whence you could have sprung: and the place which I shall select for my retreat will remain equally unknown to him."

Belgarbo received these assurances as an ho-

mage paid to science by one whom he had succeeded in convincing; and the conversation returned to the subject which this incident had interrupted. "I have told you," said the knight, "that the declining health of my unhappy child is the only obstacle to my immediate departure. Since her arrival in this castle, my fair girl has drooped daily, and our coming was too sudden for me to make the necessary arrangements for her comfort. I am almost her sole attendant; and that circumstance has forced me to see, more closely than I can well bear to think of, the bloom daily withering on her cheek, and the light fading in her eyes. My poor Ida, the sole remnant of my house, droops her head like a dying lily. To all my representations of the necessity of our immediate removal she answers with looks which seem to assert its utter impossibility in her own case; and, when she implores me to leave her here, those same looks add, what her tongue spares me—to die! Doctor! the fortunes of my ancient and unstained house have waned with that sweet and, I fear me, dying girl. But I cannot leave her here to the chances of that which must ensue upon my departure; and, if her removal cannot be effected with safety, then must Maximilian avenge his mission, and I must remain and perish with the blossom I have reared in vain."

"It shall go hard," said the doctor, after a pause, which did not redeem his voice from faltering—"it shall go hard but we will contrive to remove her as far as my dwelling at Gorice, where she can remain in safety and secrecy till the soft breath of our Italian air has enabled me to restore her to her father, with the roses of the south upon her cheek."

"Could that be effected," said Herrmann, straining the hand of his old and kind friend, "I should owe you a larger debt of gratitude than I could ever pay. But see my child, and judge for yourself. This man will conduct you to my daughter."

The major-domo had just entered, with a lamp in his hand. The doctor rose, and, approaching him, sought to resume the course of his physiological observations upon the repulsive features of the man; but the major-domo escaped further examination for the present, by turning round to lead the way towards the apartment of the Lady Ida; and a moment afterwards the doctor found himself alone with his young and beautiful patient.

When Belgarbo returned into the saloon his cheek was pale, and his eye rose not to meet the glance of the anxious father.

"What think you of my daughter's state?" said the Lord of Lueg, earnestly. "May we prepare to depart?"

"I have arranged with the Lady Ida," said the doctor, "for our departure on the second day from hence.—Lord of Lueg!" he continued, looking quickly up, as he heard the deep and long-drawn inspiration which proclaimed that a heavy weight was taken from the listener's heart—"Herrmann of Lueg! I have no consolation to offer you. We will, at all events, try this journey. It is, on all accounts, necessary, and may be so conducted that Ida shall be no great sufferer from its fatigue. In my quiet dwelling she will be better than amid the anxieties which beset her here on your account; and remember, my friend," he concluded, as he took the hand of the knight, "remember that I speak of both hope and fear when I say that the soft air of the plains is essential to the Lady Ida."

There was a long pause; and the doctor was relieved from a silence which, understanding as he did its meaning, was growing painful to him, when it was at length broken by the tolling of the castle bell. The knight raised his head at the sound, and, as he returned the grasp of Belgarbo's hand, his face was calm, and his voice clear, but mournful.

"Eleven. It is the hour in which this arm unintentionally but most justly slew that villain. He perished amid a debauch, all unprepared for the tribunal to which my rash hand dismissed him. That crime, each evening, at this hour, I strive to expiate. Go with me! let us pray for the soul of Pappenheim!—And," he added, after a moment's pause, but in a voice that had lost its clearness and trembled sensibly, "we will pray, too, for my daughter."

On leaving the hall, they were met by the major-domo, with a flambeau in his hand, who conducted them to the door of the chapel, a small edifice, of which it is indispensable, for the understanding of the subsequent events, that we should give some description.

At the extremity of the platform, or forecourt, of the castle of Lueg, on the side fronting its entrance, the rock is rent by a vertical fissure, visible from the outside, and descending to the level of the plain below. At the foot of this chasm, there existed, in ages prior to the time in which our narrative is laid, a reservoir fed from neighbouring springs; and, as the castle was, in summer, ill supplied with water, its ancient possessors had taken advantage of this accidental circumstance to remedy that inconvenience. Over the summit of the fissure, and on the margin of the castle terrace, a little building had been erected, projecting over the edge of the precipice, and furnished with a windlass and pulley. The floor had in its centre an opening like that of a well—and in truth this building was made to serve the purpose of a well, by the help of two buckets and a rope some hundred feet in length; by which water was slowly raised from the reservoir in the plain, when the supply from the hills was insufficient for the wants of the castle.

But for many years this slow and laborious mode of supply had been superseded by the discovery of a spring in the side of the rock which shelters the fortress. Herrmann's father, on giving up the well, took it into his head to convert the building which covered it into an oratory. A strong floor was laid down over the opening of the former well; and on the spot was erected an altar, before which a lamp, suspended from the roof, was kept burning. Such was the chapel of Lueg, which exists to this day, although now devoted to profane purposes.

The knight and Belgarbo, having performed their devotions, quitted the chapel. The brow of the former, though sad, had recovered all its serenity. They spoke together like friends of many years, and Herrmann pointed out to the doctor the singular situation and explained the peculiarities of the castle. At this moment they had reached the grand terrace. A parapet, of no great elevation, separated them from the edge of the precipice. From the platform on which they stood they could perceive, at a fearful depth, the lights of the besiegers in the valley, and the watch-fires of their outposts on the distant heights. To their left was the difficult path which led upward to the platform, with its numerous windings. At

their backs the buildings of the dwelling, reared against the rock, seemed to form a portion of it. The air was sharp, and the night dark, although the sky was studded with stars.

Suddenly the knight paused, as if startled by an unexpected sound, and leaned over the parapet, in an attitude of attention. "What can it be," he said, "that disturbs at this hour the watch of my sentinels? Some one is ascending the path. Come—let us meet him!"

They approached the gate, which was guarded, as usual, by four soldiers, under the orders of the warden. In a few minutes a breathless man presented himself outside, gave the pass-word, was admitted, and stood before them.—It was the major-domo!

"Whence come you at this hour?" abruptly inquired his master.

"I was going—I thought—" stammered out the terrified servant—"I fancied I heard—give me time to breathe, and I will explain to you."

"Bring a light!" exclaimed the doctor; "let me look once more upon the face of that man! His voice seems parched and husky to me—the truth will have great difficulty in making its way out of his throat!"

The doctor's examination was unfavorable to the major-domo. In vain the latter, having gained time to recover from his surprise, endeavoured to persuade his hearers that he had merely left the castle to discover the cause of some sounds which he asserted he had heard. Belgarbo interrupted his explanation. "Thou liest!" he said. "God knows what has been the motive of thy sally! But I am prepared to swear, by the principles of the science which I profess, that thou art hatching some treason. Lord Herrmann!—I have said it before, and I say it again—beware of that man!"

"By my faith, and I intend to follow your counsel!" said the knight, who had been an attentive spectator of the scene. "His nocturnal ramble, without any plausible motive, is quite enough to confirm your suspicions, and to justify the precautions which I design to adopt.—Frank!" continued he, addressing the warden, "this man is henceforth a prisoner within the precincts of the castle; and you will not allow him, on any pretext, to pass beyond them.—And thou!"—to the major-domo, "go and fulfil thy functions within; and remember that thy conduct will from this moment be strictly watched. If thou attemptest to pass the limits of this terrace, I will have thee thrown over the precipice!"

On the evening of the following day, the knight and the doctor, seated by the fire, occupied themselves in arranging for their departure on the morrow. The three trusty servants of the cavern, admitted secretly into the saloon, received orders to prepare a covered litter, adapted for passing easily along the various defiles of the subterranean route, and warmly lined with skins, for the conveyance of the youthful invalid. A darker cloud than usual rested upon the brow of Herrmann; there was a look of deep melancholy in his eyes, and an almost imperceptible motion about the muscles of his mouth, which told of some gentler feeling, whose influence redeemed and controlled his sterner thoughts, and perhaps prevented some wild outbreak of his rash and fiery spirit. In truth, Herrmann had cause enough for all these emotions, the ruler of which were awakened by the thought that he was about to abandon for ever the castle of his ancestors and his place in the

land; and the gentler by fears for his child, who seemed unable to endure the fatigue of removal, and whose farewell to him that night had been spoken in words and darkened by forebodings which had almost broken his strong heart.

The doctor saw and understood all that was passing in the breast of his companion, and strove to lead him into the discussion of projects for the future with some success. The two friends sat long together; and it was not till the turret-clock struck eleven that Herrmann rose to proceed to his accustomed devotions; and, pressing the hand of the doctor, intreated him to visit the couch of the invalid once more before he retired to rest.

As he left the hall, the knight found the major-domo waiting at his accustomed post with his lighted torch. For a moment he hesitated how to act towards this man, whose presence had become odious to him; and he almost resolved to take the light from him and proceed alone. But, after an instant's reflection, he determined to let him discharge his ordinary service for that night, and motioned to him to lead the way.

When he reached the gate of the chapel, the Lord of Lueg turned suddenly round to look upon the face of his servant. The sinister expression of the man's features struck him more forcibly than it had ever done before. All the doctor's suspicions flashed strongly through his mind, and he came to the resolution of having them cleared up on the spot. While he was meditating on the means to be pursued for this purpose, the major-domo had left him as usual; and, imagining that his master would at once commence his devotions, he proceeded stealthily to place his flambeau on the edge of the parapet. The knight, having repassed the door of the chapel, followed the man's steps, and seized him by the arm as he turned to leave the wall on which he had left the light.

"Listen!" said he, as he dragged him forcibly back towards the chapel, and compelled him to kneel before the altar; "listen!—I have somewhat to say to thee. Here, in the presence of the God who hears and sees all things, will I be satisfied from thine own lips as to the designs of which thou art accused. I will trust thee again if thou wilt swear to me here, by thy hopes of eternal salvation, that thou art not a traitor!"

"Here!—oh! not here!" screamed the wretched man, in a voice shrill with terror. "Fly!—fly!—take me from this spot, and you shall know all!"

"Ah! villain!" exclaimed the knight, as with a strong arm he held down the struggling wretch, "thou wert then about to betray me!—Go on—Confess all—here, before God, who is listening to thee!"

The screams of the major-domo rose wilder and shriller, and the hair stood straight up on his head. "I am guilty!" he cried: "but, oh! fly!—fly!—or we are both lost!—the abyss is about to open beneath us!"

But his desperate efforts were vain. The knight, attributing the terrors of the writhing villain to religious horror, held him forcibly down on the fearful spot in front of the altar. At this moment a loud explosion arose from the foot of the rock. The lamp of the shrine was extinguished, and a deep silence succeeded the shrieks of agony which terrified the warders. The nearest sentinel on parade fancied he heard after some moments the sound of groans, and at length gave the alarm. The chapel was entered; and a frightful spectacle presented itself.

Herrmann had died instantly. A ball from a falconet, guided by a line and lead, descending through a hole bored for the purpose in the floor to the foot of the rock, had passed through his lungs. A splinter from one of the beams, broken off by the murderous projectile, had pierced the entrails of the major-domo, and mangled them frightfully. Some gold pieces, the fruits of his treachery, which he carried concealed beneath his garments, were buried in the dreadful wound. He lingered for an hour in hideous torments; and confessed, before he expired, the horrible means which he had concerted with the besiegers for the destruction of his master, and to which he had himself become the victim.

The Lord of Lueg was spared, by his own dreadful fate, the bitter pang of learning that his daughter was dead. The young and beautiful Ida had expired in the arms of the Doctor Belgarbo at the very same moment that her father was so suddenly cut off.

The Lordship of Lueg, on the extinction of the family of its ancient owners, devolved to that of Cobentzel, in whose possession it still remains.

The ball which terminated the life of Herrmann of Lueg is still shown to the curious who visit the castle. It is half buried in the vaulted roof of the old chapel; and the traces of its progress have never been effaced. The peasants of the neighbourhood yet tell many a tale, which tradition has handed down to them, besides this fatal one, of
THE BEAR OF CARNIOLA.

From the Friendship's Offering.

THE FIRST SLEEP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PURITAN'S GRAVE."

It is easy to imagine that the first man would not be soon tired of using his eyes and ears, and of exercising his new made senses. Every sight was new, and seeing itself was new;—and, as Solomon has said, speaking of the human race at large, the eye is never satisfied with seeing,—it is natural to suppose that the first man's first day of being must have been one of intense and absorbing interest. Adam had not upon his shoulders the cares of the world; he was placed in a scene of surpassing beauty, with senses to perceive, with faculties to apprehend, with leisure to contemplate, with taste to admire,—and his whole being was absorbed with the external world, and he felt it to be, as God had pronounced it to be, very good. The first man looked out upon the world with the eye and feeling of a philosophical childhood; wonder came not upon him gradually, by the slowly uplifting of the curtain of ignorance; but the whole scene of the good and beautiful was made manifest at once; there was no sensation of contrast, yet there was a strong sensation of beauty and delightfulness; he had come out of an unfeigned darkness into a glorious light,—from an unperceived chaos into an exquisite order; his first sensations were blended into one, not as yet analyzed; for man begins not to analyze till he has ceased to enjoy, even as a child when he is tired of his playthings begins to destroy them. The music of the birds, and the fragrance of Eden's earliest flowers, the freshness of the unpolluted air, which had not as yet been breathed

in sighs, or made vocal by execrations,—the pretty plumage of the birds, the stately march of the mightier animals, the meandering movement of the wily serpent,—the dazzling light which shone from heaven, and the sweet reflection of the sky's bright blue, from the living stillness of the unruffled water,—the rich fruits hanging in harmonious clusters from vines and trees, and the leaves glimmering with an emerald brightness in the light of the sun,—all formed together a mass of mingled beauty which made life glorious.

Did the first man, on the first day of his being, soliloquize? Did he feel glad, and did he shout forth his gladness? In what language did he speak, or with what cadence did he utter the joy which his heart did feel? He could not be silent; light-hearted gladness, which has never known care, must burst forth in voice. The birds were all singing around him. He had organs of utterance, and a power of modulation; and if he were moved to utterance by the influence of sympathy with the sweet voices about him, his first vocal expression must have been singing. Man's first devotion must have been therefore a hymn of praise. The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted with joy at the creation of this lower world; and doubtless he, the first parent of all those for whom this world was formed, set forth his gladness at his birth melodiously. And did he grow weary of the beauty with which he was surrounded? Was his curiosity soon gratified? Did his rapture presently subside into calm satisfaction and philosophical approbation?—No; there was growing novelty in every scene, there was an increasing interest in every living creature, in every opening flower, in every green herb; when the lark sprang upwards, cleaving the air with its dancing pinions, and shouting its lively gratitude, then did man by the power of sympathy with which his Maker had endowed him, feel his soul awakened by a kindred emotion of gladness. He was not soon tired of admiring the beautiful plumage of the birds, and the pretty gambols of the newly created animals rejoicing in their being. Nor was he wearied with the bright monotony of his first day's cloudless sunshine; but as the day advanced he marvelled at the movement of the sun in its path through heaven; he almost wondered why it was that a light so glorious should abate of its strength; he marvelled at the lengthening shadows of the lofty trees, and he fixed his eyes with a dreamy admiration on the glowing orb as it slowly descended to its evening bed, not curtained as yet with gorgeous clouds, and he fain would have run towards the apparently near horizon to catch the setting splendour,—but his own spirit sympathized with the coming sleep of all things around him. He saw the gentle blossoms of the flowers, which had expanded their beauties to the sun, now folding themselves up with a curious carefulness, and his own eyes felt a sympathy with the unfolding of the flowers. He was struck with the abatement of the day's music in the sky, and amidst the trees of the grove; for the lark had sunk down to her rest, and the many-coloured tenants of the trees were fixed in a beautiful stillness; there was an awfulness in their sleep which forbade him to disturb them. The bright eyes of the statelier animals, which had gazed upon him with a look of intellect and admiration, were now closed, and the lion had stretched its lordly length upon the ground.

And now, when with a pleasant sadness Adam had turned away from the western sky, having watched the last light of the sun, as of a glory never to return, he turned his eyes to the east, and there he beheld a milder light, a kind of sleeping sun, pale, placid, and benignant, climbing up the heavens and looking down upon the earth like a discreet comforter, who brings the silent look of compassion to those who have lost the delight of their eyes. Then came out the sharp and glancing light of the stars, twinkling here and there, with a dazzling uncertainty; and all this was exceedingly beautiful, so that he knew not which to admire the most, whether the bright and glorious day, or the milder and more subdued beauties of the night; and as by day his sympathy with surrounding music made his breath vocal with the hymns of praise, so now, by a similar sympathy with universal silence, his hymn of praise had subsided into the gentle stillness of meditation, which enriches and fertilizes the soul more effectually than the loudest gladness of passionate praise, even as the steady flowing of the equable stream is more nourishing to the land through which it flows than is the sublimer dashing of a furious torrent.

All around him saw the living creatures in the attitude of rest, having their eyes closed and their limbs motionless, and their tongues sealed up in silence;—and yet they were not quite so motionless as the earth on which they lay, for there might be perceived the gentle heaving of the frame in the involuntary movement of the inward life, and there might be heard their faint breathing like the sighing of the distant breeze. Then, prompted by what he saw around him, and by that inherent courtesy of conformity which so naturally belongs to an unpolled mind, not touched as yet by the conceits of vanity, or disturbed by the conscious degradation of sin, man also assumed the attitude of rest. As yet he had scarcely felt the sensation of fatigue, but a sufficient languor had crept upon his frame to render him conscious of the pleasures of repose; and as during the day, and amidst the living and the dancing gaiety of nature, he had felt how good a thing is light, and how pleasing the sound of the cheerful voice, and the movement of the vigorous limbs, so now, having been saturated with day's delight, he felt how beautiful was night, how sweet its stillness, and how welcome its repose; and he admired the wisdom which had formed the day, and the kindness which had ordained the night, and he felt that the day and night were both good. He felt it good to be awake, and he felt it good to be falling asleep; but as yet he knew not what sleep was; and his sleep came slowly upon him, for it was protracted by a bland astonishment; he marvelled about what new and pleasant variety of being was provided for him—of not being he had no conception, nor did he think that the gradual sealing up of the outward senses was a prelude to the cessation of his existence; he felt it rather as some new modification of it, delightful, because wonderful; for though the outward senses were shutting themselves up like the folding leaves of the sun-loving flowers, yet there were shut up within them a murmuring memory of the past-day's music, a softened and confused picture of its sights dimly painted, but beautiful as the hills and valleys in a morning mist. His delight was gratitude, and his admiration praise. This was the moonlight of his being,

—a mild reflection of the day; there was a consciousness, yet so faint, that it was as nothing compared with the vividness of waking thought and full sensation.

And what were the dreams of man's first sleep? Who shall awaken the memory of that most placid hour in the whole experience of humanity? Who shall tell how one by one the senses fell asleep,—how sight, by a voluntary weariness, drew the curtains over its windows,—how the fragrance of the flowers gradually ceased to be distinguished, and how the night breeze died away on the no longer attentive and listening ear? Care and sickness, sin and sorrow, hope and fear, form the sad elements of our dreams in our ex-Eden world; but in the first sleep man ever slept, there were no such thorns as these in the pillow of his rest. He was at peace with all the world, and all the world was at peace with him. He had no remorse for sins of a past day, and no looking forward to pains, toils, and sorrows for a coming day; whether any other day was coming he knew not, thought not, inquired not, cared not. Waking or sleeping, he felt himself to be in the safe keeping of the Almighty, and every moment of time was complete in itself, independent of the past and the future.

Night is the time for thought. The images and feelings of the day are then collected together, and they settle down into one condensed mass; so night brings to man his first lesson of wisdom; for true wisdom comes not by a laborious and pains-taking application of the soul curiously searching out the causes of things, but by the attentive and silent meditation which without passion or agitation reflects upon being and events. Wisdom comes not so much from man's seeking as from God's guidance. Even in dreams there is instruction, and from man's first night began man's first thought. So the ancient heathens said, "Dreams come from Jove." Man has no wisdom till he reflects, and dreams are for the most part a reflection of the past. The dream of the first sleep was compacted purely of the elements of the sensations of the first day; thus, by a wonderful arrangement, the past became present again, and the mind had sensations without the help of the senses. Thus was man led to thought and meditation, and by the apparent infirmity of sleep, which for a while seemed to place him on a level with the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, he was elevated to the rank of intellectual, and advanced to a communion with the spiritual and invisible. When his body first slept, his mind first woke, and an impulse was given to the internal spirit. While, during the hours of his first day, his senses were pleasantly occupied and agreeably filled with surrounding external objects, with shapes, sounds, and colours, there was nothing but the animal consciousness awake,—a pleasing wonder absorbed every feeling—a wonder too pleasant to require or invite analysis. It was the quiet change from day to night, and the shadowy state of things placing them, as it were, in a double point of view, that gave man an introduction into the mysteries of thought, and taught him reflection. That which is seen once by the eye is seen merely by the animal part of our nature,—that which is seen by the mind's eye is seen intellectually. So man's first sleep awakened the powers of his mind; a pause was given to his senses, but none to his mental consciousness; even in sleep he felt himself to be

living, and there was a seeing of sights not present to the eye, a hearing of sounds not physically audible to the ear. Hence, then, sprang up at first the hardly recognized inquiry,—what sees if the eye sees not, or what hears if the ear hears not? So by a beautiful and striking arrangement the night was caused to cast light upon the day. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth forth knowledge." Surely, by this expression the Psalmist intended to set before us the great and beautiful truth, that the alternation of day and night is one of the prime sources of knowledge and the earliest nutriment of the intellect. But the birth of knowledge and the springing up of thought in the mind were as yet imperceptible, nor was it till the first sleep began to depart that its mysteries began to be developed, and its principles of instruction to be made known to the mind. The first night revealed the mysteries of the first day, and the second day made known the instructions of the first night.

If there was a curious and interesting awakening of the mind by the first falling asleep of the bodily frame, there was a still more interesting excitement of the thinking powers by the waking again from sleep. When man first woke to his new-made being, it was of course without reflection, for he was unconscious of the state from which he rose; but when he woke from sleep, it was from a weaker to a stronger sense of being, and his waking was as gradually developed as his sleeping had been. The mystery of sleep was not revealed till the sleep was over, nor its beauty apprehended till the frame was awake again, even as the riddle of life itself is not solved till life be ended. Waking from sleep was beautiful, both for its novelty and for the sweet refreshment which it brought. It seemed to make the world anew, for with Adam's first waking the world itself was waking again; the morning songs of the birds sounded more gay; there was a livelier look of the trees as their leaves trembled in the morning breeze, and gleamed to the glancing of the sun's earliest rays; the little flowers, which had folded their blossoms up for the repose of the night at the departure of yesterday's sun, now opened their beauties to the light, and by the gladness of their graceful forms looked to the day a welcome which they could not speak; the very air felt new and fragrant, and there was an especial source of wonder in the newly risen sun. Thus, a fresh and pleasant impulse was given to thought, and a new topic of adoration to the invisible Creator. Gladness is gratitude, and pure joy is praise to the Maker of all things. With renewed wonder and increased delight man looked upon the awakened animals moving gracefully around him, and there was a greater interest in the being of the second day than there had been in that of the first. At first he had looked upon the world with pleased admiration; but after his first sleep he regarded it with curiosity, and a spirit of philosophical investigation; and as his mind was not darkened by sin nor clouded by passion, as nothing of the evil principle had yet been introduced or developed, knowledge and inquiry were purely satisfactory and unimpeded: he sought not with a mad ambition for knowledge that was too high for him; he was not wearied in his inquiries nor baffled in his pursuit; but, on the contrary, all that he sought was accessible and all that he acquired was delightful.

There is something truly divine in the pure de-

velopment of thought, in the consciousness of a reflecting power; and the world looks more beautiful in proportion as it is regarded with an intellectual attention. As man's being is not complete without his intellectual powers, so his pleasure in being is not complete without the exercise of those powers, and these powers were developed and awakened by man's first sleep. He was taught by the closing of a bodily eye to open the eye of his mind. How different man's first sleep, from the nights of pain, of anxiety and even of horror, that have since been passed on earth! But even yet, "day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night showeth knowledge," if man were wise enough to learn.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MISS LANDON.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON! Burke said, that ten thousand swords ought to have leaped out of their scabbards at the mention of the name of Marie Antoinette; and in like manner we maintain, that ten thousand pens should leap out of their inkbottles to pay homage to L. E. L. In Burke's time, Jacobinism had banished chivalry—at least, out of France—and the swords remained unbared for the queen; we shall prove, that our pens shall be uninked for the poetess.

As to writing the history of her birth, education, and all other such particulars, we must decline so doing for many reasons; of which we may specify one, viz. that we look upon it as the most indefensible of all things to inquire into the chronological history of any lady—in which sentiment, it will be seen on examination, that all the compilers of all the peerages agree with us. Nor shall we detain ourselves by long details of her works. *Quæ regio in terris?* says Virgil: but we forget; we are writing about a lady, and must abjure Latinising, and content ourselves by paraphrasing Virgil's question in English, and ask, In which quarter of our literary world is not L. E. L. known and admired? From her *Improvisatrice* (a word puzzling to pronounce to the average natives of Cockney-land, and which she, not having the fear of Della Crusca before her eyes, spelt with a single r, thereby deluding into that practice many ingenious young gentlemen and ladies,) which, we believe, was her first work published in the substantive shape of a volume, to her last illustrations of the gatherings of Fisher or Heath, through the verse of her *Golden Violet* and the prose of her *Romance and Reality*, all her works have been favourites with every body, but especial pets of the press. We do not doubt that the forthcoming *Francesca Carrara* will receive an *accueil* equally favourable.

There is too much about love in them, some cross-grained critic will say. How, Squaretoes, can there be too much of love in a young lady's writings? we reply in a question. Is she to write of politics, or political economy, or pugilism, or punch? Certainly not. We feel a determined dislike of women who wander into these unfeminine paths; they should immediately hoist a *mustache*—and, to do them justice, they in general do exhibit no inconsiderable specimen of the hair-lip. We think Miss L. E. L. has chosen the better part. She shews every now and then that

she is possessed of information, feeling, and genius, to enable her to shine in other departments of poetry; but she does right in thinking that Sappho knew what she was about when she chose the tender passion as the theme for woman.

Whether she merely writes on this theme as a matter of abstract poetry, or whether there is any thing less unsubstantial to inspire the sentiments of her flowing verses, is a question which we have no right to ask; but this we shall say, that she is a very nice, unbluestockingish, well-dressed, and trim-looking young lady, fond of sitting pretty much as Croquis (who has hit her likeness admirably) has depicted her, in neat and carefully-arrayed costume, at her table, chatting, in pleasant and cheering style, with all and sundry who approach her. The only verses of which we ever knew Archibald Constable, the bookseller, to be guilty—and these, the erudite reader will perceive, are not altogether original—were in praise of Miss Landon, whom he met while travelling to Yorkshire:

"I truly like thee, L. E. L.;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this is fact, I know full well,
That I do like thee, L. E. L."

And the quatrain of the bibliophile will be cheerfully agreed to by all who know her; though they, not being under the necessity of parodying the epigram of Dr. Fell, will probably be afforded sufficient reasons.

But why is she Miss Landon?
"A fault like this should be corrected," as Whistlecraft says.

From the Friendship's Offering.

BEATRICE.

A LOVER'S LAY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

GENTLE, happy Beatrice,
Visioned fair before me,
How can it a wonder be
That many so adore thee?

Old, and young, and great, and wise,
Set their love upon thee;
And if gold could purchase hearts,
Riches would have won thee,

Social, cheerful Beatrice,
Like a plenteous river,
Is the current of thy joy,
Flowing on for ever!

Many call themselves thy friends;
Thou art loved of many;
And where'er the fair are met,
Thou'rt fairer far than any.

Pious, duteous Beatrice,
All good angels move thee;
Meek and gentle as a saint—
Most for this we love thee!

I can see thee going forth,
Innocent and lowly,
Knowing not how good thou art,
Like an angel holy:

See thee at thy father's side,
Most touching is thy beauty,
Gladdening that benign old man,
With cheerful love and duty.

I can see his happy smile,
As he gazes on thee;
I can feel the boundless love
That he showers upon thee!

What a happy house thou mak'st,
Singing, in thy gladness,
Snatches of delicious song,
Full of old love-sadness!

How I've sat and held my breath,
When the air was winging,
From some far-off chamber lone,
Breathings of thy singing.

How I've listened for thy foot,
Sylph-like stepping, airy,
On the stair, or overhead,
Like a lightsome fairy.

What a happy house it is,
Where thou hast thy dwelling!
Love, and joy, and kindness,
There evermore are welling.

Every one within the house
Loves to talk about thee:—
What an altered place it were,
Sweet Beatrice, without thee!

I can see thee, when I list,
In thy beauty shining,
Leaning from the casement ledge,
Round which the rose is twining.

I can see thee looking down,
The little linnet feeding;
Or sitting quietly apart,
Some pleasant volume reading.

Would I were beside thee then,
The pages turning over,
I'd find some cunning word or two
That should my heart discover!

I would not heed thy laughter wild—
Laugh on, I could withstand thee,—
The printed book should tell my tale,
And thou shouldst understand me!

I know thy arts, my Beatrice,
So lovely, so beguiling,—
The mockery of thy merry wit,
The witchery of thy smiling!

I know thee for a syren strong,
That smites all hearts with blindness;
And I might tremble for myself,
But for thy loving-kindness;

But for the days of bygone years,
When I was as thy brother:
Ah, happy, faithful Beatrice,
We were meant for one another!

I'll straightway up this very day,
And ask thee of thy father:
And all the blessings life can give,
In wedded life we'll gather.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

JACOB FAITHFUL.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEWTON FOSTER," "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

"JACOB," said Tom to me, pulling his wherry into the *hard* alongside of mine, in which I was sitting, with one of Mr. Turnbull's books in my hand; "Jacob, do you recollect that my time is up to-morrow? I shall have run off my seven years, and when the sun rises, I shall be free of the river. How much more have you to serve?"

"About fifteen months, as near as I can recollect, Tom.—Boat, sir?"

"Yes; oars, my lad; be smart, for I'm in a hurry. How's tide?"

"Down, sir, very soon; but it's now slack water. Tom, see if you can find Stapleton."

"Pooh! never mind him, Jacob, I'll go with you. I say, Jones, tell old '*human natur*' to look after my boat," continued Tom, addressing a waterman of our acquaintance.

"I thought you had come up to see *her*," said I to Tom, as we shoved off.

"See *her* at Jericho first," replied Tom; "she's worse than a dog vane."

"What, are you *two* again?"

"Two indeed—it's all two—we are two fools. She is too fanciful, I am too fond; she behaves too ill, and I put up with too much. However, it's all *one*."

"I thought it was all *two* just now, Tom."

"But two may be made one, Jacob, you know."

"Yes, by the parson; but you are no parson."

"Any how, I'm something like one just now," replied Tom, who was pulling the foremost oar; "for you are a good clerk, and I am sitting behind you."

"That's not so bad," observed the gentleman in the stern sheets, whom we had forgotten in our colloquy.

"A waterman would make but a bad parson, sir," replied Tom.

"Why so?"

"He's not likely to practise as he preaches."

"Again, why so?"

"Because all his life he looks one way and pulls another."

"Very good—very good indeed."

"Nay, sir, good in practice, but still not good in *deed*—there's a puzzle."

"A puzzle, indeed, to find such a regular chain of repartee in a wherry."

"Well, sir, if I'm a regular chain to-day, I shall be like an irregular watch to-morrow."

"Why so my lad?"

"Because I shall be *out of my time*."

"Take that, my lad," said the gentleman, tossing a half-crown to Tom.

"Thanky, sir; when we meet again may you never have more wit than you have now."

"How do you mean?"

"Not wit enough to keep your money, sir—that's all?"

"I presume you think that I have not got much."

"Which, sir, wit or money?"

"Wit, my lad."

"Nay, sir, I think you have both: the first you purchased just now; and you would hardly have bought it, if you had not money to spare."

"But I mean wit of my own."

"No man has wit of his own; if he borrows it it's not his own; if he has it in himself, it's *mother wit*, so it's not his."

We pulled into the stairs near London Bridge, and the gentleman paid me his fare. "Good bye, my lad," said he to Tom.

"Fare you well, for well you've paid your fare," replied Tom, holding out his arm to assist him out of the boat.

"Well, Jacob, I've made more by my head than by my hands this morning. I wonder, in the long run, which gains most in the world."

"Head, Tom, depend upon it; but they work best together."

Here we were interrupted—"I say, you waterman, have you a mind for a good fare?" cried a dark looking, not over clean, square built short young man, standing on the top of the flight of steps.

"Where to, sir?"

"Gravesend, my jokes, if you a'n't afraid of salt water."

"That's a long way, sir," replied Tom; "and for salt water, we must have salt to our porridge."

"So you shall, my lads, and a glass of grog into the bargain."

"Yes; but the bargain a'n't made yet, sir. Jacob will you go?"

"Yes; but not under a guinea."

"Not under two guineas," replied Tom, aside.

"Are you in a great hurry, sir?" continued he, addressing the young man.

"Yes, in a devil of a hurry; I shall lose my ship. What will you take me for?"

"Two guineas, sir."

"Very well. Just come up to the public-house here, and put in my traps."

We brought down his luggage, put it into the wherry, and started down the river with the tide. Our fare was very communicative, and we found out that he was a master's mate of the *Immortalite*, forty gun frigate, lying off Gravesend, which was to drop down the next morning, and wait for sailing orders at the Downs. We carried the tide with us, and in the afternoon were close to the frigate, whose blue ensign waved proudly over the taffrail. There was a considerable sea arising from the wind meeting the tide, and before we arrived close to her, we had shipped a great deal of water; and when we were alongside, the wherry, with the chest in her bows, pitched so heavily, that we were afraid of being swamped. Just as a rope had been made fast to the chest, and they were weighing it out of the wherry, the ship's launch with water came alongside, and whether from accident or wilfully I know not, although I suspect the latter, the midshipman who steered her, shot against the wherry, which was crushed, and immediately went down, leaving Tom and me in the water, and in danger of being jammed to death between the launch and the side of the frigate. The seamen in the boat, however, forced her off with their oars, and hauled us in, while our wherry sank with her gunnel even with the water's edge, and floated away astern.

As soon as we had shook ourselves a little, we went up the side, and asked one of the officers to send a boat to pick up our wherry.

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* Continued from page 257.

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"Speak to the first lieutenant—there he is," was the reply.

I went up to the person pointed out to me: "If you please sir—"

"What the devil do you want?"

"A boat, sir, to—"

"A boat! the devil you do!"

"To pick up our wherry, sir," interrupted Tom.

"Pick it up yourself," said the first lieutenant, passing us, and hailing the men aloft. "Maintop there, hook on your stays. Be smart. Lower away the yards. Marines and afterguard, clear launch. Boatswain's mate."

"Here, sir."

"Pipe marines and afterguard to clear launch."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"But we shall lose our boat, Jacob," said Tom to me. "They stove it in, and they ought to pick it up." Tom then went up to the master's mate, whom he had brought on board, and explained our difficulty.

"Upon my soul, I dar'n't say a word. I'm in a scrape for breaking my leave. Why the devil didn't you take care of your wherry, and haul a-head when you seen the launch coming?"

"How could we, when the chest was hoisting out?"

"Very true. Well, I am very sorry for you; but I must look after my chest." So saying, he disappeared down the gangway ladder.

"I'll try it again any how," said Tom, going up to the first lieutenant. "Hard case to lose our boat and our bread, sir," said Tom, touching his hat.

The first lieutenant, now that the marines and afterguard were at a regular stamp and go, had, unfortunately, more leisure to attend to us. He looked at us earnestly, and walked aft to see if the wherry was yet in sight. At that moment up came the master's mate, who had not yet reported himself to the first lieutenant.

"Tom," said I, "there is a wherry close to, let us get into it, and go after our boat ourselves."

"Wait one moment to see if they will help us—and get our money, at all events," replied Tom; and we both walked aft.

"Come on board, sir," said the master's mate, touching his hat with humility.

"You've broke your leave sir," replied the first lieutenant, "and now I've to send a boat to pick up the wherry through your carelessness."

"If you please, they are two very fine young men," observed the mate. "Make capital foretop-men. Boat's not worth sending for, sir."

This hint, given by the mate to the first lieutenant, to regain his favour, was not lost. "Who are you, my lads?" said the first lieutenant to us.

"Watermen, sir."

"Watermen, heh! was that your own boat?"

"No, sir," replied I, "it belonged to the man that I serve with."

"O! not your own boat? Are you an apprentice, then?"

"Yes, sir, both apprentices."

"Show me your indentures."

"We don't carry them about with us."

"Then how am I to know that you are apprentices?"

"We can prove it, if you wish it."

"Will you please to send for the boat, sir? she's almost out of sight."

"No, my lads, I can't find king's boats for such service."

"Then we had better go ourselves, Tom," said I, and we went forward to call the waterman who was lying on his oars close to the frigate.

"Stop—stop—not so fast. Where are you going, my lads?"

"To pick up our boat, sir."

"Without my leave, heh?"

"We don't belong to the frigate, sir."

"No; but I think it very likely that you will, for you have no protections."

"We can send for them and have them down by to-morrow morning."

"Well, you may do so, if you please, my lads; but you cannot expect me to believe every thing that is told me. Now, for instance, how long have you to serve, my lad?" said he, addressing Tom.

"My time is up to-morrow, sir."

"Up to-morrow. Why, then, I shall detain you until to-morrow, and then I shall press you."

"If you detain me now, sir, I am pressed to-day."

"O no! you are only detained until you prove your apprenticeship, that's all."

"Nay, sir, I certainly am pressed during my apprenticeship."

"Not at all, and I'll prove it to you. You don't belong to the ship until you are victualled on her books. Now I shan't victual you to-day, and therefore you won't be pressed."

"I shall be pressed with hunger, at all events," replied Tom, who never could lose a joke.

"No, you shan't; for I'll send you both a good dinner out of the gunroom, so you won't be pressed at all," replied the lieutenant, laughing at Tom's reply.

"You will allow me to go, sir, at all events," replied I; for I knew that the only chance of getting Tom and myself clear was my hastening to Mr. Drummond for assistance.

Pooh! nonsense; you must both row in the same boat as you have done. The fact is, my lads, I've taken a great fancy to you both, and I can't make up my mind to part with you."

"It's hard to lose our bread this way," replied I.

"We will find you bread, and hard enough you'll find it," replied the lieutenant laughing; "it's like a flint."

"So we ask for bread, and you give us a stone," said Tom; "that's 'gainst Scripture."

"Very true, my lad; but the fact is, all the Scriptures in the world won't man the frigate. Men we must have, and get them how we can, and where we can, and when we can. Necessity has no law; at least it obliges us to break all laws. After all, there's no great hardship in serving the king for a year or two, and filling your pockets with prize money. Suppose you volunteer?"

"Will you allow us to go on shore for half an hour to think about it?" replied I.

"No; I'm afraid of the crimps dissuading you. But I'll give you till to-morrow morning, and then I shall be sure of one, at all events."

"Thank you for me," replied Tom.

"You're very welcome," replied the first lieutenant, as laughing at us, he went down the companion ladder to his dinner.

"Well, Jacob, we are in for it," said Tom, as soon as we were alone. "Depend upon it, there's no mistake this time."

"I am afraid not," replied I, "unless we can get a letter to your father, or Mr. Drummond, who, I am sure, would help us. But that dirty fellow, who gave the lieutenant the hint, said the frigate

sailed to-morrow morning; there he is, let us speak to him."

"When does the frigate sail?" said Tom, to the master's mate, who was walking the deck.

"My good fellow, it's not the custom on board of a man-of-war for the men to ask officers to answer such impertinent questions. It's quite sufficient for you to know that when the frigate sails, you will have the honour of sailing in her."

"Well, sir," replied I, nettled at his answer "at all events you will have the goodness to pay us our fare. We have lost our wherry, and our liberty perhaps, through you; we may as well have our two guineas."

"Two guineas! It's two guineas you want, heh?"

"Yes, sir, that was the fare agreed upon."

"Why, you must observe, my men," said the master's mate, hooking a thumb into each arm hole of his waistcoat, "there must be a little explanation as to that affair. I promised you two guineas as watermen; but now that you belong to a man-of-war, you are no longer watermen. I always pay my debts honourably when I can find the lawful creditors; but where are the watermen?"

"Here we are, sir."

"No, my lads, you are men-of-war's men, now, and that quite alters the case."

"But we are not so yet, sir; even if it did alter the case, we are not pressed yet."

"Well, then, you will be to-morrow, perhaps; at all events, we shall see. If you are allowed to go on shore again, I owe you two guineas as watermen; but if you are detained as men-of-war's men, why then you will only have done your duty in pulling down one of your officers. You see my lads, I say nothing but what's fair."

"Well, sir, but when you hired us we were watermen," replied Tom.

"Very true, so you were; but recollect the two guineas were not due until you had completed your task, which was not until you came on board. When you came on board, you were pressed, and became men-of-war's men. You should have asked your fare before the first lieutenant got hold of you. Don't you perceive the justice of my remarks?"

"Can't say I do, sir; but I perceive that there is very little chance of our being paid," said Tom.

"You are a lad of discrimination," replied the master's mate; "and now I'd advise you to drop the subject, or you may induce me to pay you 'man-of-war fashion.'"

"How's that, sir?"

"Over the face and eyes, as the cat paid the monkey," replied the master's mate, walking leisurely away.

"No go, Tom," said I, smiling at the absurdity of the arguments.

"I'm afraid it's no go in every way, Jacob. However, I don't care much about it. I have had a little hankering after seeing the world, and perhaps now's as well as any other time; but I'm sorry for you, Jacob."

"It's all my own fault," replied I; and I fell into one of those reveries so often indulged in of late, as to the folly of my conduct in asserting my independence, which had now ended in my losing my liberty. But we were cold from the ducking we had received, and moreover very hungry. The first lieutenant did not forget his promise: he sent us up a good dinner, and a glass of grog each,

which we discussed under the half-deck between two of the guns. We had some money in our pockets, and we purchased some sheets of paper from the bumboat people, who were on the main-deck supplying the seamen; and I wrote to Mr. Drummond and Mr. Turnbull, as well as to Mary and old Tom, requesting the two latter to forward our clothes to Deal, in case of our being detained. Tom also wrote to comfort his mother, and the greatest comfort which he could give was, as he said, to promise to keep sober. Having entrusted these letters to the bumboat woman, who promised faithfully to put them into the post-office, we had then nothing else to do but to look out for some place to sleep. Our clothes had dried on us, and we were walking under the half-deck, but not a soul spoke to us, or even took the least notice. In a newly-manned ship, just ready to sail, there is a universal feeling of selfishness prevailing among the ship's company. Some, if not most, had, like us, been pressed, and their thoughts were occupied with their situation, and the change in their prospects. Others were busy in making their little arrangements with their wives or relations; while the mass of the seamen, not yet organised by discipline, or known to each other, were in a state of disunion and individuality, which naturally induced every man to look after himself, without caring for his neighbour. We therefore could not expect, nor did we receive any sympathy; we were in a scene of bustle and noise, yet alone. A spare topsail, which had been stowed for the present between two of the guns, was the best accommodation which offered itself. We took possession of it, and, tired with exertion of mind and body, were soon fast asleep.

At daylight the next morning, we were awakened with a start by the shrill whistles of the boat-swain and his mates piping all hands to unmoor. The pilot was on board, and the wind was fair. As the frigate had no anchor down, but was hanging to the moorings in the river, we had nothing to do but cast off, sheet home, and in less than half an hour we were under all sail, stemming the last quarter of the flood tide. Tom and I had remained on the gangway, watching the proceedings, but not assisting, when the ship being fairly under sail, the order was given by the first lieutenant to coil down the ropes.

"I think, Jacob, we may as well help," said Tom, laying hold of the main tack, which was passed aft, and hauling it forward.

"With all my heart," replied I, and I hauled it forward, while he coiled it away.

While we were thus employed the first lieutenant walked forward and recognized us. "That's what I like, my lads," said he; "you don't sulk, I see, and I shan't forget it."

"I hope you won't forget that we are apprentices, sir, and allow us to go on shore," replied I.

"I've a shocking bad memory in some things," was his reply, as he continued forward to the fore-castle. He did not, however, forget to vouch us that day, and insert our names in pencil upon the ship's books; but we were not put into any mess, or stationed.

We anchored in the Downs on the following morning. It came on to blow hard in the afternoon, and there was no communication with the shore except by signals, until the third day, when it moderated, and the signal was made, "Prepare to weigh, and send boat for captain." In the mean time, several boats came off, and one had the post-

man on board. I had letters from Mr. Drummond and Mr. Turnbull, telling me that they would immediately apply to the Admiralty for our being liberated, and one from Mary, half of which was for me, and the rest to Tom. Stapleton had taken Tom's wherry and pulled down to old Tom Beazeley with my clothes, which, with young Tom's, had been despatched to Deal. Tom had a letter from his mother, half indited by his father, and the rest from herself; but I shall not trouble the reader with the contents, as he may imagine what was likely to be said upon such an occasion.

Shortly afterwards our clothes, which had been sent to the care of an old shipmate of Tom's father, were brought on board, and we hardly had received them, when the signal man reported that the captain was coming off. There were so many of the men in the frigate who had never seen the captain, that no little anxiety was shown by the ship's company to ascertain how far, by the "*cut of his jib*," that is, his outward appearance, they might draw conclusions as to what they might expect from one who had such unlimited power to make them happy or miserable. I was looking out of the main deck port with Tom, when the gig pulled alongside, and was about to scrutinize the outward and visible signs of the captain, when I was attracted by the face of a lieutenant sitting by his side, whom I immediately recognized. It was Mr. Wilson, the officer who had spun the oar and sunk the wherry, from which, as the reader may remember, I rescued my friends, the senior and junior clerk. I was overjoyed at this, as I hoped that he would interest himself in our favour. The pipe of the boatswain re-echoed as the captain ascended the side. He appeared on the quarter-deck—every hat descending to do him honour; the marines presented arms, the marine officer at their head lowered the point of his sword. In return, the omnipotent personage, taking his cocked hat with two fingers and a thumb, by the highest peak, lifted it one inch off his head, and replaced it, desiring the marine officer to dismiss the guard. I had now an opportunity, as he paced to and fro with the first lieutenant, to examine his appearance. He was a tall, very large boned, gaunt man, with an enormous breadth of shoulders, displaying Herculean strength, (and this we found he eminently possessed.) His face was of a size corresponding to his large frame; his features were harsh, his eye piercing, but his nose, although bold, was handsome, and his capacious mouth was furnished with the most splendid row of large teeth that I ever beheld. The character of his countenance was determination, rather than severity. When he smiled, the expression was agreeable. His gestures, and his language, were emphatic, and the planks trembled with his elephantine walk.

He had been on board about ten minutes, when he desired the first lieutenant to turn the hands up, and all the men were ordered on the larboard-side of the quarter-deck. As soon as they were all gathered together, looking with as much awe of the captain as a flock of sheep at a strange mischief-meaning dog, he thus addressed them. "My lads, as it so happens that we are all to trust to the same planks, it may be just as well to understand one another. I like to see my officers attentive to their duty, and behave themselves as gentlemen. I like to see my men well disciplined, active, and sober. What I like, I will have—you

understand me. Now," continued he, putting on a stern look—"now just look in my face, and see if you think you can play with me." The men looked in his face, and saw that there was no chance of playing with him; and so they expressed by their countenances. The captain appeared satisfied by their mute acknowledgments, and to encourage them, smiled, and showed his white teeth, as he desired the first lieutenant to pipe down.

As soon as this scene was over, I walked up to Mr. Wilson, the lieutenant, who was standing aft, and accosted him. "Perhaps, sir, you do not recollect me, but we met one night when you were sinking in a wherry, and you asked my name."

"And I recollect it, my lad; it was Faithful, was it not?"

"Yes, sir." And I then entered into an explanation of our circumstances, and requested his advice and assistance.

He shook his head. "Our captain," said he, "is a very strange person. He has commanding interest, and will do more in defiance of the rules of the Admiralty, than any one in the service. If an Admiralty order came down to discharge you he would obey it, but as for regulations, he cares very little for them. Besides, we sail in an hour. However, I will speak to him, although I shall probably get a rap on the knuckles, as it is the business of the first lieutenant, and not mine."

"But, sir, if you requested the first lieutenant to speak."

"If I did, he would not, in all probability; men are too valuable, and the first lieutenant knows that the captain would not like to discharge you. He will therefore say nothing until it is too late, and then throw all the blame upon himself for forgetting it. Our captain has such interest, that his recommendation would give a commander's rank to-morrow, and we must all take care of ourselves. However, I will try, although I can give you very little hopes."

Mr. Wilson went up to the captain, who was still walking with the first lieutenant, and touching his hat, introduced the subject, stating as an apology, that he was acquainted with me.

"O if the man is an acquaintance of yours, Mr. Wilson, we certainly must decide," replied the captain, with mock politeness. "Where is he?" I advanced, and Tom followed. We stated our case. "I always like to put people out of suspense," said the captain, "because it unsettles a man—so now hear me; if I happened to press one of the blood royal, and the king, and the queen, and all the little princesses were to go down on their knees, I'd keep him, without an Admiralty order for his discharge. Now, my lads, do you perceive your chance?" Then turning away to Mr. Wilson, he said, "You will oblige me by stating upon what grounds you ventured to interfere in behalf of these men, and I trust, sir, your explanation will be satisfactory. Mr. Knight," continued he, to the first lieutenant, "send these men down below, watch, and station them."

We went below by the gangway ladder, and watched the conference between the captain and Mr. Wilson, who we were afraid had done himself no good by trying to assist us. But when it was over the captain appeared pleased, and Mr. Wilson walked away with a satisfied air. As I afterwards discovered, it did me no little good. The hands were piped to dinner, and after dinner

we weighed and made sail, and thus were Tom and I fairly, or rather unfairly, embarked in his majesty's service.

"Well, Tom," said I, "it's no use crying. What's done can't be helped; here we are, now let us do all we can to make friends."

"That's just my opinion, Jacob. Hang care, it killed the cat; I shall make the best of it, and I don't see why we may not be as happy here as any where else. Father says we may, if we do our duty, and I don't mean to shirk mine. The more the merrier, they say, and I'll be hanged but there's enough of us here."

I hardly need say, that for the first three or four days we were not very comfortable; we had been put into the seventh mess, and were stationed in the foretop; for although we had not been regularly bred up as seamen, the first lieutenant so decided, saying, that he was sure that in a few weeks there would be no smarter men in the ship.

We were soon clear of the channel, and all hands were anxious to know our destination, which in this almost solitary instance had really been kept a secret, although surmises were correct. There is one point, which by the present arrangements invariably makes known whether a ship is "fitting foreign," or for home service, which is, the stores and provisions ordered on board; and these stores are so arranged, according to the station to which the vessel is bound, that it is generally pretty well known what her destination is to be. This is bad, and at the same time easily remedied; for if every ship, whether for home service or foreign, was ordered to fit foreign, no one would be able to ascertain where she was about to proceed. With a very little trouble, strict secrecy might be preserved, now that the Navy Board is abolished; but during its existence that was impossible. The *Immortalite* was a very fast sailing vessel, and when the captain, whose name I have forgotten to mention, (it was Hector Maclean,) opened his sealed orders, we found that we were to cruise for two months between the Western Isles and Madeira, in quest of some privateers, who had captured many of our outward-bound West Indiamen, notwithstanding that they were well protected by convoy, and after that period to join the admiral at Halifax, and relieve a frigate which had been many years on that station. In a week we were on our station, the weather was fine, and the whole of the day was passed in training the men to the guns, small arms, making and shortening sail, reefing topsails, and manœuvring the ship. The captain would never give up his point, and sometimes we were obliged to make or shorten sail twenty times running, until he was satisfied.

"My lads," he would say to the ship's company, sending for them aft, "you have done this pretty well, you have only been two minutes; not bad for a new ship's company, but I like it done in a minute and a half. We'll try again." And sure enough it was try again, until in the minute and a half it was accomplished. Then the captain would say, "I knew you could do it, and having once done it, my lads, of course you can again."

Tom and I adhered to our good resolutions. We were as active and as forward as we could be, and Mr. Knight, the first lieutenant, pointed us out to the captain. As soon as the merits of the different men were ascertained, several alterations were made in the watch and station bills, as

well as in the ratings on the ship's books, and Tom and I were made *second* captains, larboard and starboard, of the foretop. This was great promotion for so young hands, especially as we were not bred as regular sailors; but it was for the activity and zeal which we displayed. Tom was a great favourite among the men, always joking, and ready for any lark or nonsense; moreover, he used to mimic the captain, which few others dared do. He certainly seldom ventured to do it below, it was generally in the foretop, where he used to explain to the men what he liked. One day we both ventured it, but it was on an occasion which excused it. Tom and I were aft, sitting in the jolly boat astern, fitting some of her gear, for we belonged to the boat at that time, although we were afterwards shifted into the cutter. The frigate was going about four knots through the water, and the sea was pretty smooth. One of the marines fell overboard, out of the forechains. "Man overboard," was cried out immediately, and the men were busy clearing away the starboard cutter, with all the expedition requisite on such an occasion. The captain was standing aft, on the signal chest, when the marine passed astern; the poor fellow could not swim, and Tom, turning to me said, "Jacob, I should like to save that Jolly," and immediately dashed overboard.

"And I should like to help you, Tom," cried I, and followed him.

The captain was close to us, and heard us both. Between us we easily held up the marine, and the boat had us all on board in less than a minute. When we came up the side, the captain was at the gangway. He showed us his white teeth, and shook the telescope in his hand at us. "I heard you both; and I should like to have a good many more impudent fellows like you."

We continued our cruise, looking sharp out for the privateers, but without success; we then touched at Madeira for intelligence, and were informed that they had been seen more to the southward. The frigate's head was turned in that direction until we were abreast of the Canary Isles, and then we traversed east and west, north or south, just as the wind and weather, or the captain's like—thought proper. We had now cruized seven weeks out of our time without success, and the captain promised five guineas to the man who should discover the objects of our search. Often did Tom and I climb to the mast head and scan the horizon, and so did many others; but those who were stationed at the look-out were equally on the alert. The ship's company were now in a very fair state of discipline, owing to the incessant practice, and every evening the hands were turned up to skylark, that is, to play and amuse themselves. There was one amusement which was the occasion of a great deal of mirth, and it was a favourite one of the captain's, as it made the men smart. It is called "Follow my leader." One of the men leads, and all who choose, follow him; sometimes forty or fifty will join. Whatever the leader does, the rest must do also; wherever he goes they must follow. Tom, who was always the foremost for fun, was one day the leader, and after having scamped over the rigging, laid out on the yards, climbed in by the lifts, crossed from mast to mast by the stays, slid down by the back-stays, blacked his face in the funnel, in all which motions he was followed by about thirty others, hallooing and laughing, while the officers and

other men were looking on and admiring their agility: a new novel idea came into Tom's head; it was then about seven o'clock in the evening, the ship was lying becalmed, Tom again sprung up the rigging, laid out to the main-yard arm, followed by me and the rest, and as soon as he was at the boom iron, he sprung up, holding by the lift, and crying out, "Follow my leader," leaped from the yard into the sea. I was second, and crying out, "Follow my leader" to the rest, I followed him, and the others, whether they could swim or not, did the same, it being a point of honour not to refuse.

The captain was just coming up the ladder, when he saw, as he imagined, a man tumble overboard, which was Tom in his descent; but how much more was he astonished at seeing twenty or thirty more tumbling off by twos or threes, until it appeared that half the ship's company were overboard. He thought that they were possessed with devils, like the herd of swine in the Scriptures. Some of the men who could not swim, but were too proud to refuse to follow, were nearly drowned. As it was, the first lieutenant was obliged to lower the cutter to pick them up, and they were all brought on board.

"Confound that fellow," said the captain to the first lieutenant, "he is always at the head of all mischief. Follow my leader, indeed! Send Tom Beazeley here." We all thought that Tom was about to catch it. "Hark ye, my lad," said the captain, "a joke's a joke, but every body can't swim as well as you. I can't afford to lose any of my men by your pranks, so don't try that again—I don't like it."

Every one thought that Tom got off very cheap, but he was a favourite with the captain, although that never appeared but indirectly. "Beg pardon, sir," replied Tom, with great apparent humility, "but they were all so dirty—they'd black'd themselves at the funnel, and I thought a little washing would not do them any harm."

"Be off, sir, and recollect what I have said," replied the captain, turning away, and showing his white teeth.

I heard the first lieutenant say to the captain, "He's worth any ten men in the ship, sir. He keeps them all alive and merry, and sets such a good example."

In the mean time Tom had gone up to the fore-royal yard, and was looking round for the five guineas, and just as this conversation was going on, cried out, "Sail, ho!"

"Strange sail reported."

"Where?" cried the first lieutenant, going forward.

"Right under the sun."

"Mast-head there—do you make her out?"

"Yes, sir; I think she's a schooner, but I can only see down to her mainyard."

"That's one of them, depend upon it," said the captain. "Up there, Mr. Wilson, and see what you make of her. Who is the man who reported it?"

"Tom Beazeley, sir."

"Confound the fellow, he makes all my ship's company jump overboard, and now I must give him five guineas. What do you make of her, Mr. Wilson?"

"A low schooner, sir, very rakish indeed. She is becalmed, as well as we."

"Well, then, we must whistle for a breeze. In

the mean time, Mr. Knight, we will have the boats all ready."

If you whistle long enough the wind is certain to come; the only question is, whether you whistle or not. In about an hour the breeze did come, and we took it down with us; but it was too dark to distinguish the schooner, which we had lost sight of as soon as the sun had set. About midnight the breeze failed us, and it was again calm. The captain and most of the officers were up all night, and the watch were employed preparing the boats for service. It was my morning watch, and at the break of day I saw the schooner from the foretop-sail-yard, about four miles to the N. W. I ran down on deck, and reported her.

"Very good, my lad. I have her, Mr. Knight," said the captain, who had directed his glass to where I pointed; "and I will have her too, one way or the other. No signs of wind. Lower down the cutters. Get the yards and stays hooked all ready. We'll wait a little, and see a little more of her when it's broad daylight."

At broad daylight the schooner, with her appointments, was distinctly to be made out. She was pierced for sixteen guns, and was a formidable vessel to encounter with the boats. The calm still continuing, the launch, yawl and pinnace, were hoisted out, manned and armed. The schooner got out her sweeps, and was evidently preparing for their reception. Still the captain appeared unwilling to risk the lives of his men in such a dangerous conflict, and there we all lay alongside, each man sitting in his place with his oar raised on end. Cat-paws of wind, as they call them, flew across the water here and there, ruffling its smooth surface, portending that a breeze would soon spring up, and the hopes of this chance rendered the captain undecided. Thus did we remain alongside, for Tom and I were stationed in the first and second cutters, until twelve o'clock, when we were ordered out to take a hasty dinner, and the allowance of spirits was served out. At one it was still a calm. Had we started when the boats were first hoisted out, the affair would have been long before decided. At last, the captain perceiving that the chance of a breeze was still smaller than, than in the forenoon, ordered the boats to shove off. We were still about the same distance from the privateer, from three and a half to four miles. In less than half an hour we were within gun-shot; the privateer swept her broadside to us, and commenced firing guns with single round shot, and with great precision. They ricocheted over the boats, and at every shot we made sure of our being struck. At this time a slight breeze swept along the water. It reached the schooner, filled her sails, and she increased her distance. Again it died away, and we neared her fast. She swept round again, and recommenced firing, and one of her shot passed through the second cutter, in which I was stationed, ripping open three of her planks, and wounding two men besides me. The boat, heavy with the gun, ammunition chests, &c., immediately filled and turned over with us, and it was with difficulty that we could escape from the weighty hamper which was poured out of her. One of the poor fellows, who had not been wounded, remained entangled under the boat, and never rose again. The remainder of the crew rose to the surface and clung to the side of the boat. The

first cutter hauled to our assistance, for we had separated to render the shot less effectual, but it was three or four minutes before she was able to render us any assistance, during which the other two wounded men, who had been apparently injured in the legs or body, exhausted with loss of blood, gradually unloosed their holds and disappeared under the calm blue water. I had received a splinter in my left arm, and held on longer than the others who had been maimed, but I could not hold on till the cutter came; I lost my recollection and sank. Tom, who was in the bow of the cutter, perceiving me to go down, dived after me, brought me up again to the surface, and we were both hauled in. The other five men were also saved. As soon as we were picked up, the cutter followed the other boats, which continued to advance towards the privateer. I recovered my senses, and found that a piece of one of the thwarts of the boat, broken off by the shot, had been forced through the fleshy part of my arm below the elbow, where it still remained. It was a very dangerous as well as a painful wound. The officer of the boat, without asking me, laid hold of the splinter and tore it out, but the pain was so great, from its jagged form, and the effusion of blood so excessive after it was out, that I again fainted. Fortunately no artery was wounded, or I must have lost my arm. They bound it up, and laid me at the bottom of the boat. The firing from the schooner was now very warm, and we were within a quarter of a mile of her, when the breeze sprang up, and she increased her distance a mile. There was a prospect of wind from the appearance of the sky, although, for a time, it again died away. We were within less than half a mile of the privateer, when we perceived that the frigate was bringing up a smart breeze, and rapidly approaching the scene of conflict.

The breeze swept along the water and caught the sails of the privateer, and she was again, in spite of all the exertions of our wearied men, out of gun-shot, and the first lieutenant very properly decided upon making for the frigate, which was now within a mile of us. In less than ten minutes the boats were hoisted in, and the wind now rising fast, we were under all sail, going at the rate of seven miles an hour; the privateer having also gained the breeze, and gallantly holding her own.

I was taken down into the cockpit, the only wounded man brought on board. The surgeon examined my arm, and at first shook his head, and I expected immediate amputation; but on re-examination he gave his opinion that the limb might be saved. My wound was dressed, and I was put into my hammock, in a screened bulk under the half-deck, where the cooling breeze from the ports fanned my feverish cheeks. But I must return to the chase.

In less than an hour the wind had increased, so that we could with difficulty carry our royals; the privateer was holding her own about three miles right a-head, keeping our three masts in one. At sunset they were forced to take in the royals, and the sky gave every prospect of a rough gale. Still we carried on every stitch of canvass which the frigate could bear; keeping the chase in sight with our night-glasses, and watching all her motions.

The breeze increased; before morning there was a heavy sea, and the frigate could only carry top-gallant sails over double-reefed topsails. At daylight we had neared the schooner, by the

sextants, about a quarter of a mile, and the captain and officers went down to take some repose and refreshment, not having quitted the deck for twenty-four hours. All that day did we chase the privateer, without gaining more than a mile upon her, and it now blew up a furious gale; the top-gallant sails had been before taken in; the topsails were close reefed, and we were running at the speed of nearly twelve miles an hour; still, so well did the privateer sail, that she was barely within gun-shot, when the sun went down below the horizon, angry and fiery red. There was now great fear that she would escape, from the difficulty of keeping the glasses upon her during the night, in a heavy sea, and the expectation that she would furl and allow us to pass her. It appeared, however, that this manoeuvre did not enter into the head of the captain of the privateer; he stood on under a press of sail, which even in day-time would have been considered alarming; and at daylight, owing to the steering during night never being so correct as during the day, she had recovered her distance, and was about four miles from us. The gale, if any thing, had increased, and Captain Maclean determined, notwithstanding, to shake a reef out of the topsails.

In the morning, as usual, Tom came to my cot, and asked me how I was? I told him I was better and in less pain, and that the surgeon had promised to dress my wound after breakfast, for the bandages had not been removed since I had first come on board. "And the privateer, Tom, I hope we shall take her; it will be some comfort to me that she is captured."

"I think we shall, if the masts stand, Jacob; but we have an enormous press of sail, as you may guess, by the way in which the frigate jumps; there is no standing on the forecable, and there is a regular waterfall down in the waist from forward. We are nearing her now. It is beautiful to see how she behaves; when she heels over, we can perceive that all her men are lashed on deck, and she takes whole seas into her mainsail, and pours them out again as she rises from the lurch. She deserves to escape at all events."

She did not, however, obtain her deserts, for about twelve o'clock in the day we were within a mile of her. At two the marines were firing small arms at her, for we would not yaw to fire at her a gun, although she was right under our bows. When within a cable's length we shortened sail, so as to keep at that distance astern, and after having lost several men my musketry, the captain of her waved his hat in token of surrender. We immediately shortened sail to keep the weather gage, pelting her until every sail was lowered down: we then rounded to, keeping her under our lee, and firing at every man who made his appearance on deck. Taking possession of her was a difficult task; a boat could hardly live in such a sea, and when the captain called aloud for volunteers, and I heard Tom's voice in the cutter as it was lowering down, my heart misgave me lest he should meet with some accident. At last I knew, from the conversation on deck, that the cutter had got safe on board, and my mind was released. The surgeon came up and dressed my arm, and I then received comparative bodily as well as mental relief.

It was not until the next day, when we lay to, with the schooner close to us, that the weather became sufficiently moderate to enable them to receive the prisoners and put our own men and officers

on board. The prize proved to be an American built schooner, fitted out as a French privateer. She was called the *Cerf Agile*, mounting fourteen guns, of nearly three hundred tons measurement, and with a crew of one hundred and seventy men, of which forty-eight were away in prizes. It was, perhaps, fortunate that the boats were not able to attack her, as they would have received a very warm reception. Thus did we succeed in capturing this mischievous vessel, after a chase of two hundred and seventy miles. As soon as all the arrangements were made, we shaped our course, with the privateer in company, for Halifax, where we arrived in about five weeks. My wound was now nearly healed, but my arm had wasted away, and I was unable to return to my duty. It was well known that I wrote a good hand, and I volunteered, as I could do nothing else, to assist the purser and the clerk with the ship's books, &c.

The admiral was at Bermuda, and the frigate which we were to relieve had, from the exigence of the service, been despatched down to the Honduras, and was not expected back for some months. We sailed from Halifax for Bermuda and joined the admiral, and after three weeks, we were ordered on a cruise. My arm was now perfectly recovered, but I had become so useful in the clerk's office that I was retained, much against my own wishes—but the captain liked it, as Tom said, and after that, there was no more to be said about it.

America was not the seat of war at that period, and with the exception of chasing French runners, there was nothing to be done on the North American station. I have, therefore, little to narrate during the remainder of the time that I was on board of the frigate. Tom did his duty in the fore-top, and never was in any disgrace; on the contrary, he was a great favourite both with officers and men, and took more liberties with the captain than any one else dared to have done, but Captain Maclean knew that Tom was one of his foremost and best men, always active, zealous, and indifferent as to janger, and Tom knew exactly how far he could venture to play with him. I remained in the clerk's office, and it was soon discovered that I had received an excellent education, and always behaved myself respectfully to my superiors, I was kindly treated, and had no reason to complain of a man-of-war.

Such was the state of affairs, when the other frigate arrived from the Honduras, and we, who had been cruising for the last four months in Boston Bay, were ordered in, by a cutter, to join the admiral at Halifax. We had now been nearly a year from England without receiving any letters. The reader, may, therefore, judge of my impatience when, after the anchor had been let go and the sails furled, the admiral's boat came on board with several bags of letters for the officers and ship's company. They were handed down into the gun-room, and I waited with impatience for the sorting and distribution.

"Faithful," said the purser, "here are two letters for you."

I thanked him, and hastened to the clerk's office, that I might read them without interruption. The first was addressed in a formal hand quite unknown to me. I opened it with some degree of wonderment, as to who could possibly write to so humble an individual? It was from a lawyer, and its contents were as follow:—

"SIR—We hasten to advise you of the death of your good friend, Mr. Alexander Turnbull. By his will, which has been opened and read, and of which you are the executor, he has made you his sole heir, bequeathing you at the present the sum of £30,000, with the remainder of his fortune at the demise of his wife. With the exception of £5,000, left to Mrs. Turnbull for her own disposal, the legacies do not amount to more than £800. The jointure, arising from the interest of the money, secured to Mrs. Turnbull during her life, is £1,200 per annum, upon 3 per cent. reduced, so that at her demise you will come into £36,000 consols, which at 76 will be equal to £27,360 sterling. I beg to congratulate you upon your good fortune, and with Mr. Drummond have made application to the Admiralty for your discharge. This application, I am happy to say, has been immediately attended to, and by the same mail as this letter, is forwarded an order for your discharge and a passage home. Should you think proper to treat our firm as your legal advisers, we shall be most happy to enrol you among our clients.

"I am, sir,

"Your's very respectfully,
"JOHN FLETCHER."

I must leave the reader to judge of this unexpected and welcome communication. At first I was so stunned, that I appeared as a statue with the letter in my hand, and in this condition I remained until roused by the first lieutenant, who had come to the office to desire me to pass the word for "letters for England," and to desire the sail-maker to make a bag.

"Faithful—why what's the matter? Are you ill, or —?" I could not reply, but I put the letter into his hand. He read the contents, expressing his astonishment by occasional exclamations. "I wish you joy, my lad, and may it be my turn next time. No wonder you looked like a stuck pig. Had I received such news, the captain might have hallooed till he was hoarse, and the ship have tumbled overboard, before I should have roused myself. Well, I suppose, we shall get no more work out of you——"

"The captain wants you, Mr. Knight," said one of the midshipmen, touching his hat.

Mr. Knight went into the cabin, and in a few minutes returned, holding the order for my discharge in his hand.

"It's all right, Faithful, here is your discharge, and an order for your passage home."

He laid it on the table and went away, for a first lieutenant in harbour has no time to lose. The next person who came was Tom, holding in his hand a letter from Mary, with a postscript from his mother.

"Well, Jacob," said he, "I have news to tell you. Mary says that Mr. Turnbull is dead, and has left her father £200, and that she has been told that he has left you something handsome."

"He has indeed, Tom," replied I; "read this letter."

While Tom was reading, I perceived the letter from Mr. Drummond, which I had forgotten. I opened it. It communicated the same intelligence as that of the lawyer, in fewer words; recommended my return, and inclosed a bill upon his house for £100 to enable me to appear in a manner corresponding to my present condition.

"Well," said Tom, "this is, indeed, good news, Jacob. You are a gentleman at last, as you de-

serve to be. It has made me so happy; what do you mean to do?"

"I have my discharge here," replied I, "and I am ordered a passage home."

"Better still. I'm so happy, Jacob; so happy. But what is to become of me?" And Tom passed the back of his hand across his eyes to brush away a tear.

"You shall soon follow me, Tom, if I can manage it either by money or any influence."

"I will manage it, if you don't, Jacob. I won't stay here without you, that I am determined."

"Do nothing rashly, Tom. I am sure I can buy your discharge, and on my arrival in England I will not think of any thing else until it is done."

"You must be quick then, Jacob, for I am sure I can't stay here long."

"Trust to me, Tom; you'll still find me Jacob Faithful," said I, extending my hand. Tom squeezed it earnestly, and with moistened eyes turned away, and walked forward.

The news had spread through the ship and many of the officers, as well as the men, came to congratulate me. What would I have given to have been allowed only one half hour to myself—one half hour in which I might be permitted to compose my excited feelings—to have returned thanks for such unexpected happiness, and paid a tribute to the memory of so sincere a friend. But in a ship this is almost impossible, unless as an officer, you can retreat to your own cabin; and those gushings from the heart, arising from grief, or pleasure, the tears so sweet in solitude, must be prostituted before the crowd, or altogether repressed. At last the wished-for opportunity did come. Mr. Wilson, who had been away on service, came to congratulate me as soon as he heard the news, and with an instinctive perception of what might be my feelings, asked me whether I would not like to write my letters in his cabin, which, for a few hours, was at my service. I thankfully accepted the offer, and when summoned by the captain, had relieved my overcharged heart, and had composed my excited feelings.

"Jacob Faithful, you are aware that there is an order for your discharge," said he, kindly. "You will be discharged this afternoon into the *Astrea*, she is ordered home, and will sail with despatches in a few days. You have conducted yourself well since you have been under my command, and, although you are now in a situation not to require a good certificate, still you will have the satisfaction of feeling that you have done your duty in the station of life to which you have, for a certain portion of it, been called—I wish you well."

Although Captain Maclean in what he said, never lost sight of the relative situations in which we had been placed, there was a kindness of manner in all he said, especially in the last words, "I wish you well," which went to my heart: I replied that I had been very happy during the time I had been under his command, and thanked him for his good wishes. I then bowed, and left the cabin. But the captain did not send me on board the *Astrea*, although I was discharged into her. He told the first lieutenant that I had better go on shore, and equip myself in a proper manner; and, as I afterwards found out, spoke of me in very favourable terms to the Captain of the *Astrea*, acknowledging that I had received the education of a gentleman, and had been illegally impressed; so that when I made my appearance on

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board the *Astrea*, the officers of the gun-room requested that I would mess with them during the passage home.

I went on shore, obtained the money for my bill, hastened to a tailor, and with his exertions, and those of other fitting-out people, obtained all that was requisite for the outward appearance of a gentleman. I then returned to the *Immortalite*, and bade farewell to the officers and seamen with whom I had been most intimate. My parting with Tom was painful. Even the few days which I had been away, I perceived, had made an alteration in his appearance.

"Jacob," said he, "don't think I envy you; on the contrary, I am as grateful, even more grateful than if such good fortune had fallen to my own lot; but I cannot help fretting at the thoughts of being left here without you; and I shall fret until I am with you again."

I renewed my promises to procure his discharge, and forcing upon him all the money I thought that I could spare, I went over the side as much affected as poor Tom. Our passage home was rapid. We had a continuance of N. W. winds, and we flew before them, and, in less than three weeks, we dropped our anchor at Spithead. Happy in the change of my situation, and happier still in anticipation, I shall only say, that I never was in better spirits, or in company with more agreeable young men, than the officers of the *Astrea*; and although we were so short a time together, we separated with mutual regret.

My first object, on my return, was to call upon old Tom, and assure him of his son's welfare. My wishes certainly would have led me to Mr. Drummond's; but I felt that my duty required that I should delay that pleasure. I arrived at the hotel late in the evening, and early next morning, I went down to the steps at Westminster Bridge, and was saluted with the usual cry of—"Boat, Sir?" A crowd of recollections poured into my mind at the well-known sound. My life appeared to have passed in review in a few seconds, as I took my seat in the stern of a wherry, and directed the waterman to pull up the river. It was a beautiful morning, and even at that early hour, almost too warm, the sun was so powerful. I watched every object that we passed with an interest I cannot describe. Every tree—every building—every point of land—they were all old friends, who appeared, as the sun shone brightly on them, to rejoice in my good fortune. I remained in a reverie too delightful to be disturbed from it, although, occasionally, there were reminiscences, which were painful; but they were as light clouds obscuring for a moment, as they flew past, the glorious sun of my happiness. At last the well-known tenement of old Tom—his large board with "boats built to order"—and the half of the boat stuck up on end, caught my sight, and I remembered the object of my embarkation. I directed the waterman to pull to the hard, and paying him well, dismissed him: for I had perceived that old Tom was at work, stumping round a wherry bottom up; and his wife was sitting on the bank in the boat-harbour, basking in the warm sun, and working away at her nets. I had landed so quietly, and they both were so occupied with their respective employments, that they had not perceived me, and I crept round by the house to surprise them. I had gained a station behind the old boat, when I overheard the conversation.

"It's my opinion," said old Tom, who left off

hammering for a time, "that all the nails in Birmingham won't make this boat water-tight. The timbers are as rotten as a pear, and the nails fall through them. I have put one piece in more than agreed for, and if I don't put another in here, she'll never swim."

"Well, then, put another piece in," replied Mrs. Beazeley.

"Yes, so I will; but I've a notion I shall be out of pocket by the job. Seven-and-sixpence won't pay for labour and all. However, never mind;" and Tom carolled forth—

"Is not the sea
Made for the free,
Land for courts and chains alone,
Here we are slaves,
But on the waves
Love and liberty's all our own."

"Now if you do sing, sing truth, Beazeley," said the old woman. "An't our boy pressed into the service, and how can you talk of liberty?"

Old Tom answered, by continuing his song—

"No eye to watch and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot and all heaven around us."

"Yes, yes," replied the old woman, "no eye to watch indeed: he may be in sickness and in sorrow—he may be wounded, or dying of a fever, and there's no mother's eye to watch over him. As to all on earth being forgot, I won't believe that Tom has forgotten his mother."

Old Tom replied—

"Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same wherever it goes."

"So it does, Tom, so it does; and he's thinking this moment of his father and mother I do verily believe; and he loves us more than ever."

"So I believe," replied old Tom; "that is, if he hasn't any thing better to do; but there's a time for all things; and, when a man is doing his duty as a seaman, he mustn't let his thoughts wander. Never mind, old woman, he'll be back again."

"There's a sweet little cherub sits up aloft
To take care of the life of poor Jack."

"God grant it—God grant it!" replied the old woman, wiping her eyes with her apron, and then resuming her netting. "He seems, continued she, 'by his letters, to be overfond of that girl, Mary Stapleton; and I sometimes think she cares not a little for him, but she's never of one mind long. I don't like to see her flaunting and flirting so with the soldiers; and, at the same time, Tom says, that she writes that she cares for nobody but him."

"Women are—women! that's surtan," replied old Tom, musing for a time, and then showing that his thoughts were running on his son, by bursting out—

"Mary, when yonder boundless sea
Shall part us, and perchance for ever;
Think not my heart can stray from thee,
Or cease to mourn thine absence—never!
And when in distant climes I roam,
Forlorn, unfriended, broken-hearted—"

"Don't say so, Tom—don't say so!" interrupted the old woman."

Tom continued—

"Oft shall I sigh for thee and home,
And all those joys from which I parted."

"Aye, so he does, poor fellow—I'll be bound to say. What would I give to see his dear, smiling face!" said Mrs. Beazeley.

"And I'd give no little, missus, myself. But still it's the duty for every man to serve his country, and so ought Tom, as his father did before him. I shall be glad to see him back, but I'm not sorry that he's gone. Our ships must be manned, old woman; and if they take men by force, it's only because they won't volunteer—that's all. When they're once on board, they don't mind it. You women require pressing just as much as the men, and it's all much of a muchness."

"How's that, Tom?"

"Why, when we make love and ask you to marry, don't you always pout and say no? You like being kissed, but we must take it by force. So it is with manning a ship, the men all say no; but when they are once there, they like the service very much; only you see, like you, they want pressing. Don't Tom write and say, that he's quite happy, and don't care where he is, so long as he's with Jacob?"

"Yes, that's true; but they say Jacob is to be discharged and come home, now that he's come to a fortune, and what will Tom say then?"

"Why, that is the worst of it. I believe that Jacob's heart is in the right place, but still riches spoil a man; but we shall see. If Jacob don't prove 'true blue,' I'll never put faith in man again. Well, there be changes in this world, that's surtain."

"We all have our taste of the ups and downs,
As Fortune dispenses her smiles and frowns;
But may we not hope if she's frowning to-day,
That to-morrow she'll lend us the light of her ray."

"I only wish Jacob was here, that's all."

"Then you have your wish, my good old friend," cried I, running up to Tom, and seizing his hand; but old Tom was so taken by surprise, that he started back and lost his equilibrium, dragging me after him, and we rolled on the turf together. Nor was this the only accident, for old Mrs. Beazeley was so alarmed, that she also sprang from the bench fixed in the half of the old boat stuck on end, and threw herself back against it. The boat having been rotten when first put there, and with the disadvantage of exposure to the elements for many years, could no longer stand such pressure. It gave way to the sudden force applied by the old woman, and she and the boat went down together, she screaming and scuffling among the rotten planks, which now, after so many years close intimacy, were induced to part company. I was first on my legs, and ran to the assistance of Mrs. Beazeley, who was half-smothered with dust and dry pitch, and old Tom coming to my assistance, we put the old woman on her legs again.

"O deary me!" cried the old woman, "O deary me! I do believe my hip is out. Lord, Mr. Jacob, how you have frightened me!"

"Yes," said old Tom, shaking me warmly by the hand, "we were all taken aback, old boat and all. What a shindy you have made, bowling us all down like ninepins. Well, my boy, I'm glad to see you, and notwithstanding your gear, you're Jacob Faithful still."

"I hope so," replied I; and we then adjourned to the house, where I made them acquainted with all that had passed, and what I intended to do relative to obtaining Tom's discharge. I then left them promising to return soon, and hailing a wherry going up the river, proceeded to my old friend the Domine, of whose welfare, as well as Stapleton's and Mary's, I had been already assured.

But as I passed through Putney Bridge I thought I might as well call upon Stapleton, and I desired the waterman to pull in. I hastened to Stapleton's lodgings, and went up stairs, where I found Mary sitting in earnest conversation with a very good looking young man in a sergeant's uniform of the 93d regiment. Mary, who was even handsomer than when I left her, starting up, at first did not appear to recognize me, then coloured up to the forehead as she welcomed me, with a constraint I had never witnessed before. The sergeant appeared inclined to keep his ground; but on my taking her hand, and telling her that I had brought a message from a person whom I hoped she had not forgotten, gave her a nod, and walked down stairs. Perhaps there was a severity in my countenance, as I said, "Mary, I do not know whether, after what I have seen, I ought to give the message; and the pleasure I anticipated in meeting you again, is destroyed by what I have now witnessed. How disgraceful is it thus to play with a man's feelings; to write to him, assuring him of your regard and constancy, and, at the same time, encouraging another."

Mary hung down her head. "If I have done wrong, Mr. Faithful," said she after a pause, "I have not wronged Tom. What I have written I feel."

"If that is the case, why do you wrong another person? Why encourage another young man, only to make him unhappy?"

"I have promised him nothing; but why does not Tom come back and look after me? I can't mope here by myself. I have no one to keep company with; my father is always away at the alehouse, and I must have somebody to talk to. Besides, Tom is away, and may be away a long while; and absence cures love in men, although it does not in women."

"It appears then, Mary, that you wish to have two strings to your bow, in case of accident."

"Should the first string break, a second would be very acceptable," replied Mary; "but it is always this way," continued she, with increasing warmth. "I never can be in a situation which is not right, whenever I do any thing which may appear improper, so certain do you make your appearance when least expected, and least wished for; as if you were born to be my constant accuser."

"Does not your own conscience accuse you, Mary?"

"Mr. Faithful," replied she very warmly, "you are not my father confessor; but do as you please—write to Tom if you please, and tell him all you have seen, any thing you may think. Make him and make me miserable and unhappy—do it, I pray. It will be a friendly act; and, as you are now a great man, you may persuade Tom that I am a jilt and a good-for-nothing." Here Mary laid her hands on the table, and buried her face in them.

"I did not come here to be your censor, Mary; you are certainly at liberty to act as you please, without my having any right to interfere; but as Tom is my earliest and best friend, so far as his in-

terests and happiness are concerned, I shall carefully watch over them. We have been so long together, and I am so well acquainted with all his feelings, that I really believe, if ever there was a young man sincerely and devotedly attached to a woman, he is so to you; and I will add, that if ever there was a young man who deserved love in return, it is Tom. When I left, not a month back, he desired me to call upon you as soon as I could, and assure you of his unalterable attachment; and I am now about to procure his discharge, that he may be able to return. All his thoughts are upon this point, and he is now waiting with the utmost impatience the arrival of it, that he may again be in your company. You can best judge whether his return will or will not, be a source of happiness."

Mary raised her head—her face was wet with her tears. "Then he will soon be back again, and I shall see him! Indeed, his return shall be no source of unhappiness if I can make him happy; indeed it shall not, Mr. Faithful; but pray don't tell him of my foolish conduct—pray don't. Why make him unhappy? I intreat you not to do it. I will not do so again. Promise me, Jacob, will you?"—continued Mary, taking me by the arm, and looking beseechingly in my face.

"Mary, I never will be a mischief-maker; but recollect, I exact the performance of your promise."

"O! and I will keep it—now that I know he will soon be home. I can—I think I can—I'm sure I can wait a month or two without flirting; but I do wish that I was not left so much alone. I wish Tom was at home to take care of me, for there is no one else. I can't take care of myself."

I saw by Mary's countenance that she was in earnest, and I therefore made friends with her, and we conversed for two hours, chiefly about Tom. When I left her, she had recovered her usual spirits, and said at parting, looking archly at me, "Now you will see how wise and how prudent I shall be." I shook my head, and left her to find out old Stapleton, who, as usual, was at the door of the public-house smoking his pipe.

At first he did not recognize me; for when I accosted him by his name, he put his open hand to his ear as usual, and desired me to speak a little louder; but I answered, "Nonsense, Stapleton, that won't do with me."

He then took his pipe out of his mouth, and looked me full in the face. "Jacob, as I'm alive! Didn't know you in your long togs—thought you were a gentleman wanting a boat. Well, I hardly need say how glad I am to see you after so long—that's no more than 'human natur.' And how's Tom? Have you seen Mary?"

These two questions enabled me to introduce the subject that I wished. I told him of the attachment and troth plighted between the two, and how wrong it was for him to leave her so much alone. The old man agreed with me; said that, as to talking to the men that was, on Mary's part, nothing but "human natur;" and that, as for Tom wishing to be at home and see her again, that also was nothing but "human natur;" but that he would smoke his pipe at home in future, and keep the soldiers out of the house. Satisfied with this assurance I left him, and, taking another wherry, went up to Brentford to see the Domine.

I found the worthy old Domine in the school-room, seated at his elevated desk—the usher not present, and the boys making a din enough to have

awakened a person from a trance—that he was in one of his deep reveries, and that the boys had taken advantage of it, was evident.

"Mr. Dobbs," said I, walking up close to the desk. But the Domine answered not. I repeated his name in a louder voice.

"Cosine of $x \div ab - z - 1.2$; such must be the result," said the Domine talking to himself. "Yet it doth not prove correct. I may be in error. Let me revise my work;" and the Domine lifted up his desk to take out another piece of paper. When the desk lid was raised, I removed his work, and held it behind me. "But how is this?" exclaimed the Domine, and he looked every where for his previous calculations. "Nay," continued he, "it must have been the wind;" and then he cast his eyes about until they fixed upon me, laughing at him. "Eheu—what do my eyes perceive? It is, yet it is not—yes, most truly it is my son Jacob. Welcome, most welcome!" cried the old man, descending from his desk and clasping me in his arms. "Long is it since I have seen thee, my son. *'Interea magnum sol circumvolvitur annum.'* Long, yes, long have I yearned for thy return; fearful lest *'nudus in ignota arena,'* thou mightest, like another Palinurus, have been cast away. Thou art returned, and all is well; as the father said in the scripture, I have found my son, which I had lost—but no prodigal thou, though I use the quotation as apt. Now all is well; thou hast escaped the danger of the battle, the fire, and the wreck, and now thou may'st hang up thy wet garment as a votive offering—as Horace hath it—*'Uvida suspendisse potenti vestimenta maris Deo.'* During the apostrophe of the Domine, the boys perceiving that he was no longer wrapt up in his algebra, had hastily settled to their desks, and in their apparent attention to their lessons, reminded me of the humming of bees before a hive on a summer's day. "Boys," cried the Domine, *"Nunc est ludendum."* Verily ye shall have a holiday. Put up your books, and depart in peace." The books were hastily put up in obedience to the command—the depart in peace was not quite so rigidly adhered to. They gave a loud shout, and in a few seconds, the Domine and I stood alone in the school-room. "Come, Jacob, let us adjourn to my sanctum—there may we commune without interruption; thou shalt tell me thine adventures, and I will communicate to thee what hath been made known to me, relative to those with whom thou wert acquainted."

"First let me beg you to give me something to eat, for I am not a little hungry," interrupted I, as we gained the kitchen.

"Verily shalt thou have all that we possess, Jacob. Yet now I think that will not be much, seeing that I and our worthy matron did pick the bones of a shoulder of mutton, this having been our fourth day of repast upon it. She is out, yet will I venture to intrude into the privacy of her cupboard for thy sake. Peradventure she may be wroth—yet, will I risk her displeasure." So saying, the old Domine opened the cupboard, and one by one, handed me the dishes with their contents. "Here, Jacob, are two hard dumplings from yesterday. Canst thou relish cold hard dumplings? but stop, here is something more savoury, half of a cold cabbage, which was left this day. We will look again. Here is meat—yes, it is meat; but now I do perceive it is a piece of lights, reserved for the dinner of the cat to-morrow. I am fearful that we must not venture upon that, for the dame will be wroth."

"Pray put it back, sir; I would not interfere with Puss on any account."

"Nay then, Jacob, I see nought else, unless there may be viands on the upper shelf. See, here is bread, the staff of life, and also a fragment of cheese; and now methinks I discern something dark at the back of the shelf." The Domine extended his hand, and immediately withdrew it, jumping from his chair with a loud cry. He had put his fingers into a rat gin, set by the old woman for those intruders, and he held up his arm and stamped, as he shouted out with pain. I hastened to him, and pressing down the spring, released his fingers from the teeth, which however had drawn blood, as well as bruised him; fortunately, like most of the articles of their *menage*, the trap was a very old one, and he was not much hurt. The Domine thrust his fingers into his capacious mouth, and held them there some time without speaking; he began to feel a little ease, when in came the matron.

"Why what's all this," said she, in a querulous tone, "Jacob here, and all my cupboard on the table. Jacob, how dare you go to my cupboard?"

"It was the Domine, Mrs. Bately, who looked there for something for me to eat, and he has been caught in a rat-trap."

"Serve him right; I have forbid him that cupboard. Have I not, Mr. Dobbs?"

"Yea, and verily," quoth the Domine, and I do repent me that I took not thine advice, for look at my fingers," and the Domine extended his lacerated digits.

"Dear me! well I'd no idea that a rat-trap pinched so hard," replied the old woman, whose wrath was appeased. "How it must hurt the poor things—I won't set it again, but leave them all to the cat, he'll kill them, if he only can get at them."

The old lady went to a drawer, unlocked it, brought out some fragments of rags, and a bottle of friar's balsam, which she applied to the Domine's hand, and then bound it up, scolding him the whole time. "How stupid of you, Mr. Dobbs; you know that I was only out for a few minutes? Why didn't you wait—and why did you go to the cupboard. Hav'n't I always told you not to look into it? and now you see the consequences."

"Verily my hand burneth," replied the Domine. "I will go for cold water, and it will ease you. What a deal of trouble you do give, Mr. Dobbs; you're worse than a charity-boy;" and the old lady departed to the pump.

"Vinegar is a better thing, sir," said I, "and there is a bottle in the cupboard, which I dare say is vinegar." I went to the cupboard, and brought out the bottle, took out the cork and smelt it. "This is not vinegar, sir, it is Hollands or gin."

"Then would I like a glass, Jacob, for I feel a sickening faintness upon me; yet be quick, peradventure the old woman may return."

"Drink out of the bottle, sir," said I, perceiving that the Domine looked very pale, "and I will give you notice of her approach." The Domine put the bottle to his mouth, and was taking a sufficient draught, when the old woman returned by another door which was behind us; she had gone that way for a wash-basin. Before we could perceive her, she came behind the Domine, snatched the bottle from his mouth with a jerk that threw a portion of the spirits in his eyes, and blinded him.

"That's why you went to my cupboard, is it, Mr. Dobbs?" cried she, in a passion. "That's it, is it? I thought my bottle went very fast; seeing that I don't take more than a tea-spoonful every

night for the wind which vexes me so much. I'll set the rat-trap again, you may depend upon it; and now you may get somebody else to bind your fingers."

"It was I who took it out, Mrs. Bately; the Domine would have fainted with pain. It was very lucky that he has a housekeeper who is careful to have something of the kind in the house, or he might have been dead. You surely don't begrudge a little of your medicine to recover Mr. Dobbs?"

"Peace, woman, peace," said the Domine, who had gained courage by his potato. "Peace, I say: I knew not that thou had'st in thy cupboard either a gin for my hand, or gin for thy mouth; since I have been taken in the one, it is but fair that I should take in the other. In future, both thy gins will not be interfered with by me. Bring me the basin, that I may appease my angry wounds, and then hasten to procure some viands to appease the hunger of my son Jacob; lastly, appease thine own wrath. *Pax. Peace, I say:*" and the old woman, who perceived that the Domine had asserted his right of dominion, went to obey his orders, grumbling till she was out of hearing. The application of the cold pump-water soon relieved the pain of the good old Domine, and, with his hand remaining in the basin, we commenced a long conversation. At first, I narrated to him the events which had occurred during my service on board of the frigate. When I told him of my parting with Tom, he observed, "Verily do I remember that young Tom, a jocund, pleasant, yet intrusive lad. Yet do I wish him well, and am grieved that he should be so taken by that maiden, Mary. Well may we say of her, as Horace hath of Pyrrha—*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa, perfusa liquidis urgit odoribus, grate Pyrrha sub antro. Cui flavam religas comam, simplex munditiis.* I grieve at it, yea, grieve much. *Heu quoties fidem, mutatos que Deos flebit!* Verily, Jacob, do prophesy that she will lead him into error, yea, perhaps into perdition."

"I trust not, sir," replied I; but the Domine made no answer. For half an hour he was in deep and serious thought, during which Mrs. Bately entered, and spreading a cloth, brought in from the other room some rashers of bacon and eggs, upon which I made a hasty and hearty meal. The old matron's temper was now smoothed, and she welcomed me kindly, and shortly after went out for a fresh basin of cold water with which the Domine might bathe his hand. This roused him, and he recommenced the conversation.

"Jacob, I have not yet congratulated thee upon thy accession to wealth; not that I do not sincerely rejoice in it, but because the pleasure of thy presence hath made me unmindful of it. Still, was it fortunate for thee that thou hadst raised up such a friend as Mr. Turnbull, otherwise what would have been the result of thy boasted independence; thou wouldst probably have remained many years on board of a man-of-war, and have been killed, or have returned mutilated, to die unknown."

"You were right, sir," replied I, "my independence was nothing but pride; and I did bitterly repent, as you said I should do, even before I was pressed into the king's service—but Mr. Drummond never repeated his offers."

"He never did, Jacob; but as I have since been informed by him, although he was taken by surprise at thy being forced away to serve thy country, still he was not sure that you would accept

them; and he, moreover, wished you fully to feel thine own folly. Long before you had made friends with him, he had attested the will of Mr. Turnbull, and was acquainted with the contents. Yet, did he watch over thee, and had he thought that thy way of life had led thee into that which was wrong, he would have interfered to save thee—but he considered with Shakspeare, that "sweet were the uses of adversity," and that thou wouldst be more schooled by remaining some time under her unprepossessing frowns. He hath ever been thy friend."

"I can believe it. I trust he is well and his family."

"They were well and prosperous but a little while ago, Jacob; yet I have seen but little of them since the death of Mr. Turnbull. It will pain thee to hear, that affliction at thy absence hastened his dissolution. I was at his death-bed, Jacob; and I verily believe that he was a good man, and will meet the reward of one; yet did he talk most strangely, and reminded me of that remnant of a man you call old Tom. 'It's no use, old gentleman,' said he as he laid in his bed supported by pillows, for he had wasted away till he was but a skeleton, having broken a blood-vessel with his violent coughing, 'it's no use pouring that doctor's stuff down my throat; my anchor's shortstay a-peak, and in a few minutes I shall trip it, I trust for heaven, where I hope there are moorings laid down for me.' 'I would fain comprehend thee,' replied I, 'but thou speakest in parables.' 'I mean to say that death has driven in his harpoon up to the shank, and that I struggle in vain. I have run out all my line. I shall turn up in a few minutes—so give my love and blessing to Jacob—he saved my life once—but now I'm gone.' With these last words his spirit took its flight; and thus, Jacob, did your benefactor breathe his last, invoking a blessing on your head." I remained silent for a few minutes, for I was much affected by the Domine's description. At length he resumed the conversation. "Thou hast not seen the Drummonds, Jacob?"

"I have not," I replied, "but I will call upon them to-morrow; but it is time that I should go, for I have to return to London."

"Thou needest not, Jacob. Thine own house is at hand."

"My own house?"

"Yes; by the will of Mr. Turnbull, his wife has been left a handsome jointure, but for reasons which he did not explain, the house and furniture are not left to her, but, as residuary legatee, belong to thee."

"Indeed—then where is Mrs. Turnbull?"

"At Bath, where she hath taken up her residence. Mr. Drummond, who hath acted in thy behalf, permitted her to take away such articles as she might wish, but they were but few, chiefly those little objects, which filled up, rather than adorned the drawing-room. The house is all ready for thy reception, and thou mayst take possession this evening."

"But why did not Mr. Turnbull leave it to his widow?"

"I cannot exactly say, but I think he did not wish her to remain in this place. He therefore left her £5,000, at her own disposal, to enable her to purchase and furnish another." I then took my leave of the Domine, and it being rather late, I resolved to walk to the house and sleep there.

On my arrival, the front gates were opened by the gardener's wife, who made me a profound

courtesy. The gardener soon afterwards made his appearance, hat in hand. Every thing was neat and in good order. I entered the house, and as soon as possible, rid myself of their obsequious attentions. I wished to be alone. Powerful feelings crowded on my mind. I hastened to Mr. Turnbull's study, and sat down in the chair so lately occupied by him. The feeling of proud possession, softened with gratitude to Heaven, and sorrow at his death, came over me, and I remained for a long while in a deep reverie. "And all this, and more, much more, are mine," I mentally exclaimed. "The sailor before the mast—the waterman on the river—the charity boy—the orphan, sits down in quiet possession of luxury and wealth. What have I done to deserve all this?" My heart told me nothing, or if any thing, it was almost valueless, and I poured forth my soul in thanks to Heaven. I felt more composed after I had performed this duty, and my thoughts then dwelt upon my benefactor. I surveyed the room—the drawings—the furs and skins—the harpoons and other instruments, all remaining in their respective places as when I last had an interview with Mr. Turnbull. I remembered his kindness—his singleness of heart—his honesty, his good sense, and his real worth, and I shed many tears for his loss. My thoughts then passed to Sarah Drummond, and I felt much uneasiness on that score. Would she receive me, or would she still remember what I had been? I recollected her kindness and good-will towards me. I weighed these and my present condition against my origin, and my former occupation, and could not ascertain how the scale might turn. I shall soon see, thought I. To-morrow even may decide the question. The gardener's wife knocked at the door, and announced that my bed was prepared. I went to sleep, dreaming of Sarah, young Tom, the Domine, and Mary Stapleton.

I was up early the next morning, and hastened to the hotel, when, having arrayed my person to the best of my power, (but at the same time never so little to my satisfaction,) I proceeded to the house of Mr. Drummond. I knocked, and this time I was not desired to wait in the hall, but was immediately ushered up into the drawing-room. Sarah Drummond was sitting alone at her drawing. My name was announced as I entered. She started from her chair, and blushed deeply as she moved towards me. We joined hands in silence. I was breathless with emotion. Never had she appeared so beautiful. Neither party appeared willing to break silence—at last I faltered out "Miss Drummond—" and there I stopped.

"Mr. Faithful," replied she; and then after a break—"How very silly is this! I ought to have congratulated you upon your safe return, and upon your good fortune; and, indeed, Mr. Faithful, no one can do so more sincerely."

"Miss Drummond," replied I, confused, "when I was an orphan, a charity-boy, and a waterman, you called me Jacob. If the alteration in my prospects induces you to address me in so different a manner—if we are in future to be on such formal terms—I can only say, that I wish that I were again—Jacob Faithful, the waterman."

"Nay," replied she, "recollect that it was your own choice to be a waterman; you might have been different, very different: you might at this time, have been partner with my father, for he said so but last night, when we were talking about you—but you refused all; you threw away your education, your talents, your good qualities, from

a foolish pride, which you considered independence. My father almost humbled himself to you, not that it ever is humiliating to acknowledge and attempt to repair a fault—but still he did more than could be expected from most people; your friends persuaded you, but you rejected their advice, and, what was still more unpardonable, even I had no influence over you. As long as you punished yourself, I did not upbraid you, but now that you have been so fortunate, I tell you plainly

"What?"

"That it's more than you deserve—that's all."

"You have said but the truth, Miss Drummond; I was very proud and very foolish, but I had repented of my folly long before I was pressed; and I candidly acknowledge, that I do not merit the good fortune I have met with. Can I say more?"

"No; I am satisfied with your repentance and acknowledgment, so now you may sit down and make yourself agreeable."

"Before I can do that, allow me to ask, as you address me as Mr. Faithful, how am I to address you? I should not wish to be considered impertinent."

"My name is Miss Drummond, but those who feel intimate with me, call me Sarah."

"I may reply, that my name is Faithful, but those who feel intimate with me, call me Jacob."

"Very true; but allow me to observe, that you show very little tact. You should never force a lady into a corner. If I appear affronted when you call me Sarah, then you will do wise to fall back upon Miss Drummond. But why do you fix your eyes upon me so earnestly?"

"I cannot help it, and must beg your pardon; but you are so improved in appearance since I last saw you. I thought then that no one could be more perfect; but —"

"Well, that's not a bad beginning, Jacob; I like to hear of my perfections: now follow up your *but*."

"I hardly know what I was going to say; but I think it was, that I do not feel as if I ought or can address you otherwise than as Miss Drummond."

"O, you've thought better of it, have you. Well, I begin to think myself, that you look so well in your present dress, and have become so very different a person, that I ought not to address you by any other name than Mr. Faithful. So now we are agreed."

"That's not what I meant to say."

"Well, then, let me know what you did mean to say."

This puzzling question fortunately did not require an answer, for Mr. Drummond came into the room, and extended his hand. "My dear Jacob," said he, in the most friendly manner, "I am delighted to see you back again, and to have the pleasure of congratulating you on your good fortune. But you have business to transact which will not admit of delay. You must prove the will, and arrange with the lawyers as soon as possible. Will you come now? all the papers are below, and I have the whole morning to spare. We will be back to dinner, Sarah, if Jacob has no other engagement."

"I have none," replied I, "and shall be most happy to avail myself of your kindness. Miss Drummond, I wish you a good morning."

"Au revoir Mr. Faithful," replied Sarah, courtesying with formality, and a mocking smile.

The behaviour of Mr. Drummond towards me was most kind and parental, and my eyes were often suffused with tears during the occupation

of the morning. The most urgent business was got through, and an interview with Mr. Turnbull's solicitor put the remainder in progress. Still it was so late when we had accomplished it, that I had no time to dress. On my return Miss Drummond received me with her usual kindness. I narrated, during the evening, my adventures since we parted, and took that opportunity of acknowledging to Mr. Drummond how bitterly I had repented my folly, and I may add, ingratitude towards him.

"Jacob," said he, as we were sitting at the tea-table with Mrs. Drummond and Sarah, "I knew that at the time you were toiling on the river for shillings, you were the inheritor of thousands; for I not only witnessed, but read the will of Mr. Turnbull; but I thought it best that you should have a lesson which you would never forget in after life. There is no such thing in this world as independence, unless in a savage state. In society we are all mutually dependent upon each other. Independence of mind you may have, but no more. As a waterman you were dependent upon your customers, as every poor man must be upon those who have more means; and in refusing my offers, you were obliged to apply for employment to others. The rich are as entirely dependent upon others as the poor. They depend upon them for their food, their clothing, their necessities, and their luxuries. Such ever will be the case in society; and the more refined the society may be, the more civilized its parts, the greater is the mutual dependence. Still it is an error originating in itself from high feelings, and therefore must be considered as an error on the right side. But recollect how much you might have thrown away, had not you, in the first place, secured such a friend as Mr. Turnbull, and secondly, if the death of that friend had not so soon put you in possession."

I was but too ready to acknowledge the truth of these remarks. The evening passed away so rapidly, that it was midnight before I rose to take my leave, and I returned to the hotel as happy in mind, and as grateful as any mortal could possibly be. The next day, I removed to the house left me by Mr. Turnbull, and the first order I gave was for a wherry. Such was the force of habit, I could not do without one, and half my time was spent on the river, pulling every day down to Mr. Drummond's, and returning in the evening, or late at night. Thus passed away two months, during which I occasionally saw the Domine, the Stapletons, and old Tom Beazeley. I had exerted myself to procure Tom's discharge, and at last had the pleasure of telling the old people that it was to go out by the next packet. By the Drummonds I was received as a member of the family; there was no hindrance to my being alone with Sarah for hours, and although I had not ventured to declare my sentiments, they appeared to be well understood, as well by her parents as by Sarah herself.

Two days after I had communicated this welcome intelligence to the old couple, as I was sitting at breakfast, attended by the gardener and his wife, for I had made no addition to my establishment, what was my surprise at the appearance of young Tom, who entered the room, as usual, laughing as he held out his hand.

"Tom," exclaimed I, "why, how come you here?"

"By water, Jacob, as you may suppose."

"But how have you received your discharge? Is the ship come home?"

"I hope not. The fact is, I discharged myself, Jacob."

"What! did you desert?"

"Even so. I had three reasons for so doing; in the first place, I could not remain without you; in the second, my mother wrote to say Mary was taking up with a soder; and the third was, I was put into the report for punishment, and should have been flogged as sure as the captain had a pair of epaulettes."

"Well, but sit down, and tell me all about it. You know your discharge is obtained?"

"Yes, thanks to you, Jacob. All the better, for now they won't look after me. All's well that ends well. After you went away, I presume I was not in the very best of humours, and that rascal of a master's mate who had us pressed, thought proper to bully me beyond all bearing. One day, he called me a lying scoundrel, upon which I forgot that I was on board of a man-of-war, and replied that he was a confounded cheat, and that he had better pay me his debt of two guineas for bringing him down the river. He reported me on the quarter-deck for calling him a cheat; and Captain Maclean, who you know, won't stand any nonsense, heard the arguments on both sides, upon which he declared that the conduct of the master's mate was not that of an officer or a gentleman, and therefore he should leave the ship, and that my language to my superior officer was subversive of the discipline of the service, and therefore he should give me a good flogging. Now, Jacob, you know that if the officers don't pay their debts, Captain Maclean always does, and with interest into the bargain; so finding that I was in for it, and no mistake, I swam on shore the night before Black Monday, and made my way to Miramachi, without any adventure except a tussle with a serjeant of marines, who I left for dead about three miles out of the town. At Miramachi I got on board of a timber ship, and here I am."

"I am sorry that you deserted, nevertheless," replied I, "it may come to mischief."

"Never fear; the people on the river know that I have my discharge, and I'm safe enough."

"Have you seen Mary?"

"Yes; and all's right in that quarter. I shall build another wherry, wear my badge and dress, and stick above bridge. When I'm all settled, I'll splice, and live along with the old couple."

"But will Mary consent to live there? it is so quiet and retired that she won't like it."

"Mary Stapleton has given herself airs enough in all conscience, and has had her own way quite enough. Mary Beazeley will do as her husband wishes, or I will know the reason why."

"We shall see, Tom; bachelor's wives are always best managed, they say; but now you want money to buy your boat."

"Yes, if you will lend it to me—I don't like to take it away from the old people—and I'll pay you when I can, Jacob."

"No, you must accept this, Tom; and when you marry, you must accept something more," replied I, handing the notes to him.

"With all my heart, Jacob. I never can repay you for what you've done for me, and so I may just as well increase the debt."

"That's good logic, Tom."

"Quite as good as independence, is it not, Jacob?"

"Better—much better, as I know, to my cost," replied I, laughing.

Tom finished his breakfast, and then took his leave. After breakfast, as usual, I went to the boat-house, and unchaining my wherry, pulled up the river, which I had not hitherto done, my attendance upon Sarah having invariably turned the bow of my wherry in the opposite direction. I swept by the various residences on the banks of the river until I arrived opposite to that of Mr. Wharnccliffe, and perceived a lady and gentleman in the garden. I knew them immediately, and, as they were standing close to the wall, I pulled in and saluted them. "Do you recollect me?" said I to them, smiling.

"Yes," replied the lady; "I do recollect your face—surely—it is Faithful, the waterman."

"No, I am not a waterman; I am only amusing myself in my own boat."

"Come up," replied Mr. Wharnccliffe; "we can't shake hands with you at that distance."

I made fast my wherry and joined them. They received me most cordially. "I thought you were not a waterman, Mr. Faithful, although you said that you were," said Mr. Wharnccliffe. "Why did you deceive us in that way?"

"Indeed, at that time I was, from my own choice and my own folly, a waterman—now I am so no longer."

We were soon on the most intimate terms, and I narrated part of my adventures. They expressed their obligations to me, and requested that I would accept their friendship. "Would you like to have a row on the water?—it is a beautiful day; and if Mrs. Wharnccliffe will trust herself—"

"O, I should like it above all things; will you go, Henry? I will run for a shawl."

In a few minutes we were all three embarked, and I rowed them to *my villa*. They had been admiring the beauty of the various residences on the banks of the Thames. "How do you like that one?" inquired I, of Mrs. Wharnccliffe.

"It is very handsome, and I think one of the very best."

"That is mine," replied I; "will you land, and allow me to show it to you?"

"Yours!"

"Yes, mine; but I have a very small establishment, for I am a bachelor."

We landed, and after walking about the grounds, went into the house. "Do you recollect this room?" said I, to Mr. Wharnccliffe.

"Yes, indeed I do; it was here that the box was opened, and my uncle's—but we must not say anything about that, he is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, he never held his head up after his dishonesty was discovered. He pined and died within three months, sincerely repenting what he had attempted."

I accepted their invitation to dinner, as I rowed them back to their own residence, and afterwards, had the pleasure of enrolling them among my sincerest friends. Through them I was introduced to Lady Auburn and many others; and I shall not forget the old housekeeper recognizing me one day, when I was invited to Lady Auburn's villa.

"Bless me, what tricks you young gentlemen do play; only to think how you asked me for water, and how I pushed the door in your face, and wouldn't let you rest yourself; but if you young gentlemen will disguise yourselves, it's your own faults, and you must take the consequence."

My acquaintances now increased rapidly, and I had the advantage of the best society. I hardly

need observe, that it was a great advantage, for although I was not considered as awkward, still I wanted that polish which can only be obtained by an admixture with good company. The reports concerning me were various; but it was generally reported that I was a young man who had received an excellent education, and might have been brought forward, but that I had taken a passion for the river, and had chosen to be a waterman in preference to any other employment. That I had since come in to a large fortune, and had resumed my station in society. How far the false was blended with the true, those who have read my adventures will readily perceive. For my part, I cared little what they said, and I gave myself no trouble to refute the various assertions. I was not ashamed of my birth, because it had no effect upon the Drummonds; still, I knew the world too well to think it necessary to blazon it. On the whole, the balance was in my favour. There was a degree of romance in my history, with all its variations, which interested, and, joined to the knowledge of my actual wealth, made me to be well received, and gained me attention wherever I went. One thing was much to my advantage, my extensive reading, added to the good classical education which I had received. It is not often in society that an opportunity does occur, when any one can prove his acquisitions; but when it does come, they always make an impression; and thus did education turn the scale in my favour, and every one was much more inclined to believe the false rather than the true versions of my history.

I had often ruminated in what manner I could render the Domine more comfortable, I felt that to him I was as much indebted as to any living being, and one day I opened the subject, but his reply was decided.

"I see, Jacob, my son, I see what thou wouldst wish—but it must not be. Man is but a creature of habit. Habit becomes to him not only necessity but luxury. For five-and-forty years have I toiled, instilling precepts and forcing knowledge into the brains of those who have never proved so apt as thou—truly, it has been a painful task, yet can I not relinquish it. I might at one time, that is, during the first ten years, have met the offer with gratitude, for I felt the humiliation and annoyance of wearying myself with the rudiments when I would fain have commented upon the various peculiarities of style in the ancient Greek and Latin authors; but now, all that is passed away. The eternal round of concord, prosody, and syntax, has charms for me from habit; the rule of three is preferable to the problems of Euclid; and even the Latin grammar has its delights. In short, I have a *hujus* pleasure in *hic, hac, hac, (cluck, cluck,)* and even the flourishing of the twigs of that tree of knowledge, the birch, hath become a pleasurable occupation to me, if not to those upon whom it is inflicted. I am like an old horse, who hath so long gone round and round in a mill, that he cannot walk straight forward, and, if it please the Almighty, I will die in harness. Still I thank thee, Jacob, and thank God that thou hast again proved the goodness of thy heart, and given me one more reason to rejoice in thee and in thy love—but thine offer, if accepted, would not add unto my happiness; for what feeling can be more consolatory to an old man, near unto his grave, than the reflection, that his life, if not distinguished, had at least been useful?"

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Impressions de Voyage. Par Alexander Dumas. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1834.

THESE very amusing sketches of travel were originally contributions to some of the Paris periodicals, and in consequence of the great interest they excited, have been collected into two volumes, of which we have as yet only seen the first. The charm of the work is the reckless negligence of the author. Alexander Dumas, a romanticist of the wildest school, neither cares what he says, nor how he says it: Don Juan is perfect consistency, and Tristram Shandy logical sequence, compared to his Travels. While your eyes become watery over deep tragedy, you have scarcely time to clear the sight when they are again dimmed by laughter over the broadest farce. Nothing comes amiss to him; a theory of the earth jostles against a description of ladies' petticoats; a lament over Napoleon mingles with the account of a hunting match; learned dissertations from the old chronicles unite with the discussions of the latest fashions; and Parisian belles dancing the galopade lead us into the charnel-house of St. Bernard. Much of this is naturally revolting to the sober English taste, but a hearty laugh has been of late so rare an indulgence, that we feel disposed to pardon our author's eccentricities, or at least to view them with that mixture of complacency and wonder that Bruin shows to Jacko when first the bear and monkey are introduced to each other's acquaintance.

Many of the anomalies that we staid and enthusiastic islanders find in Dumas must of course be attributed to the national character of our excitable neighbours, but many more are the necessary results of the circumstances that mould his early life. Of these he has recently published a sketch, which ranks among the most interesting specimens of literary auto-biography. Some extracts from it will form a very appropriate introduction to his Travels.

"I was about twenty years old, when my mother came into my room one morning: she embraced me with tears, and said, 'My dear boy, I am going to sell all we have to pay our debts.' 'Well, mother?' 'Well, child, when our debts are paid we shall have only two hundred and fifty-three francs left.' 'Of income?' My mother smiled bitterly. 'In all?' I resumed. 'In all!' 'Well, mother, I shall this evening take fifty-three francs, and start for Paris.' 'And what will you do there, my poor boy?' 'I will see my father's friends—the Duke of Belluno, minister of

* His father was a mulatto, born in St. Domingo, in 1762, (the natural son of the Marquis de la Paillaterie by a negress,) and educated in France. In 1786 he entered the army as a private in the Queen's Regiment of Dragoons, distinguished himself very early in the Revolution, and rose by the main force of his extraordinary bravery and intrepidity to the rank of general of division in September, 1793. He afterwards commanded in chief in the Pyrenees, the Alps, and La Vendée; and distinguished himself in the subsequent campaigns in Italy and Germany. After the peace of Campo Formio he followed Bonaparte into Egypt, where he added to his laurels. On his return to Europe, the vessel in which he was a passenger was driven by a storm into Tarentum: the Neapolitan government, being then at war with France, seized him, and confined him for two years as a prisoner in a damp dungeon, along with the celebrated mineralogist Do-

war—Sebastiani, as powerful by his opposition as others by their favour. My father, an older general than any of them, and who commanded three armies, has seen them all under his orders. We have there a letter from Belluno, acknowledging that he was indebted to my father for the favour of Napoleon; a letter from Sebastiani, thanking him for having procured for him a share in the Egyptian expedition; letters from Jourdan, Kellermann, and even Bernadotte himself. I will go to Sweden if it be necessary, find out the king, and appeal to his reminiscences as a soldier.' 'And what will become of me in the mean time?' 'You are right; be quiet, I shall not need to travel beyond Paris, and so I shall set off this evening.' 'Do what you please,' said my mother, embracing me a second time; 'it is, perhaps, a divine impulse.' She went out; I sprang to the foot of my bed, proud rather than sad at the news I had just heard. I was now in my turn to be good for something; to repay to my mother, not the kindness she had lavished on me, that was impossible, but to spare her the daily torments that anxiety brings with it—to comfort her old age by my toils. A thousand projects, a thousand hopes floated through my mind: I was sure of obtaining all I asked when I should declare what depended on my prospects. 'What I ask is for my mother, the widow of your old comrade—for my mother, my excellent mother!'

"Born at Villers-Coterets, a little town with about two thousand inhabitants, it may easily be guessed that the resources for my education were not very great. A worthy *abbe*, loved and respected by every body, had for five or six years given me lessons in Latin, and made me complete some French *bouts-rimes*. With regard to arithmetic, three school-masters in succession had given up the task of driving the first four rules into my head; to make amends, I had a good rural education, that is to say, I rode every horse in the neighbourhood, walked frequently twelve leagues to dance at a ball, fenced well, was a good marksman with the pistol, played rackets admirably, and seldom missed a hare or partridge at thirty paces. My preparations being made, a work that did not require much time, I went to announce to all my acquaintances my departure for Paris.

"In the coffee-room belonging to the coach-office, there happened to be an old friend of my father; he had besides this friendship felt some gratitude to our family, for having once been wounded in the chace, he was brought to our house, and the attentions he received from my mother and sister were never effaced from his memory. Deriving great influence from his fortune and his probity, he had carried by storm the election of General Foy, his old companion at college. He offered me a letter to the honourable deputy; I took it, embraced him, and went to bid farewell to my worthy *abbe*; he approved my resolution, took leave of me with tears in his eyes, and when I asked him for advice, which he had not offered, he opened the Bible and pointed to these words: *Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.*

"That very evening I set off, and on my arrival in Paris, stopped at a very modest hotel in the *Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, convinced that society was ca-

lomien. The effect of this confinement was such upon his constitution as to condemn him to inactivity for the remainder of his days, which, after several years' languor and suffering, were terminated in 1807, at the early age of forty-five. He possessed extraordinary strength, and notwithstanding his copper tint, was looked upon as one of the finest men in the French army.

luminated, that the world was a garden of golden flowers, and that like Ali Baba, I had only to pronounce *SERAME* to cleave the rocks. That very evening I wrote to the minister of war to ask an audience, detailing to him my paternal claims to such a favour, delicately suppressing the kindness he had received from my father, of which a letter that I had brought with me afforded undeniable proofs. I went to sleep and dreamed of the Arabian nights. Next morning I bought the Directory of twenty-five thousand addresses, and proceeded to action.

"My first visit was to Marshal Jourdan. He had a very vague recollection that there had been a General called Alexander Dumas, but he never remembered to have heard that he had a son. In spite of all I could say, I left him at the end of ten minutes very dubious of my existence. I went next to General Sebastiani. He was in his cabinet; four or five secretaries were writing at his dictation, each of whom had on his desk, besides his pens, ink and paper, a rich gold snuff-box, which he presented open to the General, whenever he stopped before him. The General delicately introduced his fore-finger and thumb, voluptuously sniffed the Spanish snuff, and resumed his walk through the room. My visit was short: notwithstanding my high respect for the General, I felt that I had no vocation for the office of snuff-bearer in ordinary.

"I returned to my hotel: my golden dreams were vanished. I took up my Directory, and turning over the leaves, met a name, which I had so often heard my mother mention with warm praise, that I bounded for joy; it was that of General Verdier, who had served under my father in Egypt. I at once took a guide to the *Rue du Faubourg-Montmartre*, where he resided. 'General Verdier?' I asked of the porter. 'Fourth floor, the small door on the left.'—I made him repeat the direction, but found I was not mistaken. 'By Jove,' said I, as I went up the stair-case, 'here is one that does not resemble the liveried lacqueys of Marshal Jourdan, nor General Sebastiani's Swiss.'—General Verdier, fourth floor, the little door to the left—this man will assuredly remember my father.' I got up; a modest green cord hung by the door, I rang the bell, waiting this third trial to form my opinions respecting mankind. The door opened, a man about sixty appeared; he wore a cap bordered with fur, a loose coat and pantaloons reaching to his ankles; in one hand he held a pallet covered with paints of different colours, and a painting-brush in the other. I thought I had made a mistake, and began looking at the other doors. 'What do you want, sir?' said he.—'To present my respects to General Verdier, but I probably have made some mistake.'—'Not at all, there is no mistake, this is the place.' I entered his *atelier*. 'Permit me, sir,' said the gentleman in the cap, placing himself before a battle-piece whose painting I had interrupted.—'Willingly,' I replied, 'if you will only tell me where I shall find the General.' He turned round.—'Why, I am the person.'—'You!' I fixed my eyes on him with such a stare of surprise that he burst out laughing. 'General,' I said, 'in me you behold the son of your old comrade in Egypt, Alexander Dumas.' He regarded me with fixed attention, and after a minute's pause said, 'Yes; true—you are his living image.' Tears sprang to his eyes, and throwing away his brush, he extended me a hand which I felt desirous to kiss rather than grasp. 'Well, what brings you to Paris, my poor boy,' he continued, 'for, if I remember right, you lived in some village or other with your mother.'—'True, General; but my mother grows old, and we are poor.'—'Two songs whose tune I know well,' he muttered to himself.—

'So I have come to Paris in the hope of obtaining some small place which would enable me to support her as she supported me.'—'That is well done; but places are not easy to be had in these days; they are sought after by a crowd of nobles, whose claims are deemed paramount.'—'But, General, I reckoned on your protection.'—'Humph!'—I repeated my assertion.—'On my protection?' he smiled bitterly. 'My poor child, if you wish to take lessons in painting, my protection will go so far as to give them to you, and yet you will not be worth much unless you surpass your master. My protection! Well, you are probably the only person that would have asked for it.'—'What do you mean?'—'Have not these fellows sent me adrift under the pretence of I know not what conspiracy? So that, as you see, I have turned painter. Now, if you wish to do so.'—'Thanks, General! but I have no taste, and the apprenticeship would be very long.'—'Well, my friend, this is all that I can offer; oh, yes, there is the half of my purse, I did not think of it, for it is scarcely worth the trouble.'—He opened the drawer of his desk, which contained, I think, two pieces of gold, and about forty francs in silver.—'Thanks, General,' I replied in tears, 'I am nearly as rich as you; but give me some advice on the steps I should take.'—'Oh, as much of that as you please; let us see what you propose.'—He took up his brush and resumed his painting.—'I have written to Marshal, the Duke of Belluno.'—The General, at the same time shading the figure of a Cossack, made a grimace, which might be translated by, 'My poor boy, if that is your only dependence.'—'I have besides,' said I, answering his thought, 'a letter of introduction to General Foy, deputy for our department.'—'Ah! that is quite another affair; wait not for the minister's answer, my child; take your letter to General Foy, be assured he will receive you well. In the mean time will you dine with me? We will chat about your father.'—'Most willingly, General!'—'Well, come at six o'clock.' I took my leave of General Verdier.

The next day I went to see the honourable and upright Deputy (Foy). When the door of his sanctuary opened, he turned round, and fixing his eyes upon me with his usual vivacity, said, 'M. Alexander Dumas?'—'Yes, General.'—'Are you the son of the Commander of the army of the Alps?'—'Yes, General.'—'He was a gallant soldier. Can I be useful to you in any way? It would give me great pleasure.'—'I feel much obliged for the interest you take in my fortunes, I have brought you a letter from Monsieur Danze.'—'Let us see what my good friend says.' He read the letter. 'Ah, he recommends you to me very earnestly; he must love you very sincerely.'—'As his son.'—'Well, let us see what we can do with you.'—'Whatever you please, General.'—'We must first find out what you are good for.'—'Oh, not for much.'—'We shall see—you know a little mathematics?'—'No, General.'—'At least you have some knowledge of Algebra? Geometry? Natural Philosophy?' He paused between every word; and at each word I felt the perspiration dripping from my brow. 'No, General,' I stammered out; he perceived my embarrassment.—'You know Greek and Latin.'—'A little.'—'Do you speak any of the living languages?'—'Italian, very well; German, very badly.'—'I will get you a place at Lafitte's then. Doubtless, you understand accounts.'—'Not the least in the world; O, General!' I continued, 'my education has been neglected, but I will repair my deficiencies, I give you my word of honour.'—'But in the mean time, my friend, have you the means of livelihood.'—'I have nothing!' I exclaimed, overwhelmed by my feelings of utter help-

lessness. 'Give me your address,' said he, 'I will think of what can be done for you.' I wrote. 'We are safe,' he exclaimed, 'you write a good hand.' I had, indeed, this *brevet* of incapacity: I hid my face in my hands. General Foy continued without perceiving my thoughts: 'Listen, I dine to-day with the Duke of Orleans, (present King of the French) I will speak to him about you. Draw out a petition.' I obeyed, he folded it up, and having pencilled a few notes in the margin, put it in his pocket; then extending his hand to me as a mark of friendship, he invited me to breakfast with him the next morning.

"On my return to my hotel, I found a letter from the Duke of Belluno, who, not having time to receive me, requested me to state my wishes in writing. I replied that I asked an audience, only to place in his hands the letter of thanks he had written to my father; but that not being able to see him, I enclosed a copy. The next morning I went to the residence of General Foy, who was now my only hope. 'Well,' said he, with a smiling countenance, 'your affair is settled, you are to be a supernumerary secretary to the Duke of Orleans, with a salary of twelve hundred francs; it is no very large sum, but you will work hard to improve it.'—'It is a fortune, and when shall I be installed?'—'This very day if you please.'—'Permit me to tell my mother the good news.'—'Yes; sit down there.' I wrote to her to sell all she had left, and come to join me; when I had finished, I turned to the General; he was regarding me with a look of inexpressible benevolence. This reminded me that I had not even thanked him. I leaped upon his neck and embraced him. He laughed heartily."

We shall not follow Dumas through his subsequent career as a politician, because we are weary of politics, nor as a dramatist, because we shall take some better opportunity of examining his dramatic powers; but having introduced "the man" to our readers, we shall ask them to accompany him on his travels.

Dumas visited Lyons at the period when the youth of the French Manchester had risen against their seniors and resolved to establish a Lyonnese literature, before which the Parisian should hide its diminished head. We have had in our own days so many tragic revolutions at Lyons, that we rejoice to meet with a touch of the comic, and, therefore, hasten to give our readers an incident from the war between literature and commerce.

"During the last five or six years, Lyons has maintained a gallant struggle against the commercial spirit, in order to obtain a literature. Truly, I admired the wondrous constancy of the young artists that have devoted their lives to this overwhelming work; they are miners tracing a thread of gold through a mass of granite; every blow they strike scarcely removes a particle of the rock they attack, and yet, thanks to their persevering toil, the new literature has acquired at Lyons the right of citizenship which it begins to enjoy. One anecdote out of a thousand will show the influence that commercial prejudice exercises over the Lyonnese merchants in matters of art.

"The drama of *Antony* was acted before a numerous audience, and as has sometimes happened to that piece, in the midst of a very violent opposition. A merchant and his daughter were in a front-box, and near him one of the enterprising authors I have mentioned. The father at first took a lively interest in the drama, but after the scene between Antony and the mistress of the inn, his enthusiasm manifestly cooled; his daughter, on the contrary, had from that moment felt an increasing emotion, which in the last

act burst in a passion of tears. When the curtain fell, the father, who had exhibited visible signs of impatience during the last two acts, perceiving his daughter's tears, said, 'Bless me, what a stupid girl you must be to allow yourself to be affected by such utter nonsense.'

"'Ah, papa, it is not my fault,' replied the poor girl, quite confused, 'forgive me, I know that it is very ridiculous.'

"'Ridiculous! yes, ridiculous is the proper phrase; for my part, I cannot comprehend how any one could be interested by such monstrous improbabilities.'

"'Good heavens, papa! it is just because I find it so perfectly true.'

"'True, child! can you have paid any attention to the plot?'

"'I have not lost a single incident.'

"'Well—in the third act Antony buys a post-chaise—is it not so?'

"'Yes; I remember it.'

"'And pays ready money down on the nail.'

"'I remember it very well.'

"'Well; he never took a receipt for it.'—pp. 72-75.

The Lyonnese character is illustrated by another whimsical incident. A rail-road passes through a very narrow tunnel, and to prevent accidents a placard was put up, declaring "It is forbidden to pass under this archway under pain of being crushed by the carriages." Not a soul paid the least attention to the warning. The authorities were forced to make a second proclamation with a different penalty, "It is forbidden to pass under this archway under pain of being fined." Thenceforward the tunnel was as deserted as Hyde Park in a hail-storm.

From Lyons Dumas proceeded to Geneva, the toy-shop of Europe, the metropolis of smugglers, and the plague of the French police. Custom-house officers, if they had the eyes of Argus, and the hands of Briareus, would be baffled by the "free-traders" of Geneva. The French officers are among the most vigilant in the world, but even they are so completely baffled, that smuggled goods are publicly insured at the moderate rate of five per cent.

"The most fashionable of the jewellery warehouses in Geneva is beyond doubt that of Mr. Beattie; it is difficult even to dream of a collection more rich in those thousand wonders that win the female heart; they are sufficient to turn the head of every Parisian lady, and make Cleopatra jump with envy in her tomb.

"These *bijoux* are subjected to a heavy duty on their entrance into France; but for an insurance of five per cent. Mr. Beattie undertakes to smuggle them; the bargain between the buyer and seller is made as publicly as if there were neither custom-houses nor custom-house officers in the world. It is true that Mr. Beattie possesses marvellous address in baffling these harpies: one anecdote out of a thousand will show how justly he is entitled to this compliment.

"When the Count de St. Crieg was director-general of the customs, he heard so much of the ingenuity that baffled the vigilance of his agents, that he resolved to ascertain personally if these reports were true. He went to Geneva, presented himself at Beattie's warehouse, and bought jewellery to the amount of 30,000 francs, on condition that it should be sent duty-free to his residence in Paris. Mr. Beattie accepted the conditions like a man accustomed

ed to such bargains; he merely presented the purchaser with a private bond, stipulating that he should pay five per cent. for insurance. The latter smiled, took the pen, and subscribed *De St. Crieg, director-general of the French customs*, and then handed the paper to Mr. Beautte. The merchant looked at the signature, and making a low bow, simply said, 'Monsieur director-general of customs, the articles which you have done me the honour of purchasing, shall be in Paris as soon as yourself.' The Count felt himself thrown on his mettle; he scarce gave himself time to dine, when he ordered post-horses, and was on the road an hour after the bargain was concluded.

"As he passed the frontiers, the Count made himself known to the officers who came to search his baggage; told their chief of the recent transaction, recommended the most active vigilance along the entire line, and promised a reward of thirty *louis d'or* to the officer who should discover the prohibited goods. Not a single officer got a wink of sleep during the next three days.

"In the mean time the Count reaches Paris, alights at his residence, embraces his wife and children, and goes up to his dressing-room to change his travelling attire.

"The first thing he sees on his mantel-piece is a beautiful box, of singular workmanship, with whose appearance he was unacquainted. He goes over to examine it, and reads on a silver plate '*To M. the Count de St. Crieg, director-general of French customs*;' he opens it—and finds the jewellery he had purchased in Geneva!

"Beautte had a secret understanding with the waiters of the inn, and they, while aiding the Count's servants to pack his baggage, had slipped in the prohibited box. On their arrival in Paris, the Count's *valet de chambre*, seeing the beauty of the casket, and the particularity of its direction, had carried it direct to his master's apartment. The director-general of the customs was the chief smuggler of the kingdom."—pp. 94—98.

The tombs in the cathedral of Lausanne are illustrated with abundance of ancient learning and modern scandal. Of the latter, the following is no bad specimen.

"Among the modern tombs are those of the Princess Catherine Orloff and Lady Stratford Canning: on account of his profound grief, Lord Stratford obtained permission that his wife should be buried in the cathedral. He wrote to Canova, ordering a splendid tomb, requesting the sculptor to complete it as soon as possible. The monument was sent at the end of five months, and arrived the morning after the disconsolate husband had found a remedy for grief in the arms of a second wife."

At Villaneuva, Dumas witnessed an extraordinary kind of trout fishing, quite new to him, and probably new to most of our readers. The entire account is too long to be extracted, but we shall select a few characteristic passages.

"We found the fish at dinner so delicious that we asked to have some for our breakfast the next morning. Scarcely had we expressed these gastronomic desires, when the mistress of the house summoned an attendant of about eighteen or twenty years of age, who discharged in the inn the various functions of butler, scullion, waiter, and 'boots.' He came half asleep and received the order, in spite of some very expressive yawns, the only opposition that the poor devil dared offer to his mistress's commands; 'Go, you idle knave,' said she to Maurice, for so this functionary was named, '*take your lantern and bill-hook*, and be quick.'

"A lantern and bill-hook to fish with! From that moment it was all over with Maurice, for I was seized with an irresistible desire of seeing fishing managed like fagot-making.

"Maurice heaved a profound sigh; for he thought that he had no hope but in God, and God had seen him so often in the same predicament without extricating him, that there was little chance of a miracle in his favour.

"He took then, with the energy of despair, a bill-hook which hung in the midst of the kitchen utensils, and a lantern of such singular shape that it merits a detailed description. It was a globe of horn, like the round lamps we suspend from our ceilings, to which was fixed a thin tube about a yard long, of the thickness and shape of a broom-handle. As the globe was hermetically closed, the wick which burned in the inside received air only through the tube, and could neither be extinguished by the wind nor the rain.

"Are you coming then?' said Maurice, having made his preparations, and seeing me getting ready to follow.

"Assuredly,' I replied, 'this mode of fishing appears to me very original.'

"Aye, Aye,' grumbled he between his teeth, 'it is very original to see a poor devil groping in water up to his waist, when he ought to be asleep in hay up to his chin. Will you take a bill-hook and lantern, and fish likewise, it will be then still more original.'—pp. 136—138.

The voice of his mistress, sounding in the distance like the muttered thunder before a storm, cut short the dialogue. Away started Maurice at full speed, pursued by Dumas, eager to learn the mode of fishing with a lantern and bill-hook. Maurice had got a considerable start; his waving light in the distance looked like an *ignis fatuus*, and was just as treacherous a guide: ere Dumas had advanced many paces, he tripped over some harness and rolled in the dust and gravel, deriving from the former a complete covering from head to foot, while the latter converted his hands into as pretty a piece of mosaic as could be desired. Maurice was with difficulty induced to halt, and his consolation to the unfortunate traveller was the moral lesson—

"See now the consequence of going fishing at half-past nine at night."—p. 142.

They soon reached a mountain stream, issuing from a distant bed of snow, and Maurice, to the great surprise of his companion, began gravely to strip, and invited Dumas to follow his example:

"Are you really going into the water?' said I.

"How can you have trout for your breakfast if I do not catch it."

"But I have no intention of fishing."

"You came to see me fish, did you not?"

"Certainly."

"Well then, off with your pantaloons—but perhaps you had rather wade with pantaloons—you are free to do so—there is no disputing about taste."

"This water is frozen!' said I.

"It comes from the bed of snow, about half a league off,' he replied, missing the force of my exclamation.

"But Maurice—I will not hear of your going into this water."

"Did you not say that you wished for trout at breakfast to-morrow morning?"

"Certainly,' I replied, 'but I did not know that the gratification of my whim would require that a man, that you, Maurice, should go up to your middle in

this icy stream, at the risk of dying of dysentery within a week—Come away, Maurice, come away.

"And what will the mistress say?"

"I take all that upon myself—Come away."

"That cannot be," said Maurice, stepping into the water.

"How cannot be?"

"Certainly. You are not the only traveller fond of trout."—pp. 145—149.

Maurice then proceeds to deliver a philippic against the perversity of travellers' tastes; they love trout, and hence he is driven, at the risk of his life, to fish by night in snow-water; they love the chamois, and in consequence, Maurice's fellow servant, Peter, is forced to risk his neck over frightful precipices. Dumas indulges in some very profound reflections on the condition of humanity, but his reveries are interrupted by the extraordinary fishery he witnesses:

"During this time Maurice, who had no suspicion of the reflections his conversation suggested, had waded up to his middle in the stream, and commenced a fishery, of which I had before no notion, and which I would scarcely have believed possible had I not witnessed it. The lantern with its long tube was designed to explore the bed of the torrent, whilst the pipe rising above the surface of the water afforded sufficient air to support the flame of the wick. In this manner, the bed of the stream was revealed by a circle of weak and wavering light, diminishing in brilliancy as it receded from the luminous centre. The trout within the circle, attracted by the light, swam towards the globe like moths fluttering round a candle; then Maurice slowly lifted the lamp with his left hand, while the fish followed the light; as each trout came to the surface, Maurice struck it so adroitly with his bill-hook on the head, that it fell stunned to the bottom, whence it soon rose dead and bloody, and was immediately removed to the pouch which Maurice wore like a game-bag suspended from his shoulders."—p. 151.

Dumas attempted to imitate Maurice; he caught—one small trout, and a very bad cold.

We pass with some reluctance over the visit to the salt mines of Bex, in order to arrive at Martigny, and have our share in the bear-steak, or as our traveller rather Hibernically terms it, *le beef-steak d'ours*, furnished by a liberal host. Dumas at first was rated very low by mine host, because he was a pedestrian whose attire bore evident marks of service; but he won favour by means which we fear would have failed to propitiate the keeper of a hotel in England. But let us give the scene, instead of describing it.

"Will Monsieur take a guide to show him the castle, and explain to him the era of its foundation?"

"Thanks; I can find my road alone; with respect to the age of your castle, it was founded by Peter of Savoy, surnamed the Great, if I remember right, towards the close of the twelfth century."

"Monsieur knows our history as well as we do."

"I thanked him for his intention, as he manifestly thought that he was paying a compliment."

"Oh!" he resumed, "our country was famous formerly; it had a Latin name, sustained great wars, and was the residence of a Roman emperor."

"Yes," replied I, allowing learning to flow from my lips like the professor in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. "Yes, Martigny is the Octodurum of the Celts, and its present inhabitants are descended from the Veragrians, of whom Caesar, Pliny, Strabo, and Livy, speak, calling them Semi-Germans. About fifty years before Jesus Christ, Sergius Galba, the

Lieutenant of Caesar, was besieged there by the Sedanians. It was there the tyrant Maximian wished to make his army sacrifice to the heathen deities, which caused the martyrdom of St. Maurice, and the entire Theban legion. Finally, when Petronius, the prætorian prefect, was charged to divide Gaul into seventeen provinces, he separated the *Valais* from Italy, and made your town the capital of the Pennine Alps. Is it not so, my good host?"—pp. 187—189.

The host was stupefied with admiration; he gazed on the traveller as Meg Merrilies may be supposed to have done on Guy Mannering when he delivered his celebrated lecture on astrology, and had not recovered his speech until the historian had reached the street. There Dumas heard the room ordered for him which the Empress Maria Louisa had occupied in 1829; no trifling reward for his literature, as those can well testify who have had the misfortune of becoming acquainted with the nameless abominations of ordinary Swiss beds.

After a long excursion, Dumas returned to the inn fatigued and hungry. He found the *table d'hôte* occupied, but the effects of his pedantic display were visible in a separate table, on which was laid that delicacy which Apicius himself might envy—a *filet d'ours*. Dumas, to whom the name of bear recalled the association which the Ne-villes of Warwick placed in their coat of arms, "the bear and ragged staff," hesitated, before venturing on the unknown luxury. The first morsel was swallowed, the second disappeared, and so delicious was it found, that Dumas could not forbear exclaiming:

"How, can this be bear's flesh?"

"Yes, just bear's flesh."

"Really?"

"On my word of honour."

"Well, it is really excellent."—p. 194.

The host was called away to the other table, and Dumas did that justice to his steak, which might be expected from one whose carnivorous prowess had led to his being described as "the Englishman who spoke French very well." Three-fourths of the dish had disappeared, when mine host returned and resumed the conversation.

"That animal with which you are engaged was a famous beast."

"I assented by a nod."

"He weighed three hundred and twenty."

"A good weight." I did not lose a single mouthful.

"He was not obtained without trouble, I can assure you."

"I can easily believe it." I raised the last morsel to my mouth.

"The fine fellow ate half of the hunter that killed him."

"The morsel flew from my mouth as if shot from a cannon. 'Devil take you!' said I, turning round, 'for joking in this way with a man at dinner.'"

"It is no joke, I assure you, but a positive fact."—p. 197.

Mine host then gives his guest so graphic a picture of the bear-hunt, that long before the conclusion of his story all feelings of squeamishness are forgotten.

We should gladly accompany our tourist in his ascent of Mont Blanc, had not the name become so hackneyed by recent travellers that we rarely hear it pronounced without a yawn. The visit to the *hospice* of St. Bernard begins in farce and

ends in tragedy, an arrangement with which we feel dissatisfied, and therefore we make our bow to Alexander Dumas, saying with sincerity:

— Long live he!
And when he next shall ride abroad,
May we be there to see!

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From the same.

1. *Œuvres Complètes de Madame la Baronne de Stael Holstein*, &c. 17 vols. 8vo. Paris.
2. *Mélanges de Littérature et de Politique*. Par M. Benjamin Constant. Paris, 1829, 8vo.
3. *Lives of Madame de Stael and Madame Roland*. By Mrs. Child. Boston, 1833.

MADAME DE STAEL WAS not only the most remarkable woman of her time, but is in one respect strikingly distinguished above all her sex. She is, perhaps, the only woman whom a majority of competent judges would place in the first order of human talent. In surveying the wide circle of literature, art and science, we are naturally disposed to adopt some species of classification—to take a few great names from out of the herd, and to place them in a class by themselves. This first class of master-minds will be smaller or more extensive according to the taste of the individual selecting them, and the degree of his veneration for a few of the leading examples of intellectual greatness; but, if a thousand well-informed persons were required each to produce his first-class list of the eminent in arts, literature and science, however they might vary in other respects, they would probably be found to agree in this—they would either not admit in their first class the name of a woman, or only that of Madame de Stael.

We are unwilling to assign a limit to the faculties of women, or to believe that there is any height of intellectual greatness attained by man to which they are incapable of reaching; nor will we pause to inquire whether, assuming such incapability to be true, mental organization or insufficient culture is the disabling cause. We will abstain from speculation, and point only to the fact,—that in arts and literature *first rate* excellence has never been exhibited by woman. Not even in those arts which demand that quickness of feeling and refinement of taste which woman is presumed most likely to possess, do we find the proficiency we should expect. Music is perhaps more extensively cultivated by women than by men; yet the great composers have all been men. Painting and sculpture might be feminine accomplishments; yet where is the female artist who deserves to be classed with the great masters in those arts? In the lighter and more imaginative branches of literature, which should be most accessible to women, the case is no less striking. Shakspeare in the drama, Milton in Poetry, Scott in romance, are unapproached by female pens. We do not pretend to explain the reason, we only mean to state the fact, and to observe, that to a body of instances so conclusive as might well suffice to constitute a rule, Madame de Stael is perhaps a solitary exception. She is perhaps the only woman who can claim admission to an equality with the first order of manly talent. She was one whom listening senates would have admired,

as though it had been a Burke, a Chatham, a Fox, or a Mirabeau. She was one whom legislators might consult with profit. She was one whose voice and pen were feared, and, because feared, unrelentingly persecuted by the absolute master of the mightiest empire that the world has witnessed since the days of Charlemagne.

This extraordinary woman, though the daughter of a distinguished and affectionate father, cannot be said to have owed much to education. In her childhood she was bandied about between opposite systems. Her mother was a pedantic disciplinarian; her father the celebrated Necker, was in the other extreme indulgent. Under the rule of the former she was crammed with learning to the injury of her health; and when the authority of the latter prevailed, she was for some years suffered to be idle, feed imagination, write pastorals, and plan romances. With an exuberant buoyancy of childish spirit, she was scarcely ever a child in intellect. One of the games of her childhood was to compose tragedies, and make puppets to act them. Before twelve she conversed, with the intelligence of a grown-up person, with such men as Grimm and Marmontel. At fifteen she wrote remarks on the *Esprit des Loix*; at sixteen she composed a long anonymous letter to her father on the subject of his *Compte Rendu*; and Raynal had so high an opinion of her powers, that he wished her to write for his work a paper on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. At the age of twenty she married the Baron de Stael, ambassador from Sweden, and obtained a position, which, if it failed to bring with it all she wished of domestic happiness, at least afforded ample scope for the exercise of her great abilities. She was enthusiastic, sanguine, and imaginative; and, like many other ardent minds, hers was captivated by those beautiful harbingers of expected liberty, the first fair dawnings of the French Revolution, when nothing was sought but exemption from oppression, and subsequent excesses were not foreseen. But though she embraced this cause with ardour, she was not blinded to the change which its character underwent, and did not stubbornly adhere to it when that character was changed. She not only abhorred, but courageously opposed the frightful course towards regicide which revolutionary France was running. After Louis had been brought back a captive from Varennes, she drew up a written plan for his escape from the Tuilleries, and gave it to Montmorin, by whom it was never communicated to the king. She bravely incurred a still greater risk in venturing to publish a defence of the queen, about the frightful commencement of the reign of terror.

After the fall of the Terrorists, Madame de Stael, fearing lest the country should be forced, as she energetically expressed it, "*à retraverser une seconde fois le fleuve du sang*,"—anxious for any thing that resembled a re-establishment of order, and comparatively little solicitous about the constitution and materials of the new government, if it would only save from a recurrence of anarchy—lent the aid of her talents in support of the Directory. She became the centre of a political society, combining many distinguished men, among whom was Benjamin Constant, and which laboured to counteract the sinister influence of the Club de Clichy, by which the Directory was vehemently assailed. But the talents of its advocates could do little for the Directory. While

Bonaparte was conquering in Italy and in Egypt, it was dying of its own weakness; a political atrocity had seized it. It bore the forms of republicanism without its spirit. It utterly wanted what republican institutions need more, perhaps, than any others—the invigorating support of public opinion. It excited no interest; and it was not regarded as an object of fear. Second-rate lawyers were installed in the seats of government, amid the sneers and murmurings of the people, who, disgusted with the farce at home, looked with satisfaction only at the brilliant spectacle of victories at a distance; and all was ripe for that military domination which Bonaparte was prepared to seize.

Madame de Stael evinced her penetration by an early distrust of the character of Bonaparte. Unlike a woman, she was not dazzled by those successes which turned the heads of the men of France. She saw the anti-liberal tendency of his mind—the dark inherent germ of despotism. She appears to have seen it long before the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, when, treading closely in the steps of Cromwell, but with less of energy and decision in the execution of his measures, he dissolved a legislative assembly by military force; and a jeering populace saw the members of the Council of Five Hundred ludicrously escaping in their senatorial trappings out of the windows at St. Cloud, while the hall was swept by a file of soldiers.

"Shortly after the 18th Brumaire," says Madame de Stael, in her *Dix Annees d'Exil*, "Bonaparte was informed that I had been speaking strongly in my circle against that dawning oppression, of the progress of which I had as clear a presentiment as if the page of fatality had been revealed to me. Joseph Bonaparte, whose wit and conversation I liked exceedingly, said to me, on one of his visits:—'My brother complains of you. Why, repeated he to me yesterday, does not Madame de Stael attach herself to my government?—What does she require?—the payment of her father's deposit?—I will order it. To reside at Paris?—I will permit her to do so. In short, what is it she really wants?—*Mon Dieu!* what is my reply, the question is, not what I want, but what I think.'"

Soon after this she was consulted by Benjamin Constant on an intended speech against the government. She urged him to make it. He warned her of the consequences, appealing to her love of society and social influence. "Your salon is now filled with persons whom you like; if I make my speech to-morrow, it will be deserted; think well of it." "We must follow our conviction," was her answer. The speech was made, and the threatened consequence ensued; and such is Madame de Stael's first quarrel with Bonaparte. It is difficult to analyze the secret motives, and detect the share which wounded vanity might have had in producing coldness, almost from the outset of their acquaintance, between these two celebrated persons. It is plain that the tone and demeanour of the latter were depreciating and repulsive; that he regarded the former as an unwelcome phenomenon, and that his aversion was a mixed feeling, combining jealousy of the admiration which her talents created, with preconceived contempt for the intellect of her sex. Bonaparte's feeling towards women was somewhat akin to that with which the Indian savage views his squaw. He never seems to have been able to divest himself of a strong impression of their in-

feriority; and he probably disliked Madame de Stael the more for having subjected his prejudice to so rude a shock. But if his hostility originated in prejudice, it was continued through policy. She would not be other than a source of danger; her interests and his policy were diametrically opposite. Her success was incompatible with the despotism he had meditated. A man of eminent talents might be linked to his fortunes by the chain of office; and the hopes of promotion and the terrors of disgrace might equally be applied to render him subservient; but what equal control could he hope to exercise over equal abilities in the person of a woman? She would be less serviceable, and more dangerous. She would bear the double armoury of strength and weakness, availing herself of the privileges which European chivalry has awarded to the weaker sex, while employing the powerful resources of a masculine reason. To confute her might be impossible; to silence her ungenerous. He could not allure her or fetter her with office; he could offer no boon which could compensate for the absence of that free discussion which he was determined to deny. If he feared her reason, still more did he fear her wit; he had little hope of fettering that, even though he made her nominally an adherent. So potent a disenchantress must be ever dangerous to one whose object was to dazzle. Napoleon understood Frenchmen well enough to know that an epigram might be as destructive to his power as an argument. To save himself from the terrors of her tongue, he inflicted the sentence of banishment from Paris. After a protracted infliction of this punishment, he next directed his vengeance against her writings; and it may be truly said that, within a century, the annals of literary persecution contain nothing more extraordinary, than that to which they were exposed by his watchful tyranny.

Her work on Germany, a work chiefly literary, and from which politics were excluded, was in 1810, in obedience to a new decree against the liberty of the press, submitted to the censors previous to publication. They authorized its publication, but demanded the erasure of several passages. We cannot, without a smile of pity and surprise, turn to those passages of which the timid satellites of the most powerful monarch in the world required the suppression. They would not allow her to say that Paris "etoit le lieu du monde ou l'on pouvoit le mieux se passer de bonheur." The present times must not be called "ces temps cruels." She must not say that in Austria "les bases de l'edifice social sont bonnes et respectables, mais il y manque un faile et des colonnes, pour que la gloire et le genie puissent y avoir un temple." She must not say that "un homme peut faire marcher ensemble les elements opposes, mais a sa mort ils se separent." She had said that the conquest which led to the partition of Poland was "une conquete machiavelique." This was allowed to stand, but they suppressed the following part of the sentence, "et l'on ne pouvoit jamais esperer que des sujets ainsi derobes fussent fideles a l'escomoteur qui se disoit leur souverain." It was not permissible to say, in speaking of Prussia, that "l'ardent heroisme du malheureux Prince Louis doit jeter encore quelque gloire sur ses compagnons d'armes." The following proposition—"Le bon gout en litterature est, a quelques egards, comme l'ordre sous le despotisme; il importe d'examiner a quel prix

on Pachete"—was not allowed to go forth to the world; nor might she even say that "nous n'en sommes pas, j'imagine, a vouloir elever autour de la France litteraire la grande muraille de la Chine, pour empecher les idees du dehors d'y penetrer."

A book thus sifted by such microscopic detectors of whatever tended towards an anti-despotic liberality of sentiment, might, one should have supposed, been safely given to an enslaved public, whose prejudices were enlisted on the side of despotism, and against the principles which that book espoused. But it was judged otherwise. The decree had sanctioned an entire suppression by the minister of the police, even of works which the censors had permitted; and this power was rigorously exercised. The MS. had been examined and returned,—the exceptionable passages (above quoted) had been expunged,—it had been sent to the publisher, and 10,000 copies had been struck off, when Savary ordered its suppression.—Gendarmes were sent to seize the impressions,—the print was obliterated by a chemical process,—and the restoration of the paper, thus brought back to its blank state, was the only remuneration afforded to the publisher.

But this was not all. The MS. was demanded, and the authoress ordered to quit France in twenty-four hours. She remonstrated, and required that the time should be extended to eight days; a request which Savary granted, but in a letter which served only to blacken the tyrannical injustice of the whole proceeding:—"Votre dernier ouvrage n'est point Français: c'est moi qui en ai arrêté l'impression. Je regrette la perte qu'il va faire éprouver au libraire, mais il ne m'est pas possible de le laisser paraître." "*Your work is not French.*" It is impossible for me to suffer it to appear!—this is the only explanation which this peremptory minister of the emperor's will condescended to give. This was the liberty to which, in twenty-one years from the commencement of her revolution, France had travelled through so much blood.

The proscribed authoress retired to Coppet, to be exposed to fresh persecutions,—persecutions directed not only against herself, but against her family and friends. She was to be wounded through her children. Her sons were excluded from France; and when this impediment to their education was sought to be obviated by placing them under the tutelage of Schlegel, he was ordered to quit the country. An excursion to the baths of Aix in Savoy, for the benefit of the health of one of her sons, was stopped by an order from the prefect of Geneva; and she was soon forbidden to stir more than ten leagues in any direction from her house at Coppet.

With a tyranny as petty as it was powerful, was she vexatiously and needlessly debarred from what formed one of the chief pleasures of her life—society. She was debarred from seeking friends, and friends from seeking her. M. de Montmorency and Mad. Recamier both endeavoured to beguile her solitude; and both were punished by banishment for the crime of friendship. It was deliberately intended to force her into submissive adulation of Napoleon by whatever could render her situation disconsolate and irksome; and not only were the French forbidden to visit her, but even foreigners were warned against the consequences of such a step. At length, by secret flight, she escaped from this miserable thralldom.

England was her intended goal; and in order to reach it she must pass through Russia. Napoleon's far-extended tyranny had left her no direct route. In her "*Dix Annees d'Exil*," the recital of her persecutions and her wanderings, while describing a case of individual suffering, she draws, in fact, a picture of the times. She takes, like Sterne, a single captive and looks with us into the prison:—but what a captive! and what a prison! the captive, herself; the prison—more than half Europe. The most eloquent and comprehensive generalities would not impress us with so strong a sense of the gigantic magnitude and microscopic vigilance of the power which Napoleon wielded.

These persecutions tended to rouse and confirm in Mad. de Stael a stern independence of spirit, which seems to have belonged peculiarly to her character. She was little liable to be dazzled; and that theatrical greatness which so much captivates the minds of Frenchmen had scarcely any influence on hers. She was not blinded by the glory of Napoleon; and she was not deluded by the factitious splendour of Louis XIV. She could estimate at its true value that hollow greatness which had imposed on the shallow penetration of the *soi-disant philosophe*, Voltaire; and she stripped off the delusion with a firm and vigorous hand.

"The reign of Louis XIV., which has been the object of so much poetical adulation, was signalized by every species of injustice; and no one ventured to remonstrate against the abuses of a government which was itself a continual abuse. Fenelon alone raised his voice; in the eyes of posterity that is sufficient. This monarch, who was so scrupulous upon religious dogmas, was not at all so in regard to good morals, and it was only during the period of his adversity that he displayed real virtues. Up to the moment of his misfortunes we feel no sort of sympathy with him; then only did native grandeur re-appear in his soul.

"We boast of the noble edifices which Louis XIV. erected. But we know by experience, that in all countries where the deputies of the nation do not protect the money of the people, it is easy to procure it for every species of expenditure. The pyramids of Memphis cost more labour than the embellishments of Paris, and yet the despots of Egypt found it easy to employ their slaves in building them.

"Must we also give Louis XIV. credit for the great writers of his time? He persecuted the Port Royal, of which Pascal was the head; he exiled Fenelon; he was constantly opposed to the honours which people wished to pay to Lafontaine; and he professed to admire no one but Boileau. Literature, in exalting him so excessively, did much more for him, than he for literature. A few pensions to literary men will never produce much influence on real talent. Genius looks only to glory, and glory is but the reflection of public opinion.

The position of Neckar, or the scenes amidst which the youth of Mad. de Stael was passed, gave her politics a paramount importance; and it was natural that her genius should have found its earliest development in her political writings. Her early efforts in poetry, fiction, criticism, and metaphysics, were in a great measure weak, wild, crude, and illogical—those on politics were pointed and discriminating, just in thought, and eloquent in expression. The first of her acknowledged political writings appeared in 1792. It was an article in "*Les Independans*," a journal edited by Lacretelle and Suard, in which she endeavoured

edably, though not successfully, to solve a difficult problem, the solution of which is eminently desirable in times of political excitement. She thus pointedly and succinctly states the difficulty which existed at that moment:—

"The right side of the Assembly, known by the name of *Aristocrats*, maintains that terror enchains the wishes of the majority of the nation. A portion of the left side, distinguished by that of *Jacobins*, attributes all the resistance which it meets with to an attachment to old abuses. Both parties are agreed in deferring to the general will; the one, however, with arguments too contrary to examples, and the other with examples too contrary to arguments, relies erroneously, either upon the existence of a majority which never appears, or on that of a majority always in insurrection."

Hers, however, is the merit only of having clearly shown the difficulty, not of having been able to point out the remedy.

The next she published was highly creditable, both from its eloquence and the moral courage which it displayed. It was called "*Reflexions sur le Procès de la Reine*," and appeared in Aug. 1793. In this she bravely and ably advocated the cause of an injured and defenceless woman. It was a touching appeal to feeling. It was also a skilful appeal to the judgment of the public, and showed address in the selection of topics and the line of its defence. It shielded the queen from the charge of having too much influenced the king,—it proved that this influence was overrated,—that Maurepas continued minister in spite of her,—nay more, that he had even procured the dismissal of two other ministers, Turgot and Necker, of whom Marie Antoinette was known to have approved; that her only exertions of successful influence were in procuring the dismissal of Calonne, and appointment of the Archbishop of Sens in his place; and for this France had reason to thank her. Mad. de Stael exposes the sophistical calumny, that on account of her Austrian extraction she must be hostile to France. She speaks of her courage, her devotion to her husband and children, and draws a touching and eloquent picture of her sufferings. Among appeals *ad misericordiam* it is the most dignified we remember. In answer to the question triumphantly asked: "Seriez-vous de ceux qui plaignent un roi plus qu'un autre homme?" she courageously answers: "Oui, je suis de ce nombre; mais ce n'est point par la supposition de la royauté, c'est par le culte sacré de malheur. Je sais que la douleur est une sensation relative; qu'elle se compose des habitudes, des souvenirs, des contrastes, du caractère enfin, résultat de ces diverses circonstances; et quand la plus heureuse des femmes tombe dans l'infortune, quand une princesse illustre est livrée à l'outrage, je mesure la chute, et je souffre de chaque degré." This was written in 1793, about the terrible commencement of the Reign of Terror.

In 1794 and 1795 she produced two pamphlets,—the former entitled "*Reflexions sur la Paix, adressées à M. Pitt et aux Français*;" the latter, "*Reflexions sur la Paix intérieure*,"—productions which deserved to be deemed eloquent and able, from whatever pen they might have proceeded, and which, as youthful and female performances, are certainly remarkable. The tone and object of each was praiseworthy. In each, the predominant theory which, both incidentally and directly, she endeavoured to enforce was this,—that the principles of republicans who are friends of order,

and the principles of royalists who are friends of liberty, are essentially identical. She evinces in these a remarkable degree of political prescience, and appears to have foreseen, even at that early period, the eventual consolidation of a military despotism, to which the troubled state of France was tending. In all these early political productions she has evinced a vigour of thought and soundness of judgment, which are not equally conspicuous in her early metaphysical, critical, and imaginative writings,—and which tend to show that this was the direction to which her genius naturally inclined. The greatest result of her genius, thus following its natural bent, was that most powerful of her literary performances, which did not appear until after her death,—the "*Considérations sur la Révolution Française*."

It is impossible to read this work without being impressed with the comprehensiveness of mind which the writer displays, the discriminating clearness with which she unveils the springs of action, and lays open the interior movements of the political machine, the depth and originality of her thoughts, and the vivid brilliancy of her copious eloquence. Her style, like that of Burke, flows onward in discursive splendour, blending, like him, philosophical deductions with graphic imagery; now condensing wisdom into aphorisms, and now delighting us with the graces of poetical illustration. We feel as if commentary could do no more—as if we might have ampler, abler, and more accurate histories of those portentous times of political trouble than any that have yet been written, but that comment and deduction have been exhausted—that of all sound, acute and philosophical remarks which the circumstances of those times can elicit, the germ will be found in this one work. Yet, much as admiration is excited, there will be mingled with it at the close a certain feeling of disappointment. It will be felt that it is not so satisfactory as a work of such genius ought to be. It wants connexion and unity of design, an ostensible object, a plain and intelligible purpose and plan. She had, in fact, in writing it, no single purpose. To justify the political conduct of her father, to prove that France was capable of constitutional freedom, and that its model might be the constitution of England, were among the primary objects which she appears to have proposed to herself: but none of these stand forward prominent and single; and we frequently lose sight of them all. The political life of Necker is kept more distinct, and her object (his justification) rendered more obvious than the other purposes which she had in view; but this is nevertheless perhaps the least valuable part of her work. That which to filial partiality seemed so important, seems much less so to the world at large; and that same partiality, though we cannot disprove of it, renders her an advocate on whom we are unwilling to rely.

Not only does the want of unity of purpose militate against the effectiveness of her work, but there is an ambiguity in its form and structure which conduce to the same unfavourable results. It is both history and essay, and yet it is neither a complete essay nor a good history. As a history it would be almost useless. It is little calculated, except for those who are already versed in the annals of the times over which it travels. It has not the interest, nor does it afford the information of a full, flowing and connected narrative. Many things are implied and alluded to, but little is

detailed. We have ever and anon splendid fragments of history; but they are only fragments filled up and cemented by brilliant and original reflections, to which history serves in turn the part of a cementing link with other essay-like portions of her work. Neither, if viewed solely as an essayist in this work, can she receive our entire approbation. There is a want of continuity in her reasonings, and of a sufficiently full and patient statement of the premises on which they are founded. She utters an aphorism which we are forced to admire, but we are not led to it along the strong chain of a well sustained argument; and the suspicion occasionally comes across us that in her representation of facts, accuracy may sometimes be sacrificed to her passion for effect. The gratification and interest which this work affords, arise not principally from a sense of its instructiveness—not from satisfying our desire to be informed respecting the great events of the French Revolution—but from unfolding to us the impression which those events made, and the reflections which they elicited, from one of the most powerful and original minds of the last forty years. We read the operation of great events on a commanding intellect, and we derive a satisfaction different in degree, but similar in kind to that which we should feel in conversing on such topics with such a person. In fact the agreeableness and interest of the work is in one respect enhanced by the very quality which renders it less valuable as a history or as an essay. It is very conversational. It is like the spontaneous outpouring of a teeming mind, fully conversant with the theme, and richly stored with philosophical principles; and we read the work as if we were listening to her voice. Some one said of Montesquieu's *Esprit des Loix*, that it might rather be called *De l'Esprit sur les Loix*. Still more truly might Madame de Stael's work be entitled *De l'Esprit sur la Revolution Française*. It is in truth a collection of the most brilliant remarks that the most acute and enlightened observer had to offer on this vast theme, and this is a merit which will never pass away.

In estimating the other merits of this work, it must not be forgotten that a difficulty was braved, such as perhaps no genius could have effectually surmounted. Madame de Stael attempted to blend the contemporary memoir with the philosophical history; and her work necessarily exhibits some of the defects which such a junction of conflicting qualities would produce. Her details are at once too scanty for a memoir, and too numerous and minute for a philosophical history. We see too that personal feeling has had much influence in their selection, and that they are frequently not such as the philosophical historian would have chosen to narrate. But having admitted these difficulties—these impediments in the path to excellence—let us render full justice to the high-minded ability with which she has struggled through them. She had to contend against no ordinary ray of disqualifying circumstances: she wrote not only near the time of the events narrated, but had lived in the midst of these events; she had been no silent witness, but as much as her sex permitted, a partaker: she was the daughter of one who had borne therein a conspicuous part: she had entered the arena of political partnership: she had suffered exile for her opinions; and she had not discarded the warm and excitable feelings of a woman. Yet the result has been

a work, which, though eloquent and impassioned, is not intemperate—a work which for far-sighted wisdom, for philosophical depth and comprehensiveness of vision, and for impartiality of judgment, may put to shame the lucubrations of many men on subjects of remote date, viewed at a distance the most favourable for a just and accurate estimate, and from which the suggestions of passion and prejudice could scarcely be permitted to reach them. Situated as Madame de Stael was, it is high praise to have attained what was so difficult, and to have been so far exempt from failings which were scarcely avoidable.

Much care and skill are displayed in the early portions of this work, in her survey of the events which led to the Revolution and preceded the outbreak in 1789. She expends much ability in the exculpation of her father; but the daughter's genius cannot make it appear that Necker was equal to the momentous difficulties of the time. He advised the convocation of the Notables only to require opinions, the nature of which he might have anticipated, and which it was not his intention to follow. The *etats généraux* was convoked—that important assembly for which France, ever moved by trifles, was incited to clamour by a punning remark of the Abbe Sabatier—"Vous demandez, Messieurs, les *etats de recette et de dépense*, et ce sont les *etats généraux* qu'il vous faut." The joke had fallen like a spark among gunpowder, and the whole country was clamorous for this inestimable panacea. It was granted, wisely no doubt, if the temerity of Necker had not rendered dangerous an experiment which might otherwise have been safe. This assembly had never been convoked since 1614. It was, therefore, necessarily doubtful how a political machine so long disused, so little suited to the habits of the people, would be found to work. Yet invoking this body at a period of national excitement, the minister chose at the same time to make a vital change in its organization. The *etats généraux* were originally composed of deputies, representing in nearly equal numbers the nobility, the clergy and the *tiers-etat*. Each met and deliberated separately, and presented their separate representations to the sovereign prince. The *etats généraux*, as organized according to the advice of Necker, resembled this body only in name. They were to deliberate and vote in one assembly, and that the two former classes might be placed entirely at the mercy of the *tiers-etat*, the number of the latter was doubled. A vast influx of the inferior clergy, who sympathized with the *tiers-etat*, was also admitted to confirm their predominance; and thus an assembly, nominally representing three classes, was in effect the representative only of one. Be it remembered too, that this one predominant class had writhed under centuries of galling subjection; and it was scarcely to be expected from human nature that they would exert their power with moderation. The legislative power was rashly concentrated in a single body, ignorant of the art of legislation, and composed of materials which could never amalgamate; and these raw and violent legislators were expected to succeed in effecting the regeneration of France. Necker was like a philosopher, who, devising a machine in strict accordance with abstract mathematical principles, should leave out of his calculations the effects of friction. He had in his mind the abstract idea of a legislative assembly, and the high functions

which it was intended to perform; but he had not sufficiently considered how unequal to fulfil his aspirations was that mighty mass of presumptuous ignorance and factious violence, to which he was committing the destinies of the nation.

"The mass of good sense possessed by a free nation did not," says Madame de Stael, "exist in France." "The third estate," she says again, "could only possess one merit, that of moderation, and unfortunately it would not take the trouble of acquiring it."

What strong condemnation of the policy which armed this class, so deficient in good sense and moderation, with a predominant power, which, but for Necker's theoretical rashness, might have been withheld till they were better able to use it with discretion? What was the immediate consequence? "In one month," says Madame de Stael, "affairs had greatly changed; the *tiers-état* had been allowed to grow so strong, that they were no longer grateful for the concessions which they were sure to obtain." It is almost evident that in her heart she disapproved of the policy which her filial feelings have led her to defend. That in which she really succeeds, is, as Benjamin Constant observes, in defending her father "against the charges of those who accuse him of having set these elements in fermentation." The elements of discord had been long accumulating, and were fermenting already. The French Revolution was no unexpected and accidental explosion.

"Those," says Madame de Stael, "who treat it as an accidental event, have neither looked back to the past, nor forward into futurity; they have confounded the authors with the piece, and in order to satisfy their passions they have attributed to the men of the moment the results which centuries had been preparing."

Necker is not chargeable with having produced convulsion; he only did not sufficiently impede the rapid march of revolution. His error was, perhaps, like that of the reckless charioteer, who, when a certain descent was to be made, should prefer the straight steep road to that which was easy and circuitous, and should choose to go down without a drag-chain. At the same time we must give to Necker the benefit of a doubt, whether at such a moment the happiest union of energy and prudence could have averted the coming catastrophe.

"As a statesman," says Benjamin Constant, "M. Necker shared the fate of all those who attempted, or who were constrained to attempt, to direct a revolution destined by the force of circumstances to baffle all calculations, and to clear a passage for itself. If we reflect on the disposition of men's minds at that period, if we consider the opposite interests of various parties, all of them alike inexperienced, and whose opinions, condensed into some absolute phrases, had all the violence of prejudices and the inflexibility of principles, we must feel that no human energy or prudence were capable of mastering such elements."—*Mélanges*, pp. 191, 192.

The same writer, after some observations upon the advantages enjoyed by Madame de Stael for the composition of this work on the French Revolution, adds—

"If she had condescended to paint individuals more frequently and more in detail, her work, although it would have ranked lower as a literary composition, would have perhaps gained something in anecdotic interest. It is impossible to help regretting that she had not applied to the painting of political characters

the talents which she had displayed in *Delphine*. No one would have described with more gracefulness, or with more *piquant* expressions, the numerous apostasies covered with the mask of principle; the selfish calculations transformed into conversions; the prejudices again resumed to-day as means, by the very men who but yesterday repelled them as obstacles; the vestals of vice, who preserve its tradition like the sacred fire, and who, traitors alternately to despotism and to liberty, remain faithful only to corruption, as the patriot does to his country. But Madame de Stael preferred the form of history to that of private memoirs."—p. 195.

We entirely concur with him in his opinion of Madame de Stael's ability to have enriched her work still more with characteristic portraits of remarkable personages, and that it would probably have been more entertaining if it had been more replete with anecdote, and had partaken more of the nature of a memoir. But in order to be thus entertaining, it must have descended a little from the high ground it now occupies. If it had been what M. Constant recommends, it would too often have discoursed of persons rather than of principles, and have devoted to individuals that attention which is now given to the consideration of the mass. Personalities are the bane of politics; and we are glad when those who have the power to treat them as abstract questions, have pursued the course which their genius entitles them to maintain. In spite of M. Constant's complaint of the paucity and brevity of the characteristic delineations, these already constitute a very remarkable and interesting portion of the work. Madame de Stael has done enough in this one work to stamp herself as an eminent mistress of the difficult art of historical portraiture. How admirably drawn is the character of Calonne! frivolous and reckless, who was thought to possess superior talents because he treated serious matters with the levity of affected superiority, and who forgot that to sport with difficulties is pardonable only in those who can surmount them! What a picture is that of Brienne, the Archbishop of Toulouse (afterwards of Sens)—ever halting between two opinions, alternately *philosophe* and absolutist, firm in neither, bringing to his aid in great emergencies only that courtier-like finesse which under a representative system of government is productive of distrust rather than of respect. Dumont's full-length picture of Mirabeau is more complete, but not more masterly than her sketch of this extraordinary man—the democrat from interest, the aristocrat from inclination—profligate and temporizing—of genius brilliant but limited—indebted for the materials of his eloquence to the assistance of his friends, yet turning whatever he touched into gold. Admirable is her pointed sketch of Pethion, a cold fanatic, pushing all new ideas to their extremes, because he found it easier to exaggerate than to comprehend them. These are a few out of many striking portraits which figure in the pages of this remarkable work.

Among the metaphysical works of Madame de Stael, the most remarkable is her treatise "*De l'Influence de Passions*," published in 1796. It was written when her imagination was strongly impressed with the dreadful consequences of that unbridled effervescence of popular passions, which had been laying waste the happiness of France during the awful period of the ascendancy of Robespierre. Accustomed to view with alarm

the effect of ungoverned passion both in individuals and in masses, and the violent expression of it which the incidents of those times called forth, she was inclined to exaggerate both its evil tendencies and its degree of influence upon human conduct; and to represent the human race as more impassioned and excitable, and less calculating than an extensive view will prove them to be. The results of passion are more apparent than the suggestions of self-interest; but in civilized communities, under ordinary circumstances, the latter and not the former must be regarded as the primary of human conduct. Interest as a motive may be considered to form the rule, and passion the exception. But such is not the opinion of Madame de Stael; and under her view of the influence of passion, she has poured forth a dissertation on its characteristics and effects, rich in eloquence and sparkling effusions of vigorous originality, but deficient in connexion of argument, in logical closeness, and in that conciseness which enables the reader to follow her meaning, without weariness and difficulty. The best parts of the treatise are those which she has derived most immediately from the dark contemplation of recent troubles. The concluding portion of the first section, her chapters on crime and the spirit of party, are especially true and forcible. In each of these she introduces many just and pointed observations, which serve to explain the almost incredible atrocities of the ruling monsters of the Reign of Terror. Truly has she said that there is a point of remorseless wickedness at which men contract a morbid avidity for the dread and hatred of their fellows, as they might previously have desired their admiration and esteem; that they wish to astonish by their crimes, and feel that there is a desirable distinction in its very excess; that the more humane feelings of their nature become productive only of uneasiness and remorse, and that they have at length no satisfaction but in plunging deeper into crime, and denaturalizing themselves more effectually; that there arises a species of mental thirst for the horrible excitement that crime affords, ever increasing, like the physical thirst of the habitual drunkard, and progressively requiring a more powerful stimulus. Before this horrible progress can be made, the two great bonds which (religion apart) keep men in the path of virtue, public opinion and self-esteem, must both be broken. The gloomy misanthrope who has set at nought the former, still clings to the latter, and is saved by it from crime; but the reckless criminal, such as Madame de Stael has represented, must equally have discarded both; or the public opinion which he courts is of so depraved and perverted a nature, that it is utterly incapable of guiding him aright. Such is the public opinion of a fraternity of thieves—such was the demoralized public opinion to which Robespierre and his confederates appealed more imposingly during the Reign of Terror. Well has she designated the leading traits of that dangerous spirit—the spirit of party—a spirit the more dangerous, because minds apparently the most strong and enlightened, minds like that of Condorcet, are not proof against its excess. In that spirit the strongest cementing bond of union is, as she has well shown, not common love, but common hatred.

"At the time," says Madame de Stael, "when the constitutionalists were warring with the jacobins, if the aristocrats had adopted the system of the former,

if they had advised the king to put his trust in them, they might then have overthrown their common enemy, without losing the hope of one day ridding themselves of their allies. But in the spirit of party, persons like better to fall, dragging their enemies with them, than to triumph along with any of them. In place of attending at the elections where they might have influenced the choice of men on whom the fate of France was about to depend, they preferred subjecting her to the yoke of ruffians, to a partial acknowledgment of the principles of the revolution by voting in the primary assemblies."

Recent circumstances of a milder character in this country have taught us the truth of this picture, not merely as applied to France, but to human nature generally. Turning to the ultra-Tory, we may say, "mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur." Akin to the infatuation of the French aristocrat, is the conduct of some of our soi-disant conservatives, who, establishing an unnatural alliance with the extremest violence of the opposite party, have been ready to support the democratic Radical in preference to the ministerial Whig. The two extremes have been united together in one common hatred of moderate Whiggism—of that Whiggism, which the Radical ally of the Tory hates, because it is too Tory, and the Tory ally of the Radical, for its supposed tendency to radical doctrines. Well has she also described that other prominent characteristic of party spirit—its intolerance—an intolerance displayed even in the promulgation of opinions of which toleration and liberality are essential ingredients. She had seen Atheism preached with all the intolerance of fanatical superstition, and liberty advocated in the tone of despotism.

In this treatise, Madame de Stael has executed only one, and that the least difficult, portion of the task she had undertaken, and of which she holds forth a promise in her eloquent introduction. It was her plan to show the influence of passion on the fate, not only of individuals, but of nations. The latter portion is that which she has not accomplished. Perhaps it cannot be said that she is eminently successful in the first. The work abounds in just and profound views of human nature, and in aphorisms of original and sterling merit. Yet such is its diffuseness, its want of connexion and arrangement, and the clear proposition of some definite object of proof, that the reader will too often rise from its perusal with no other impression than that of having been dazzled and delighted with much rich and discursive eloquence, but without being strongly impressed with the distinct purpose on which it was expended.

Not only is her work not sufficiently practical in its tendency, but that part which is most practical is not eminently sound. She dwells on the inexpediency of passion as an obstacle in the path to happiness, rather than as a seduction from the path of virtue. The one, it is true, is resolvable into the other; but their intimate connexion might have been more pointedly shown, and the higher motive placed foremost. She also takes too dark a view of the passions of our nature. They are implanted in us, not for unmitigated evil, but also for good. It is not requisite that they should be utterly suppressed. They are susceptible of a beneficent direction. It is one of the peculiarities of our religion that it enjoins a cultivation of the affections—that its precepts are inculcated not solely through the stimulants of hope

and fear, but also through an appeal to the affections. But comparatively cold and chilling is the moral philosophy of Madame de Stael, and little tending to the advancement of man considered as a social being. Her theory tends to denaturalize man, to check the warm emotions of his nature, and this with a view to secure his happiness. Religious fervour, friendship, and parental, filial, and conjugal love, are not allowed in her doctrine to be admitted to the rank of resources. They are considered only intermediate between the more stormy passions and those resources which we find in ourselves.

"Friendship, parental, filial and conjugal affections, and, with some characters, religion, have many of the inconveniences of the passions; while in others the same affections supply most of the advantages of resources which we find within ourselves. The exigence, in other words the want of a certain return from others, is the point of resemblance by which friendship and the feelings of nature remind us of the pains of love; and when religion partakes of fanaticism, all that I have said of the spirit of party completely applies to it.

"But even when friendship and natural sentiments are free from exigence, when religion is without fanaticism, we cannot include such affections in the class of resources which we find in our own bosoms, for these modified sentiments make happiness still dependent upon chance. If you are separated from a dear friend, if the parents, the children, the husband, whom fate has given to you, are unworthy of your love, the happiness which these ties might promise is no longer in your power; and as to religion, that which forms the basis of its enjoyments—the intensity of faith—is a gift absolutely independent of us; without this firm belief, we must still acknowledge the utility of religious ideas; but it is beyond the power of any human being to make himself sure of happiness from these."

There is weakness and sophistry in this passage. The grounds on which she proscribes the affections as sources of happiness, would tend to exclude all human pursuits. Uncertainty and disappointment are contingencies incident alike to every course of thought and feeling, to every object of human exertion. If the possibility that they might befall us in any purpose of our heart or head is sufficient to banish that purpose from our catalogue of resources—if hope is to be dethroned, and foreboding fear installed in its stead, it is in vain that Madame de Stael holds forth the flattering idea that we have in fact any resources at all. What are those which she holds forth? Study, beneficence, and the *poccurantiam*, which she calls philosophy. Of these, the two former are ever liable to be frustrated. The intent and endeavour to do good are not sufficient to command success. Study may fail in attaining its desired reward, and circumstances over which man has no control may arrest it in its course. Some object there must be, and the object may vanish on approach, like the *mirage* in the desert, which had beguiled the thirsty traveller with the semblance of water. Yet we repeat, some object there must be; for no reasoning being of sound mind will long continue to cherish the blossom, without bestowing a thought on the fruit that is to follow. Are then study and beneficence not resources, because disappointment and failure are incident to them? Upon Madame de Stael's principle they are not, and yet she offers them as such.

Her chapter "de la Philosophie," in which she proposes this imaginary boon as an antidote to unhappiness, is one of the most unphilosophic she ever wrote. Her philosopher is not the useful, practical, social being, who makes his philosophy shine through his actions; but a morbid *faineant*, whose dreamy existence could scarcely be rendered supportable but by the absorbing illusions of monomania. Her philosophy, she tells us, is not insensibility. Yet "quand la philosophie s'empare de l'ame, elle commence, sans doute, par lui faire mettre beaucoup moins de prix à ce qu'elle possède, et à ce qu'elle espere." If this is not a tendency towards insensibility, we know not what that word can mean. She tells us "La philosophie, dont je crois utile et possible aux ames passionnees d'adopter les secours, est de la nature la plus relevee." For the attainment and exercise of this philosophy, we are afterwards told "il faut de la solitude," and yet she tells us a little farther on, that "la solitude est, pour les ames agitees par de grandes passions, une situation tres dangereuse." This is true—but does it not follow from thence that the philosophy which demands solitude is not exactly that of which it will be "utile et possible aux ames passionnees d'adopter les secours?" As for what she says of "la satisfaction que donne la possession de soi, acquise par la meditation"—"le bonheur que trouve un philosophe dans la possession de soi"—"une sorte d'abstraction dont la jouissance est cependant reelle," by which "on s'eleve a quelque distance de soi-meme pour se regarder, penser et vivre"—"la solitude est le premier des biens pour le philosophe"—"cette douce melancolie, vrai sentiment de l'homme, resultat de sa destinee, seule situation de cœur, qui laisse a la meditation toute son action et toute sa force"—all these are mere phrases, which practically have no real significance or value.

In the last part of this treatise she is obliged to explain away many of the conclusions to which we should have been led by the preceding observations, and to neutralize what she felt to be the evil tendency of some of its speculations. She does this still more at length in a work written many years afterwards,—her "Reflexions sur le Suicide,"—in which she is at much pains to exculpate herself from the imputation of being an advocate of suicide, or at least of regarding it too indulgently, an imputation thoroughly warranted, both by certain passages in the "Influence des Passions" and the tenor of several of her tales. The "Reflexions" are not distinguished by any particular vigour, brilliancy, or originality of thought, but they are right-minded, and serve at least the purpose of clearing the authoress from the imputation of having entertained pernicious opinions on this subject during the latter years of her life.

Madame de Stael may be added to the number of those great poets who are poetical only in prose. The mechanical difficulties of metre appear to have been a clog to her imagination; and in none of what would be called, in common parlance, her poetical compositions, (which are few) does she rise above mediocrity. But how brilliant is the poetry of her prose writings! It is difficult to cite instances; they are too numerous for selection. *Corinne*, perhaps, presents a greater abundance of examples than any other single work; but whenever the subject admitted poetical adornment, there was it always found; and even such

subjects as did not invite it—politics, for example, and metaphysical disquisitions, were illustrated with the Promethean fire of a poet's mind. It is no longer regarded as a startling proposition that poetry can exist without verse, and verse without poetry. The literature of every country will afford numerous instances of this truth, sufficiently convincing to the minds of all who can feel what poetry really is. Our own literature affords many examples, high among which are the names of Jeremy Taylor, and of Burke, poets who never wrote a line of verse—at least of none that deserves to be remembered. The literature of France, where conventional formalities subjected the imagination to severe trammels, is richer still in instances of this kind. If we were asked who were the greatest poets of France, we would assuredly say—not Boileau, or Racine,—not Voltaire, or Gresset, or Delille—not those who had executed most successfully a graceful dance in metrical chains—not the accomplished surmounters of verbal difficulties, who constructed their distiches according to the ingenious rule of Boileau, beginning first with the second line, and were ever regardful of metrical etiquette in the orthodox assortment of male and female rhymes. No—the most poetical minds of France have been those whose capacities could not so successfully stoop to ingenuities of so low an order. Fenelon, Buffon, St. Pierre, Rousseau, and Chateaubriand, have been more truly poets than any rhymesters which France had produced under the *ancienne regime*, and to this list we can add no name which exhibits a more striking instance of this fact than that of Madame de Stael.

As a novelist, Madame de Stael is less entitled to admiration than as a writer on politics and criticism. We have already mentioned that the bent of her genius displayed itself early in a successful predilection for subjects of a political kind. Her early critical writings, the *Lettres sur Rousseau* and *Essai sur les Fictions*, though faulty, were full of ability, and gave ample promise of future excellence. But we cannot turn to her first attempts in novel writing without being sensible of a marked inferiority—without even feeling that they are destitute of promise that works like *Delphine* or *Corinne* would ever proceed from the same pen. In 1793, she published four short tales, all bad in design and weak in execution. A statement of their subjects will give some idea of their lamentable deprivation of moral taste, and the coarse and morbid appetite for excitement which they tend to pamper. Three of them are tales of suicide; and in the fourth, sentiments favourable to suicides are expressed. In *Adelaide et Theodore*, a mother waits to give birth to her child; destroys herself immediately afterwards, and dies, pronouncing (as if that were enough!) the name of the child she had so cruelly abandoned. In *Mirza*, an African tale, we are introduced to sentimental savages, such assuredly as are to be found in no realms but those of fiction. An unmarried negress becomes romantically attached to Ximeo, a married negro, and when he is about to be sold, offers herself as a slave in his stead, that he may live happily with his wife, her rival. He, with equal generosity, declines the sacrifice; and the slave merchants are about to avail themselves of the romantic conflict, in order to carry off both into captivity, when the governor "s'avance, comme un ange de lumiere," and exclaims, "Soyez libres tous deux; je vous rends a

votre pays comme a votre amour. Tant de grandeur d'ame eut fait rougir l'Europeen qui vous auroit nomme ses esclaves." Both are set at liberty, and Ximeo's predicament of a conflicting double attachment, and double obligation, the African marriage rite and the tie of gratitude, is all conveniently dissolved by Mirza, who, "pour aneantir le souvenir de son inconstance," commits suicide;—and we are left in doubt which of these two recited acts of self-devotion—the voluntary encounter of slavery, or of death, is to be accounted the most meritorious. In *Zulma*, another tale of savage life and suicide, a young South American having killed her Spanish lover in a fit of jealousy, and being justly condemned to death, cheats justice by killing herself at the place of execution, and dies exclaiming, "je vais rejoindre Fernand dans ce sejour ou il ne pourra cherrir que moi, ou l'homme est degage de tout ce qui n'est pas l'amour et la vertu;" and the act and the exclamation are held up to our notice as admirable traits! *Pauline* is the history of a woman, whose infidelities during her first marriage are mentioned in the presence of her second husband, and the statement is resented by him as calumny. She confesses its truth; nevertheless, he is engaged in a duel in which he kills his opponent. She dies of a fever, but with suicidal feelings, courting death as a relief, and exclaiming, "nous nous reunirons dans le ciel—ne pense pas qu'une imagination fanatique exagere a mes yeux des fautes que mes remords ont effacees devant Dieu—je crois qu'il me les a pardonnees, et j'expire sans crainte." These tales are curious examples of the weakness of a strong intellect—of the perversion of a good disposition. But they are illustrations not only of Madame de Stael's taste and moral sense at that period, but of the sad deprivation of public feeling which could so lower a naturally powerful and well-intentioned mind.

From these obliquities of moral sense Madame de Stael was not emancipated, when in 1803 she produced the novel of *Delphine*. The ability of this work is incontestable, and it is equally true that it cannot claim the praise of being moral and rightminded; nor has the defence of its moral tendency which Madame de Stael thought herself called upon to make sufficed to confute the prevalent objections. Her "*Reflexions sur le but moral de Delphine*," are, for the work of one so able, singularly weak and inconclusive. She says,

"I never meant to offer *Delphine* as a model for imitation; my motto proves that I blame both Leonce and *Delphine*; but I conceive that it was both useful and strictly moral to show how a superior intellect may commit more faults than mediocrity itself, if a reason equally powerful with the intellect is not united with it; and in what manner a generous and feeling heart may expose itself to many enemies, if it does not submit to the rules of rigid morality. The more wind there is in the sails, the greater is the force required to steer the vessel. When Richardson was asked, why he had made *Clarissa* so unhappy? "It is because I could never forgive her for leaving her father's house," was his reply. I might also say with truth, that I have not in my romance pardoned *Delphine* for giving way to her attachment to a married man, although that attachment remained a pure one. I have not pardoned her the acts of imprudence which the pliancy of her character led her to commit, and I have presented all her misfortunes as being the immediate consequences of them."

There is not a little sophistry in this passage. It is true, as Madame de Stael has told us, that the greater part of Delphine's misfortunes were the consequences of her actions—that she disregarded the opinion of the world, and that injury to herself was the result. True;—but this will not render Delphine a moral work, if these evil results are made to appear the heroine's misfortune, rather than her fault. Our sympathies are so strongly enlisted on her side, and she is exhibited in so interesting a light, that whatever our judgments may decide, our hearts at least are made to tell us that if she and society are at variance, it is rather society which ought to be remodelled, than that Delphine should be turned aside from the well-intentioned course of her enthusiastic errors. In the preceding passage we find "un cœur généreux et sensible," placed in opposition to "la rigidité de la morale," as if these were incompatible. Right cannot be opposed to right. Moral qualities, such as generosity and sensibility, cannot be opposed to the strictest morality. They can be represented as being at variance only through some perversion of language; and either it is not true generosity, or it is not strict morality, but some counterfeit which assumes the name, to the injury of that which is pure and true.

But the whole groundwork of her moral, even as represented in her defence, is unsound. The "epigraphe" to which she refers for justification is this: "Man must learn to brave opinion, woman to submit to it." This deceptive sentence may at the first glance seem replete with worldly wisdom; but, nevertheless, it is deceptive. If it means only that men may do many things with impunity which women cannot do, that the breath of censure injures most easily the delicate purity of the female character, it propounds nothing but needless truism—it utters only a proposition which when heard must be instantly assented to; but which adds no more to our stock of knowledge than the being told that in the latitude of England there is always daylight at mid-day. But if it means that, when exposed on different accounts to the same amount of unjust censure, the man should through evil report persist in doing that which he believes to be right, but that the woman should timidly desist, it asserts that to which no rightminded person can conscientiously assent. A different line of conduct may be required by difference of sex, even as among men it is required by difference of circumstance and position; but there can be no abstract rule of right which is not equally binding upon all. What is this "opinion" which man must brave and to which woman must submit? Is it good, or evil? There lies the real question. If it is good, man must yield to its dictates as much as woman.—If it is evil, woman is bound to brave it as resolutely as man. There can be no compromise for either sex. The boasted precept which Madame de Stael holds forth in justification of her work, is, after all, merely the assertion of a very low and unworthy ground of action. It enforces attention to mere conventional proprieties, and a paramount regard for the cold lessons of worldly expediency. Thus teaches the "epigraphe" which Madame de Stael has quoted; but, in spite of her professions, not so taught Madame de Stael. She has shown her real disapprobation of this worthless maxim, in the inefficient, the almost ironical, manner in which she has attempted to enforce it. In truth she does not enforce it; but unhappily she had no better rule of right to

substitute, and thus under the most favourable view, her work, even if it does not mislead (which may be asserted with much reason) leaves us at sea without a compass. A purer morality displays itself in *Corinne*, a morality which, as is well observed by Constant, is rather the result than the object of her novel, and, though incapable of being defined in a compressed form within the compass of a single sentence, emanates from the whole context of the work, and is embodied in the pure, amiable, and elevating impression which the perusal of it excites. It is better, perhaps, that a work of fiction should thus appeal to the disposition through the medium of the imagination, than that it should attempt to impress upon the judgment, by the most logical demonstration, the absolute certainty of a moral axiom.

We must now view in other lights Madame de Stael's character as a novelist. Her success in this branch of composition was less than her genius might have led us to expect; but, if she fell below reasonable expectation, it was assuredly from no deficiency of general ability, but because her ability was not of the requisite description. Her talent was not sufficiently dramatic. In a novel, as in a play, though in less degree, feelings and sentiments must be displayed, not merely as they exist in the mind, but as they exhibit themselves in word and action. This Madame de Stael did not sufficiently effect; nor did she impart sufficient movement to her story, nor attend with the requisite skill and patience to those artifices of arrangement on which the interest of a novel in no slight measure depends. One faculty, however, highly essential to the success of a novelist, she did possess in an eminent degree—the faculty of delineating character. She had the power of exhibiting character both by a few bright touches of epigrammatic force, and by a long and unobtrusive course of minute and delicate delineation—both directly and indirectly—both by description of the qualities of mind and manner, and (though without pretension to dramatic effect) by showing them as displayed in word and action. Some of her fictitious characters are truly masterpieces, and would be alone sufficient to support the credit of the novels in which they are to be found. Never was there a more successful example of true and delicate discrimination than her character of the Comte d'Erfeuil in *Corinne*; and it possesses the rare merit of being not only a vivid and consistent portrait of an imaginary individual, but of an individual who represents a nation, and in whom are embodied all the most amiable peculiarities of the country to which he belongs. No one can follow this personage through the tale in which he figures, without being better acquainted with the French character, without possessing a clue to their foibles, and at the same time, being disarmed of any violent prejudice he had entertained against them. In the characters of Oswald and Corinne, we have similar attempts to embody with the portraiture of an individual the prevailing attributes of a nation; and we should have thought the attempts not wanting in success if they had not been brought into unfavourable comparison with the more successful picture of D'Erfeuil. Madame de Vernon, in *Delphine*, is an imitable representation of social Machiavelism. Delphine herself is ably drawn, and the difference with which an excitable and enthusiastic temperament displays itself in her and in Leonce is very happily discriminated. M. de Mendocce, the old Spanish

diplomatist, in the same novel, and M. de Mal-
tignes in *Corinne*, though slightly sketched, occur
to us also as signal instances of her skill in draw-
ing characters. If she had been equally endowed
with the other requisites of novel writing, she
must have attained a success in this branch of
composition which would have left almost all com-
petitors at a distance.

As a critic, Madame de Stael must occupy a
high place. Her views were philosophical and
expansive; her appreciation of excellence was ge-
nerous and acute. She sometimes appeared too
indulgent, and little accurate in her favourable
judgments; but it was chiefly because she disdained
that minute detection of the unimportant blem-
ishes and informalities of literature in which cor-
rect criticism is often imagined to consist. Bred
in a land, and writing in a language, in which nar-
row-minded criticism has been most frequently
displayed, she emancipated herself from the con-
ventional habits which belonged to that land. She
soared above an attention to forms, and extended
her views to the essentials of literary excellence.
Her work on Germany abounds with instances of
this enlightened spirit of literary criticism; and the
chapter "*De la Poésie*" deserves especially to be
cited. We must consider the time and the lan-
guage in which she wrote before we can do full
justice to the expansiveness and liberality of her
critical opinions. Principles which are now re-
ceived as axioms, would thirty years ago have
been stigmatised as paradoxes. They would have
been so considered even in this country; and nar-
rowness of judgment on matters of literature was
much more prevalent in France. It is therefore
highly creditable to Madame de Stael, that she
should have been among the first of the new and
more philosophical school of critics—of those who,
without wasting an almost exclusive attention on
the conventional forms of literary composition,
have looked rather at those intrinsic qualities in
which literary excellence, under whatever form,
will be ultimately found to consist. As a critic,
she deserves very high praise; but not the high-
est. She was liberal and enlightened in her judg-
ments, but she was not sufficiently dispassionate
and patient. Some faults she also had which
sprung out of her very excellencies. She was
warm and enthusiastic in her approbation of mer-
it, but she was guided by the impulse of temporary
feeling, and gave expression to praises which
cool judgment could not justify. She abhorred a
trivial and minute criticism; and generalization
was the favourite habit of her mind. But in gen-
eralizing she was sometimes extravagant; she
classified broadly in defiance of facts, and leapt to
conclusions that could not be supported. Such
was her attempt to divide the literature of Europe
into two classes, that of the north and that of the
south, to give to each its distinguishing charac-
teristic, and to deduce the origin of the former
from Ossian, and of the latter from Homer. Such
is her sweeping assertion, that the literature of
the Latin nations, i. e. French, Spanish, and Ita-
lian, is copied from the ancients, and retains the
tinge of polytheism; that of the Teutonic nations,
at the head of which are England and Germany,
is modified by a spiritual religion, and based on
chivalry. Madame de Stael, in making this broad
distinction, appears to have forgotten that chival-
ry and romance flourished first among the Latin
nations, that the strong hold of chivalrous litera-
ture was Spain, and that it penetrated subsequent-

ly and slowly into the north, and chiefly through
the channel of the Italian and Provençal writers.
This disposition to generalize upon a partial and
superficial view of facts renders Madame de Stael
an unsafe guide through the wide fields of specu-
lation. An impatience to arrive at some striking
conclusion, at some comprehensive rule, leads her
to overlook the inconvenient exceptions which
may happen to beset her path. This undue love
of classification was the only point in which Ma-
dame de Stael partook at all of the narrow spirit
of French criticism. In all other respects she rose
above it; and even some of her faults as a critic
were of so opposite a character, that they became
of use with reference to France; for it is only after
swinging to the opposite extreme, that taste at
length settles into the "*juste milieu*" of reason
and correctness.

We regard the critical writings of Madame de
Stael as the greatest boon she gave to France—
and greatest among these, that for which she suf-
fered the bitterest persecution, her celebrated
work on Germany. There was, perhaps, no other
country of which she could have held up the pic-
ture more profitably before the eyes of her own.
We say this, not because German literature af-
forded models which it was most advisable for
France to follow, but because it was most oppo-
site to French literature in its general character-
istics—because the display of its qualities tended
to afford to a narrow-minded public a better no-
tion of the extensive range which literature em-
braced, than that of a country more congenial with
their own; and because, in exhibiting the specta-
cle of emancipation from literary shackles impos-
ed by the French on another people, they might
learn, from the same shackles, to emancipate
themselves. It taught and exemplified this im-
portant truth, that in order to be vigorous a lit-
erature must be *national*. It must result, not from
the imitation even of approved and classical mod-
els, but must bear the genuine flavour of its na-
tive soil.

Germany alone afforded a striking example of a
country in which, within a brief period, and with-
out any sensible alteration in the state of civiliza-
tion and science, might be observed both the en-
tire absence and the successful acquisition of a
national literature. Till the middle of the eigh-
teenth century, the situation of Germany was ve-
ry remarkable. In science, in inventions, in the-
ology, in metaphysics, it had attained an eminent
station; but it had no national literature—no writ-
er in the German language whose name was
known among foreign nations; none even of which
Germany itself was proud. The yoke of France
was upon its lighter literature. The cold artificial
spirit of the age of Louis XIV., by which France
had deadened its own natural energies, had been
brought to press with double weight as a baleful
incubus upon the smothered spirit of Germany.
The spell was at length broken: a great literary
revolution suddenly commenced, aided by the for-
tuitous concurrence of some powerful and original
minds; and Germany, from being destitute of all
national literature, emerged into the possession
of a literature the most characteristic exhibited
by any European people. It was a literature
which bore impressed upon it not only the charac-
ter of the nation, but the peculiar circumstances
of its own birth. It was born, not like the imagi-
native literature of other countries in the infancy
of civilization and philosophy, but in the time of

maturity and vigour. It therefore displayed, unlike any other with which we are acquainted, the mingled attributes of age and childhood. It was wild, simple, passionate and fanciful, like the untutored rhapsodies of the savage bard—keen, abstruse, refined and speculative, like the cogitations of the accomplished votary of philosophical investigation. To exhibit this literary emancipation of Germany, and the use it made of its new liberty, was the arduous and praiseworthy task undertaken by Madame de Stael; and she executed it with singular ability. To travel, not over the face of a country, but over the intellect of its people; to give the moral and mental portrait of a nation, discriminatingly yet comprehensively, and divested of that coarse, unfair breadth of delineation, by which national portraits are frequently disfigured, required a mind of the highest order, endowed with qualities of a rare description.

There is, in our opinion, a wide interval in point of merit between Madame de Stael's work on Germany and her other critical writings. Her *Lettres sur Rousseau* was a production too youthful to be fairly made a subject of comparison; but her treatise *De la Littérature*, her *Essai sur les Fictions*, and *De l'Esprit des Traductions*, productions of more recent date, and the last of which was among the latest of her writings, are comparatively deficient in vigour and in justness of thought, and betray frequent marks of inaccuracy and haste. In the *Essai sur les Fictions* her opinions seem remarkably narrow and meagre, founded only on a partial view of the specimens of fictitious composition then in existence, and written in utter unconsciousness of the capabilities of this branch of literature, and of the almost boundless field which has been thrown open under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott. She dislikes the marvellous in fiction—takes a view of it too little poetical, and too rigidly utilitarian—seems too much to be inquiring what it proves—and is singularly silent with respect to Eastern romance. She, however, justly commends the superior utility of fictions which exhibit human nature as we see it now existing, and propounds as their best object the development and portraiture of the passions. She deprecates the excessive and engrossing introduction of love as a subject of romance, and adduces *Caleb Williams* as an instance of a novel which is interesting without it. In her criticisms on other English novelists, she gives rather more than due credit to the philosophical and moral tendency of Fielding's Tom Jones; and does not perceive that Fielding, while inspiring distrust in specious appearances, and in attempting to unveil hypocrisy, has countenanced license, and wounded the virtues which it is the object of hypocrisy to assume.

The critical writings of Madame de Stael, (and among these especially her work on Germany,) are those by which she has exercised most influence on the literature of her own country. To many the influence which she has exercised will appear unreasonably slight. To those who seek for indications of such influence only in instances of direct imitation, it will, indeed, seem almost null, for seldom has there existed a great writer who has been so little imitated by others. But the absence of such direct imitations is in truth little to be regretted. They usually present to us, not the intrinsic spirit of the model, but those tricks and mannerisms which, if not deformities, at any rate pall by repetition even in the original, and are seldom tolerable in the copies. Madame de

Stael has escaped the injury of being travestied by vulgar imitators, while at the same time she has exercised an extensive but indirect influence upon the literature of France. She was foremost in promoting a daring spirit of literary adventure—in encouraging the abandonment of those ancient models to which, in spite of the shock of its political revolution, the taste of France still resolutely clung. She was among the first who caused innovation in literature to be associated, not with barbarism, but with cultivated genius; and taught the French to become ashamed of that Chinese wall of pedantic exclusiveness by which they had been proud to be circumscribed. Voltaire, with all his boasting, had by no means effected this; nor indeed could he be expected to emancipate others who was himself a slave to literary prejudice. Ducis, who fancied himself a benefactor because he had contrived to gallicise Shakspeare, wanted the genius to do what he intended; and inasmuch as he never could divest himself, even with Shakspeare before his eyes, of the conventional trammels of the French school, he cannot be supposed to have imparted to his countrymen much genuine enlargement of taste. Madame de Stael is the true leader, we will not say of the romantic school, but rather of those who, despising such frivolous distinctions, have felt that the literature of France must be—not classical or romantic—but national, in order to rise with renovated vigour. Writers like Delavigne, Lamartine, Beranger, De Vigny, and Victor Hugo, are in no respect imitators of Madame de Stael; but they have profited by that stimulus to originality which her writings have conveyed. Her writings have, beyond all others, vanquished the influence of that mocking spirit of depreciating illiberality which, in France, had long tended rather to cripple genius, than to repress the encroachments of bad taste. She exalted enthusiasm in the place of fastidiousness, and has aided the modest and sensitive man of genius in giving a free scope to his imagination, and in daring to be "himself."

Let not these benefits be denied because too many rank and noxious weeds may have resulted from her endeavours to fertilize the literary soil of France. Such will ever be liable to spring up by the side of the fair flowers and wholesome fruits of literature. But would we, because such may be among the consequences of fertility, reduce the soil again to barrenness? The latter state excludes all hope of amelioration; the former, while it gives us cause for fear, affords us also much reason to be sanguine. A newly acquired appetite for the excitement of novelty and originality will frequently be carried to a vicious extreme. There will, for some time, be a rising demand for stimulants of increased power; and men who have not the genius wherewith to place themselves in the foremost rank, will endeavour to obtain that place, and force themselves upon the public attention by coarseness, vehemence, and extravagance. But we may confidently expect a reaction. The effect of such stimulants is short-lived: they soon pall; and writers cannot long outvie each other without pushing extravagance to a ludicrous or disgusting excess. In this country there was once an appetite, in some respects similar, for coarse and extravagant stimulants, liberally pampered by the baser part of a very rich portion of our literature—the dramatic literature of the age of Elizabeth. The better

portions of this literature are but too little known, while much of it has sunk into merited obscurity. We allude to such works, not with a view of instituting any comparison between them and those of the present day (which we still more strongly condemn,) in France, but to illustrate the fact that a newly raised and luxurious literature is liable to be encumbered by such noxious weeds. We, after the lapse of numerous generations, forget the evil, and remember only the good. We overlook the obscure literary deformities of that splendid period, and remember with pride that it produced a Shakspeare, and was succeeded by a Milton. That genius will arise in France which will similarly dignify the province of imaginative literature, it is vain to predict, for genius is heaven-born and fortuitous, and depends comparatively little upon culture; but we are sure that, wherever existing in France, it is more likely to emerge advantageously, and to assume its true dimensions under the operation of that literary freedom which Madame de Stael has promoted, than under a system of careful adherence to the study and imitation of the best models of the "Augustan age" of French literature.

From the same.

1. *Voyage en Turcomanie et a Khiva fait en 1819 and 1820*, par M. N. Mouraviev. Revue par MM. Eyries et Klaproth. Paris, 1825. 8vo.
2. *Voyage d'Orenbourg a Boukhara, fait en 1820*, redigé par M. le Baron Georges de Meyendorff, et revue par M. le Chevalier Amedee Jaubert. Paris, 1826. 8vo.

THE political and social condition of Central Asia, after having been almost wholly neglected since the days of Marco Polo and Rubruquis, has recently attracted some share of the attention which its importance seems to demand. When Russia became mistress of the countries between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and virtually of the seas themselves, it was reasonably suspected that such an ambitious power might direct its views further to the east and south, and attempt in our days to realize the project of the Macedonian Alexander, by founding universal dominion on the monopoly of the commerce between Europe and Asia. There has been also for some years a growing belief that sufficient advantage has not been taken of our position in India to extend British commerce. A glance at the map of Asia shows mighty rivers, not very distant from the presidencies, through which our manufactures might be conveyed into the very heart of Asia, and it was known that these facilities, from some cause or other, had been either altogether overlooked, or at least used to a very limited extent. The publication of Heeren's *Researches*, of which an English translation has only recently been completed, gave a new stimulus to inquiry; that indefatigable scholar had traced out with unrivalled industry and ability the great commercial routes of antiquity; the sources of the wealth possessed by Babylon, by Tyre, and by the Greek cities of Asia; he had shown that some trade still travelled in the same directions, and he thus suggested the possibility of again opening the ancient marts, and restoring them to their former efficiency.

Fortunately, the three subjects of inquiry, the feasibility of the imputed designs of Russia, the possibility of establishing an extensive commerce between the Indo-British cities and central Asia, and the probability of a considerable portion of Asiatic trade being again directed into its ancient channels, must all be determined by the same analysis, an examination of the countries between Russia and India. Still more fortunately, ample means have been provided for such an examination, not only by the Russian travellers, with whose works we have headed this article, but also in the Correspondence of Jacquemont, the French naturalist, reviewed in our Number before last, and in the still more recent works of two of our own travellers, Lieutenant Conolly,* and Lieutenant Burnes,† of whom their country has just reason to be proud. In one or other of these works information may be found respecting almost every point connected with our inquiries, and it is our purpose to select from each of them such portions of that information as appear to us of importance in guiding our decisions.

In an article which appeared in the Eighth Number of this Review (pp. 574-601,) it was shown that the advantages which Russia was supposed to have derived from the acquisition of the Caucasian provinces, had been greatly overrated; that the wild tribes over whom she had established nominal sway would be dangerous enemies rather than obedient subjects; and that the fusion of these provinces into the Russian empire was a very improbable contingency, while the attempt would cost much blood and treasure to the cabinet of St. Petersburg. A very few months sufficed to show the soundness of these views. In the spring of the following year, (1830) a false prophet named Kazi Mollah appeared among the Mussulman mountaineers; he soon collected a vast number of followers, and for nearly two years maintained a desperate guerilla warfare against the Russians, and the tribes that retained their allegiance. Not one syllable was said about this war in Europe until the insurrection was suppressed, (nearly three years after,) when it pleased the cabinet of St. Petersburg to issue an official report, in which there was a great parade of victories obtained, but at the same time circumstances incidentally mentioned, which proved that the issue of the contest was more than once doubtful. The fierce resistance which the Russians had to encounter may be estimated by the following extract from the Report.

"A party of about fifty men commanded by the Mollah Abderrahman, one of the most determined partizans of Kazi Mollah, was cut off from the rest of the troop, and blockaded in a large house. They had no chance of escape, but when summoned to surrender at discretion, they shouted out some verses of the Koran, as is their custom when they devote themselves to death, then piercing loop-holes in the walls they maintained a well-supported and well-directed fire against the assailants. Some grenades thrown into the chimney exploded in the midst of the house, but this shook not their resolution. As it was necessary to put an end to their bravado, orders were given

* Travels to the Indus, through Persia and Affghannistan. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

† Travels into Bokhara; being the Account of a Journey from India to Cabool, Tartary and Persia; also, Narrative of a Voyage on the Indus, from the Sea to Lahore, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Murray.

to set fire to the house. Eleven of them, half suffocated by the smoke, came out and surrendered themselves; a few others, with sword and dagger in hand, threw themselves on the bayonets of our soldiers; but the greater part perished with the Mollah Abderrahman, singing to the last their song of death."

Whether these brave men were obstinate rebels or resolute patriots must be determined by a future age; but it is very clear that they and their countrymen would never be submissive vassals to Russia. But desperate valour was not the only impediment to the progress of the imperial forces; nature itself placed formidable obstacles before them, and if the road to Humry, Kazi Mollah's head quarters, be a specimen of Caucasian communications, the military occupation of a single province is physically impossible.

"The road to Humry, from the territory of the Tehentchentes presents incredible difficulties. It ascends from Kazanai to the snowy summit of a lofty mountain, and then descends in a winding direction about four wersts, (three miles) over the scarp side of a mountain, along precipices and across rocks; it is only the breadth of an ordinary footpath. It afterwards passes about the same distance over the narrow projections of rocks, where there is no means of passing from one to the other but by ladders, with which it is necessary to come provided. When it afterwards joins another road coming from Erepeli, it becomes still narrower, between two lofty walls of perpendicular rock; and finally, in front of the village of Humry, it is crossed by three walls, the first of which is flanked by towers. The whole side of the mountain is cut into terraces, so judiciously arranged as to afford the means of making the most effective resistance.

No wonder that in such a position the garrison of Humry should have exclaimed, "The Russians can come to us only as the rain comes." It would lead us too far from our immediate subject to relate how these difficulties were overcome; but we must make room for the final scene.

"After the soldiers had carried the first wall, it was not possible for the garrisons of the towers to escape. Still they refused to surrender, but on the contrary became more obstinate in their resistance. General Veliaminov opened a heavy cannonade on the ramparts in front of the towers, but as the bandits still maintained their fire, a body of volunteers from the corps of sappers and miners stormed the forts, and put the mountaineers who defended them to the sword. Amongst those who fell were Kazi Mollah and his most distinguished partizans; their bodies, pierced with bayonets, were recognised next morning by their countrymen. Night put an end to the combat, and our advanced guard halted between the third wall and the village. On the morning of the 30th of October (1822) the Russian troops entered into Humry."

Matters have improved a little since the suppression of this insurrection; but Lieutenant Conolly assures us that the Russians have still but an insecure authority over these mountaineers.

"The Russians do not yet command free passage through the Caucasus; for they are obliged to be very vigilant against surprise by the Circassian sons of the mist, who still cherish the bitterest hatred against them. In some instances the Russian posts on the right of the defile were opposed to little stone eyries perched upon the opposite heights; and when any number of the Caucasians were observed descending the great paths on the mountain side, the Russian

guards would turn out and be on the alert. Not very long before our arrival we learned that a party of Circassians had, in the sheer spirit of hatred, lain in ambush for a return guard of some sixteen Cossacks, and killed every man.

"Such facts seem to argue great weakness on the part of the Russians; but great have been the difficulties they have contended with, in keeping the upper hand over enemies, whose haunts are almost inaccessible to any but themselves. Several colonies of these ferocious mountaineers have been captured and transplanted to villages of their own in the plains, where they are guarded, and live as sulkily as wild beasts; and a general crusade, if I may be allowed the expression, has been talked of for some years past, to sweep such untameable enemies from the mountains, and settle them on the plains in the interior of Russia."—*Conolly*, vol. i. p. 9.

The proposed remedy would be found worse than the disease; but Lieutenant Conolly thinks that by the possession of Anapa and Poti, the ports whence these mountaineers procured arms and ammunition, Russia will have less difficulty in restraining future excesses. We cannot quite agree with him, for Ireland is a sad example of the utter impossibility of preventing a turbulent population from procuring arms and ammunition. A gentleman from Astrakhan, with whom we had some conversation on this subject, mentioned to us a circumstance very likely to aggravate these evils. The government of these southern provinces is conferred as a punishment; from what we have said no one will doubt that it is felt as such, but we mean that the appointment is avowedly made by the court in many instances as a milder sentence of exile than transmission to Siberia. Hence necessarily the governor hates the governed, oppression produces resistance, resistance affords an excuse for further oppression, and the evils go on in a complete circle, which it is not easy to break through, when all its tendencies are to self-perpetuation.

Through its Caucasian provinces, it therefore seems very improbable that Russia can ever expect to direct a profitable trade. The facilities supposed to be afforded by the Cyrus and Phasis have been shown, in the article to which we have referred, to be quite visionary.

The next question is, could Russia establish a lucrative caravan trade from Astrakhan to Khiva, or from Orenburg to Bokhara? Or finally, could that power establish a settlement on the eastern side of the Caspian, through which communication might be opened with the great marts of Central Asia? The discussion of the first question leads us to consider the character of those nations through which the caravans must pass; the second involves matters purely geographical. Before discussing either of them, we must briefly notice some ethnographical matters respecting the appellations of Turks and Tartars, which are too frequently confounded; and we shall chiefly follow the guidance of Klaproth, who is undoubtedly the best authority on the subject.

The Tartars, known also by the names of Mongols, Kalmucks and Mantchews, originally inhabited the country to the north-east of China. Without entering into their history, it is sufficient to say that the Black Tartars or Mongols were subject to a Turkish tribe, sometimes called the tribe of White Tartars; they were liberated from their bondage by Yesukai, who slew their chief, Temujin, and gave his name to a son, born short-

ly after the victory. This son, on succeeding the chieftaincy, or as some think, after he had been chosen head of the confederate Tartar tribes, took the name of Jenghiz-khan. It is unnecessary to enumerate the vast conquests made by him and his successors; we must, however, observe, that in the reign of his son, the most important Turkish tribes were subdued, and that in the western kingdoms and khanats, formed out of his empire, the princes were Tartars and the subjects and soldiers Turks. Yet the name of Tartar was applied to these tribes long after every trace of the Mongolian domination had disappeared—language, countenance and religion. The ethnographic error is of some importance, because the Turks belong to the Caucasian, and the Tartars to the Mongolian race. It deserves also to be remarked that the name of *Mogul*, given to the emperors of Delhi, is clearly erroneous; Baber and his companions were *Turks*, and Timur-leng's pretended descent from Jenghiz-khan is a mere fable, resulting from the similarity of their conquests. We shall have more than one occasion to remark on the confusion of the names Turk and Tartar by some of the authors before us.

The land route from Astrakhan to Khiva is nearly, if not quite, impracticable; the intervening country consists chiefly of barren steppes, and wherever a patch of vegetation is to be found it is occupied by "the sons of the desert," eager to make travellers their prey. A shorter and safer mode of communication is afforded by the Caspian sea, and this was the route taken by Mouraviev in 1819. He landed in the bay of Balkan, and having with some difficulty procured camels and horses, commenced his journey over a barren steppe.

"The aspect of the steppe was calculated to excite any thing rather than pleasurable emotion; it was the image of death, or rather of desolation after some great revolution of nature; the eye could discover neither beast nor bird, nor verdure; no single plant refreshed the view, save that at distant intervals might be seen spots where a few stunted shrubs seemed with difficulty to maintain existence."—*Mouraviev*.

On his road through this desert he passed through the bed of some river that had been dried up, and discovered traces either of a very large lake that had disappeared, or of the Caspian, whose extent he believes to be much diminished from what it was in ancient times. To these matters we shall soon return, but must now record an ominous incident which filled him with not unfounded forebodings.

"Before sunrise we met a numerous caravan of the (Turkish) tribe of Igdyr; it was composed of 200 men and 1000 camels. They made great noise on their march, they sung, laughed and shouted, glad of having got out of Khiva, and of having made there an advantageous purchase of corn. They were going to Mangihlak . . . They looked at us very curiously, and asked our Turcomans, 'who are these?' 'They are Russian prisoners,' replied they; 'this year one of their ships was wrecked on our coast, and we have taken these three to sell at Khiva.' 'Carry off! Carry off the cursed infidels,' they exclaimed in chorus, with a ferocious laugh, 'we have just sold three of them ourselves at an exceeding good price!'—*Mouraviev*.

The aspect of the desert became less savage as the party approached Khiva, and they at length

reached a rich and fertile country, watered by canals from the Oxus and some minor streams.

"I had never seen, even in Germany, fields so carefully cultivated as those round Khiva. All the houses were surrounded with canals, over which light bridges were thrown. I strolled through beautiful meadows planted with rich fruit trees. Numbers of birds enlivened with their song these splendid orchards. The *kibitki* (moveable huts) and houses of clay, scattered over this charming country, afforded one of the most delightful prospects imaginable. I asked my conductors (who belonged to the tribes of the desert) why they did not pay equal attention to agriculture, or why they did not prefer the fertile plains of Khiva to their savage desert. 'O ambassador!' they replied, 'we are masters, these are labourers; they fear a chief, we fear God only.'—*Mouraviev*.

The nearer Mouraviev approached to Khiva, the more he had reason to fear that his enterprise would have an unfavourable issue. His inquiries about the distances of places, the position and depth of the wells, and the seasons most favourable for travelling, were regarded as positive proofs of his being a spy; while the accounts he constantly heard of the cruelty with which the Russian slaves were treated, and the savage ferocity with which their attempts to escape were punished, proved to him that dread of his sovereign's vengeance would have little influence in the court of Khiva. The extent of the Russian slave-trade was greater than he had conceived; the Kirghis hunt men along the whole frontier of Orenburg, and sell them at a high price to the Khivans. He consequently felt as humiliated as an ambassador from Haiti landing at New Orleans. A proof of the distracted state of the country was afforded him by the residences of the chief proprietors around Khiva; each of these was a regular little fortress, capable of standing a smart siege. Mouraviev had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with these baronial towers, for he was imprisoned in one of them as a spy for forty-eight days. We pass over the personal adventures of the ambassador, to glance at his account of Khiva. This oasis, he says, if placed under an enlightened government, would become the great mart of commerce between Central Asia and Europe. It already carries on a considerable trade with Orenburg by caravans through the steppes of the Kirghis, and with Astrakhan by caravans which meet Russian vessels at the Bay of Balkan. Mouraviev, therefore, strenuously recommends the Russians to take possession of the country, and assures them that they will thus secure the commerce of Bokhara. The distance of Bokhara from Khiva is given in the characteristic answer of a Turkman: "it is seven days' journey for an honest man, and three for a thief." Lieutenant Conolly's comment on Mouraviev's proposal is quite decisive as to its practicability.

"Mouraviev some years ago talked sanguinely about marching to capture Khiva and revolutionize Taryat with 3000 men; but I do not read that he made any arrangements for communicating with his countrymen even in case of success. He speculates upon several very uncertain aids, and in my humble opinion his plan is rather a romantic one. The Turkmen being greatly divided amongst themselves, some of them might be induced to assist the Russians, for interest is a first principle with them; but they are quite as treacherous as greedy, and though they

would perhaps assist the invaders as long as they had the best of it, they would turn upon them in case of a reverse.

"With respect to the communication between the Caspian sea and Khiva (a journey of about seventeen days at a very moderate computation,) it is interrupted in summer by the great heats, which render the passage across the desert a serious undertaking, and the road may be said to be open only for nine months and a half in the year, *i. e.* from the middle of August till the commencement of June."—*Conolly*, i. 150.

But though Russia would certainly be a loser by an attempt to seize Khiva for itself, it might, as an ally of Persia or of some Turkman chief, establish in that country a more stable government that would revive the ancient prosperity of Karasm. The sands between Khiva and the Caspian contain manifest traces of former cultivation, and Lieutenant Conolly, whose practical good sense is proved by every page of his book, declares that the soil might easily be rendered again productive by ordinary labour.

Before parting with Mouraviev, it is perhaps necessary to say a few words respecting the ancient connexion of the Oxus with the Caspian Sea, which he strenuously asserts, and which Lieutenant Burnes more than doubts. The brief remarks of the latter on the subject have shaken our belief in the existence of this asserted connexion, notwithstanding the number and respectability of the authorities that may be quoted in its support. Lieutenant Conolly also declares that he passed over the bed of what was once a very large river, but he hesitates before pronouncing it to be a branch of the Oxus.

"Coming to the bank of a dry *nallah* (water-course,) we kept along it till we found a place of descent into the bed. This, after a while, led us into deep ravines, and from them we passed into what appeared to be the deserted bed of a once very large river. We journeyed N. E. up its centre for two hours, then a little before sunset halted to prepare a meal. The Syud (descendant of Mohammed) and I, parting from the centre, walked each to a bank, and measured jointly a thousand paces. The soil differed from that above, having gravel and pebbles, and against the right bank to which I walked, many large stones were collected, and the earth near it was coned up, as if by the strong force of water. The banks, which were very high and much worn, would run for some distance at a breadth about equal to that which we measured; then they would be broken into a succession of deep parallel ravines, each the size of a *nallah*. . . . My friend, the Syud, not only saw no reason why this great bed, which could be traced so far east, should not be admitted to prove the ancient historian's account of the Oxus, but he was inclined to think that, if the water of one of a river's two arms was turned off (as it is traditional that one stream of the Oxus was,) by human agency, it might by the same means be conducted back again, so as to afford "Messieurs les Russes" water communication between the Caspian and the capital of Karasm. This would indeed be revolutionizing Asia."—*Conolly*, vol. i. p. 82.

The testimonies of oriental writers to the existence of a connexion between the Oxus and the Caspian have been collected by M. Jaubert, in a very able memoir on this river, published in the *Nouveau Journal Asiatique* for December, 1833. Mouraviev also declares that he met with the dry bed of a river, but he places it about 150 miles north of the channel discovered, or supposed to

be discovered, by Lieutenant Conolly. There are, however, physical obstacles to such a course of the Oxus; a range of mountains extends from the Bay of Balkan to Mestridis, and the declivity of that part of Asia is clearly towards the north. Under these circumstances it is difficult to believe that a river, whose course is north-west, should suddenly turn to the west-south-west, when there is no mountain or any other physical cause to change its direction. Herodotus says that the Oxus flows into the Caspian, because he was unacquainted with the existence of the sea of Aral. The canals, extending from Karasm towards the desert, are probably the cause of Abu'l-ghazi's belief that the Oxus itself once flowed in that direction; Conolly and Mouraviev appear to have examined either salt-lakes partially dried, or ravines formed by melted snow; the slope of the country is sufficient to decide the controversy, for that completely refutes the possibility of the supposed communication. Even if such a branch of the Oxus had existed, it could scarcely be now restored; and, consequently, the trade between that river and the Caspian must be conducted by caravans as at present. The average time of passing the intervening desert is ten days.

We must now direct our attention to Meyendorff's journey from Orenburg to Bokhara. The embassy to which he was attached was escorted by a little army, consisting of 200 Cossacks, 200 infantry, 25 Baskhirs, and 2 pieces of artillery; and yet it was with fear and trembling that Meyendorff thus escorted began his journey.

"Dangers presented themselves in vast numbers; it was possible that the Kirghis, always reluctant to have their territories explored by the Russians, might attack us by night; this supposition was not groundless, for not far from the Sir-deria (the ancient Jaxartes) in 1803, Lieutenant Gaverdowsky was attacked by the Kirghis; by a most obstinate defence, he with difficulty saved his wife, his physician and himself, but three-fourths of his escort remained in the power of the nomades of the desert."—*Meyendorff*, pp. 5—6.

Even if they abstained from a direct attack, they might set fire to the grass and shrubs on the steppes; or they might steal the horses from the camp, or destroy the sentinels and pillage undetected. Like the Indians of North America, the Kirghis have an abundance of savage cunning, which is frequently an overmatch for the wisdom of civilization. A treaty with the sultan of the Kirghis averted this danger, but there was still reason to dread the Khivians, who are equally devoted to plunder, and better skilled in managing a foray. They sometimes maraud in bands of four or five thousand; they employ a different sort of artifices from the Kirghis, and the precautions that protect from one horde are rarely the best to be used against another. One of their most common stratagems is to terrify the camels of a caravan by their wild cries, and make their attack in the midst of the confusion occasioned by the dispersion of these animals. If the thought of such dangers alarmed Meyendorff, though protected by a large escort, what must be their effect on the minds of simple merchants? But even after these dangers were passed, there was reason to fear the operation of jealousy in Bokhara itself. Whilst the travellers were assembling at Orenburg, they learned that the merchants who had come thither from Bokhara said confidentially to their friends, "Probably none of these Christian

dogs will return home; though the khan of Khiva should suffer them to pass, our khan will not be such a fool as to allow them to return. Why do you wish that Christians should become acquainted with our country?"

The Russian commerce with Bokhara must ever pass either through the khanat of Khiva, or over the steppes of the Kirghis: of the former route we have already spoken, and Meyendorff's apprehensions show the dangers of the latter. But he seems to think it possible that Russia may be able to establish "a salutary influence" over the children of the desert, and have respect paid to its edicts from the banks of the Volga to those of the Sir-daria (Jaxartes.) But her success with the Caucasian tribes has not been such as to induce Russia to attempt the extension of "salutary influences," and the traveller himself states some circumstances which tend to prove that the Kirghis are not likely for many ages to be in a position where such influence would operate.

"These means of existence (pillage and pasturage) appear to them more easy than laboriously to till a soil generally ungrateful; they fear indeed nothing so much as to become permanently attached to any fixed residence, and make their happiness consist in beholding themselves free as the birds, a comparison that they might invariably employ whenever they speak of their nomadic life. We may easily conceive then why the Kirghis never, except in extreme cases, become agriculturists; besides, an old tradition, which they love to repeat, declares, 'the Kirghis will lose their liberty whenever they dwell in houses and devote themselves to agriculture.' This tradition acquires fresh strength from the condition of the Bashkirs, (subject to the iron sway of Russia,) whose fate they dread."—*Meyendorff*, p. 39.

This is not the only instance in which the common sense of mankind assumes the form of a prophesy; the Japanese have a similar prediction if ever they open their ports to European commerce, and they have a tolerably fair share of examples along the coasts of the Indian Ocean.

Notwithstanding all the advantages possessed by Meyendorff's party; equipages abundantly provided by his government, not merely the forbearance but the active aid of the Kirghis secured, and a season so unprecedentedly fine, that the nomads ascribed it to supernatural causes, the travellers suffered severe hardships, especially from want of water, in the sands of Kara Kum. But so many accounts of similar sufferings have been published, that there would be no novelty in the description; we shall, in preference, extract one or two anecdotes illustrative of the character of the Kirghis.

"The Kirghis often pass half the night seated on a stone looking at the moon, and improvising mournful ditties to airs still more sad. They have also historical ballads which record the gallant exploits of their heroes; but poems of this kind are only sung by professional singers: I greatly regret not having heard them. I often said to the Kirghis that I would gladly hear their national songs; but they only sung *impromptu* compliments, scarcely worthy of being recorded; nevertheless some fragments have remained in my memory. A Kirghis Beg (gentleman) a rich man, possessing some taste and talent, the chief of a numerous family, once sung to me the following *impromptu*.—"You wish me to sing you a song. I will tell you that an honest Beg, though a poor man, is superior to a despised Khan." . . . These words per-

fectly explained his feelings, for he was a declared enemy of the Khan of the Kirghis. A young Kirghis thundered out one day the following song, composed by a young girl: 'Do you see this snow?—well, my skin is fairer. Do you see the blood of yon slaughtered sheep distain the snow?—well, my cheeks have a more ruddy hue. Cross over this mountain and you will see the charred trunk of a burnt tree; well, my hair is blacker. In the sultan's palace there are mollahs who write continually; well, my eyebrows are darker than their ink.' . . . This is a specimen of the notions of the Kirghis, children of the desert, who, with the single exception of religion (they are Mussulmans,) have remained strangers to all foreign civilization. Unconquerable, warlike, ferocious, the Kirghis, alone, dashes with his steed into the midst of the desert, and traverses five or six hundred wersts,* with astonishing rapidity, to see a relation or perhaps a friend of a different tribe. On the road he stops at almost every aul (encampment) he meets; there he tells his news, and sure of a good reception, whether known or not, he partakes of the food provided by his hosts. This food is generally kroot, (cheese, not very unlike a brickbat in appearance and taste,) hairan, (sheep's milk slightly curdled,) meat and kurns, which are curds of mare's milk, a delicacy greatly prized by the nomads. He never forgets the appearance of a country through which he has once passed, and returns home after a few days' absence, rich in new stories, to rest himself with his wife and children. His wives are his principal and sometimes his only servants; they dress his food, make his clothes, saddle his horse, whilst he, with imperturbable nonchalance, limits his cares to guarding his flocks in tranquillity. I have seen the sultan's brother, who is highly respected by the Kirghis, attend to the pasturage of his own sheep, mounted on a horse, in a vest of red cloth, and travel thus for a fortnight, without feeling that he derogated in the slightest degree from his dignity."—*Meyendorff*, pp. 43—46.

Meyendorff's embassy was received with great favour by the Khan of Bokhara; it seems that the mercantile spirit of the place has infected the government, for the love of money is much more conspicuous in the negotiations for the reception of the ambassadors, than the regulation of the ceremonies, in which the orientals so greatly delight. We should have called Meyendorff's account of Bokhara the most lively and picturesque piece of descriptive writing which it has been our fortune to meet, had we not seen Burnes's later description of the same city. Our readers will, sure, thank us for extracting largely from a narrative equally remarkable for the graphic power, good sense, and valuable information which it displays.

"Our first care on entering Bokhara was to change our garb, and conform to the usages prescribed by the laws of the country. Our turbans were exchanged for shabby sheep-skin caps, with the fur inside; and our 'kummurbands' (girdles) were thrown aside for a rude piece of rope or tape. The outer garment of the country was discontinued, as well as our stockings; since these are the emblems of distinction in the holy city of Bokhara between an infidel and a true believer. We knew also that none but a Mahomedan might ride within the walls of the city, and had an inward feeling which told us to be satisfied if we were permitted, at such trifling sacrifices,

* A werst is about three-fourths of a mile.

to continue our abode in the capital. A couplet,* which describes Samarcand as the paradise of the world, also names Bokhara as the strength of religion and of Islam; and, impious and powerless as we were, we could have no desire to try experiments among those who seemed, outwardly at least, such bigots.

"On entering the city, the authorities did not even search; but in the afternoon, an officer summoned us to the presence of the minister. My fellow-traveller (Dr. Gerard) was still labouring under fever, and could not accompany me; I therefore proceeded alone to the ark or palace, where the minister lived along with the king. I was lost in amazement at the novel scene before me, since we had to walk for about two miles through the streets of Bokhara, before reaching the citadel. I was immediately introduced to the minister, or, as he is styled, the Koosh Beg, or Lord of all the Begs, an elderly man, of great influence, who was sitting in a small room that had a private courtyard in front of it. He desired me to be seated outside on the pavement, yet evinced both a kind and considerate manner, which set my mind at ease. I presented a silver watch and a Cashmeer dress, which I had brought for the purpose; but he declined to receive any thing, saying, that he was but a slave to the king. He then interrogated me for about two hours as to my own affairs, and the objects which had brought me to a country so remote as Bokhara. I told our usual tale of being in progress towards our native country, and produced my passport from the Governor-General of India, which the minister read with peculiar attention. I then added, that Bokhara was a country of such celebrity among eastern nations, that I had been chiefly induced to visit Toorkistan for the purpose of seeing it. 'But what is your profession?' said the minister. I replied, that I was an officer of the Indian army. In reply to some inquiries regarding our baggage, I considered it prudent to acquaint him that I had a sextant, since I concluded that we should be searched, and it was better to make a merit of necessity. I informed him, therefore, that I liked to observe the stars and the other heavenly bodies, since it was a most attractive study. On hearing this, the Vizier's attention was roused, and he begged, with some earnestness, and in a subdued tone of voice, that I would inform him of a favourable conjunction of the planets, and the price of grain which it indicated in the ensuing year. I told him, that our astronomical knowledge did not lead to such information, at which he expressed himself disappointed. On the whole, however, he appeared to be satisfied with our character, and assured me of his protection. While in Bokhara, he said that he must prohibit our using pen and ink, since it might lead to our conduct being misrepresented to the king, and prove injurious.

"Two days after this interview, I was again summoned by the vizier, and found him surrounded by a great number of respectable persons, to whom he appeared desirous of exhibiting me. I was questioned in such a way as to make me believe that our character was not altogether free from suspicion; but the vizier said jocularly, 'I suppose you have been writing about Bokhara.' Since I had in the first instance given so true a tale, I had here no apprehensions of contradiction, and freely told the party that I had come to see the world and the wonders of Bokhara, and that, by the vizier's favour, I had been already perambulating the city, and seen the gardens outside its walls. On my return home it struck me that the

all-curious vizier might be gratified by the sight of a patent compass, with its glasses, screws, and reflectors; but it also occurred that he might regard my possession of this complicated piece of mechanism in a light which would not be favourable. I, however, sallied forth with the instrument in my pocket, and soon found myself again in his presence. I told him, that I believed I had a curiosity which would gratify him, and produced the compass, which was quite new, and of very beautiful workmanship. I described its utility, and pointed out its beauty, till the vizier seemed quite to have forgotten 'that he was but a slave of the king, and could receive nothing;' indeed he was proceeding to bargain for its price, when I interrupted him by an assurance, that I had brought it from Hindostan to present to him, since I had heard of his zeal in the cause of religion, and it would enable him to point to the holy Mecca and rectify the 'kiblu'† of the grand mosque, which he was now building in Bokhara. I could therefore receive no return, since we were already rewarded above all price by his protection. The Koosh Beg packed up the compass with all the haste and anxiety of a child, and said that he would take it direct to his majesty, and describe the wonderful ingenuity of our nation.

"My usual resort in the evening was the *registan* of Bokhara, which is the name given to a spacious area in the city, near the palace, which opens upon it. On two other sides are massive buildings, colleges of the learned, and on the fourth side is a fountain, filled with water, and shaded by lofty trees, where idlers and newsmongers assemble round the wares of Asia and Europe, which are here exposed for sale. A stranger has only to seat himself on a bench of the *Registan*, to know the Uzbeks and the people of Bokhara. He may here converse with the natives of Persia, Turkey, Russia, Tartary, China, India, and Cabool. He will meet with *Toorkmuns*, *Calmuks*, and *Kuzzaks*,† from the surrounding deserts, as well as the natives of more favoured lands. He may contrast the polished manners of the subjects of the 'Great King' with the ruder habits of a roaming Tartar. He may see the Uzbeks from all the states of *Mawur-ool nuhr*, and speculate from their physiognomy on the changes which time and place effect among any race of men. The Uzbek of Bokhara is hardly to be recognised as a Toork or Tartar from his intermixture of Persian blood. Those from the neighbouring country of *Kokan* are less changed; and the natives of *Orgunje*, the ancient *Kharasm*, have yet a harshness of feature peculiar to themselves. They may be distinguished from all others by dark sheep-skin caps, called '*tilpak*,' about a foot high. A red beard, gray eyes, and fair skin, will now and then arrest the notice of a stranger, and his attention will have been fixed on a poor Russian, who has lost his country and his liberty, and here drags out a miserable life of slavery. A native of China may be seen here and there in the same forlorn predicament, shorn of his long cue of hair, with his crown under a turban, since both he and the Russian act the part of *Mahomedans*. Then follows a Hindoo, in a garb foreign to himself and his country. A small square cap, and a string instead of a girdle, distinguishes him from the *Mahomedans*, and, as the Moslems themselves tell you, prevents their profaning the prescribed salutations of their language by using them to an idolater. Without these distinctions, the native of India is to be recognised by his demure look, and the studious

* Samurcand suequl-i-rooe zumeen ust
Bokhara qooqut-i-Islam wu deen ust.

* Aspect towards Mecca.
† Cossacks.

manner in which he avoids all communication with the crowd. He herds only with a few individuals, similar circumstanced with himself. The Jew is as marked a being as the Hindoo: he wears a somewhat different dress, and a conical cap. No mark, however, is so distinguishing as the well-known features of the Hebrew people. In Bokhara they are a race remarkably handsome, and I saw more than one Rebecca in my peregrinations. Their features are set off by ringlets of beautiful hair hanging over their cheeks and neck. There are about 4000 Jews in Bokhara, emigrants from Meshid, in Persia, who are chiefly employed in dying cloth. They receive the same treatment as the Hindoos. A stray Armenian, in a still different dress, represents this wandering nation; but there are few of them in Bokhara. With these exceptions, the stranger beholds in the bazars, a portly, fair, and well dressed mass of people, the Mahomedans of Toorkistan. A large white turban and a 'chogha,' or pelisse, of some dark colour, over three or four others of the same description, is the general costume; but the registan leads to the palace, and the Uzbeks delight to appear before their king in a mottled garment of silk, called 'udrus,' made of the brightest colours, and which would be intolerable to any but an Uzbek. Some of the higher persons are clothed in brocade, and one may distinguish the gradations of the chiefs, since those in favour ride into the citadel, and the others dismount at the gate. Almost every individual who visits the king, is attended by his slave; and though this class of people are for the most part Persians or their descendants, they have a peculiar appearance. It is said, indeed, that three-fourths of the people of Bokhara are of slave extraction; for of the captives brought from Persia into Toorkistan few are permitted to return, and, by all accounts, there are many who have no inclination to do so. A great portion of the people of Bokhara appear on horseback; but, whether mounted or on foot, they are dressed in boots, and the pedestrians strut on high and small heels, in which it was difficult for me to walk or even stand. They are about an inch and a half high, and the pinnacle is not one-third the diameter. This is the national dress of the Uzbeks. Some men of rank have a shoe over the boot, which is taken off on entering a room. I must not forget the ladies in my enumeration of the inhabitants. They generally appear on horseback, riding as the men; a few walk, and all are veiled with a black hair-cloth. The difficulty of seeing through it makes the fair ones stare at every one as in a masquerade. Here, however, no one must speak to them; and if any of the king's harem pass, you are admonished to look in another direction, and get a blow on the head if you neglect the advice. So holy are the fair ones of the 'holy Bokhara.'

"My reader may now, perhaps, form some idea of the appearance of the inhabitants of Bokhara. From morn to night the crowd which assembles raises a humming noise, and one is stunned at the moving mass of human beings. In the middle of the area the fruits of the season are sold under the shade of a square piece of mat, supported by a single pole. One wonders at the never-ending employment of the fruiters in dealing out their grapes, melons, apricots, apples, peaches, pears, and plums to a continued succession of purchasers. It is with difficulty that a passage can be forced through the streets, and it is only done at the momentary risk of being rode over by some one on a horse or donkey. These latter animals are exceedingly fine, and amble along at a quick pace with their riders and burdens. Carts of a light construction are also driving up and down, since the

streets are not too narrow to admit of wheeled carriages. In every part of the bazar there are people making tea, which is done in large European urns, instead of teapots, and kept hot by a metal tube. The love of the Bokharees for tea is, I believe, without parallel, for they drink it at all times and places, and in half a dozen ways: with and without sugar, with and without milk, with grease, with salt, &c. Next to the venders of this hot beverage, one may purchase 'rahut i jan,' or the delight of life,—grape jelly or syrup, mixed up with chopped ice. This abundance of ice is one of the greatest luxuries in Bokhara, and it may be had till the cold weather makes it unnecessary. It is pitted in winter, and sold at a price within the reach of the poorest people. No one ever thinks of drinking water in Bokhara without icing it, and a beggar may be seen purchasing it as he proclaims his poverty and entreates the bounty of the passenger. It is a refreshing sight to see the huge masses of it, with the thermometer at 90°, coloured, scraped, and piled into heaps like snow. It would be endless to describe the whole body of traders; suffice it to say, that almost every thing may be purchased in the registan: the jewellery and cutlery of Europe, (coarse enough, however,) the tea of China, the sugar of India, the spices of Manilla, &c. &c. One may also add to his lore both Toorke and Persian at the book-stalls, where the learned, or would be so, pore over the tattered pages. As one withdraws in the evening from this bustling crowd to the more retired parts of the city, he winds his way through arched bazars, now empty, and passes mosques, surmounted by handsome cupolas, and adorned by all the simple ornaments which are admitted by Mahomedans. After the bazar hours, these are crowded for evening prayers. At the doors of the colleges, which generally face the mosques, one may see the students lounging after the labours of the day; not, however, so gay or so young as the tyros of an European university, but many of them grave and demure old men, with more hypocrisy, but by no means less vice, than the youths in other quarters of the world. With the twilight this busy scene closes, the king's drum beats, it is re-echoed by others in every part of the city, and, at a certain hour, no one is permitted to move out without a lantern. From these arrangements the police of the city is excellent, and in every street large bales of cloth are left on the stalls at night with perfect safety. All is silence until morning, when the bustle again commences in the registan. The day is ushered in with the same guzzling and tea drinking, and hundreds of boys and donkeys laden with milk hasten to the busy throng. The milk is sold in small bowls, over which the cream floats: a lad will bring twenty or thirty of these to market in shelves, supported and suspended by a stick over his shoulder. Whatever number may be brought speedily disappears among the tea-drinking population of this great city.

"I took an early opportunity of seeing the slave-bazar of Bokhara, which is held every Saturday morning. The Uzbeks manage all their affairs by means of slaves, who are chiefly brought from Persia by the Toorkmuns. Here these poor wretches are exposed for sale, and occupy thirty or forty stalls, where they are examined like cattle, only with this difference, that they are able to give an account of themselves *vice versa*. On the morning I visited the bazar, there were only six unfortunate beings, and I witnessed the manner in which they are disposed of. They are first interrogated regarding their parentage and capture, and if they are Mahomedans, that is, Soonees. The question is put in that form, for the Uzbeks do not consider a Shiah to be a true believer; with them,

as with the primitive Christians, a sectary is more odious than an unbeliever. After the intended purchaser is satisfied of the slave being an infidel, (kafir) he examines his body, particularly noting if he be free from leprosy, so common in Toorkistan, and then proceeds to bargain for his price. Three of the Persian boys were for sale at thirty tillas of gold apiece; and it was surprising to see how contented the poor fellows sat under their lot.

"From the slave-market I passed on that morning to the great bazar, and the very sight which fell under my notice was the offenders against Mahomedanism of the preceding Friday. They consisted of four individuals, who had been caught asleep at prayer time, and a youth, who had been smoking in public. They were all tied to each other, and the person who had been found using tobacco led the way, holding the hookah, or pipe, in his hand. The officer of police followed with a thick thong, and chastised them as he went, calling aloud, 'Ye followers of Islam, behold the punishment of those who violate the law!' Never, however, was there such a series of contradiction and absurdity as in the practice and theory of religion in Bokhara. You may openly purchase tobacco and all the most approved apparatus for inhaling it; yet if seen smoking in public you are straightway dragged before the cazee, punished by stripes, or paraded on a donkey, with a blackened face, as a warning to others. If a person is caught flying pigeons on a Friday, he is sent forth with the dead bird round his neck, seated on a camel.

"The Hindoos of Bokhara courted our society, for that people seem to look upon the English as their natural superiors. They visited us in every country we passed, and would never speak any other language than Hindoostanee, which was a bond of union between us and them. In this country they appeared to enjoy a sufficient degree of toleration to enable them to live happily. An enumeration of their restrictions might make them appear a persecuted race. They are not permitted to build temples, nor set up idols, nor walk in procession: they do not ride within the walls of the city, and must wear a peculiar dress. They pay the 'jizyu,' or poll-tax, which varies from four to eight rupees a year; but this they only render in common with others, not Mahomedans. They must never abuse or ill-use a Mahomedan. When the king passes their quarter of the city, they must draw up, and wish him health and prosperity; when on horseback outside the city, they must dismount if they meet his majesty or the cazee. They are not permitted to purchase female slaves, as an infidel would defile a believer; nor do any of them bring their families beyond the Oxus. For these sacrifices the Hindoos in Bokhara live unmolested, and, in all trials and suits, have equal justice with the Mahomedans.

"Among the Hindoos we had a singular visiter in a deserter from the Indian army at Bombay! He had set out on a pilgrimage to all the shrines of the Hindoo world, and was then proceeding to the fire temples on the shores of the Caspian! I knew many of the officers of the regiment (the 24th N. I.) to which he had belonged, and felt pleased at hearing names which were familiar to me in this remote city. I listened with interest to the man's detail of his adventures and travels, nor was he deterred by any fear that I would lodge information against him, and secure his apprehension. I looked upon him as a brother in arms, and he amused me with many a tale of my friend Moorad Beg of Koondooz, whom he had

followed in his campaigns, and served as a bombardier. This man, when he first showed himself, was disguised in the dress of a pilgrim: but the carriage of a soldier is not to be mistaken, even if met in Bokhara.

"The house in which we lived was exceedingly small, and overlooked on every side, but we could not regret it, since it presented an opportunity of seeing a Toorkee beauty, a handsome young lady, who promenaded one of the surrounding balconies, and wished to think she was not seen. A pretended flight was not even neglected by this fair one, whose curiosity often prompted her to steal a glance at the Firingees. Since we had a fair exchange, she was any thing but an intruder, though unfortunately too distant for us to indulge in the sweet music of speech. The ladies of Bokhara stain their teeth quite black; they braid their hair, and allow it to hang in tresses down their shoulders. Their dress differs little from the men: they wear the same pelisses, only that the two sleeves, instead of being used as such, are tucked together and tied behind. In the house even they dress in huge hessian boots made of velvet, and highly ornamented."—Burnes's *Travels*, vol. pp. i. 267—287.

These very graphic and interesting details sufficiently prove that Bokhara is the present mart for the trade of Central Asia, and that a commerce opened between it and some European country would be productive of immense advantages to both parties. The importance of this has been felt in Russia for more than a century, but as yet no commercial route has been established, and the extracts we have given from Mouraviev and Meyendorff seem to prove that the routes through the desert of Khiva and the steppes of the Kirghis are impracticable. There is however a third course open to Russia, which is now travelled by Persian merchants: we mean the route from Khorassan, into which it would be easy to strike from Astrabad. Old Jonas Hanway gives the following account of Astrabad Bay.

"Here, as in other parts of the Caspian, the sea has made great inroads, insomuch that in many places the trunks and whole bodies of trees lay on the shore, and make it as difficult of access, as its appearance is wild and inhospitable. . . . The different currents which meet in the road, and the eddies of wind obliged us often to new lay our anchors; in other respects this harbour is very safe. . . . From the shore to the high road, there are many narrow paths with broken and decayed bridges, and several ditches made by the flowing of the water from the mountains.—Hanway's *Travels*, vol. i. p. 110.

We have been informed by other travellers that a causeway once extended from the city to the port, but it fell into decay during the wars by which Persia was distracted during the last century, and notwithstanding the high character some have given of the reigning dynasty, we expect not the improvement of ports or roads under their sway. The following anecdotes will show the grounds of our opinion.

"We crossed the river Tedjen (in Mazenderan) by a once fine bridge of seventeen arches, some of which were nearly broken away from each other. We were told that his majesty Futeh Allee Shah, Geete Sultaun, (the grasper of the universe,) had sent fifteen hundred tomahs for the repair of this bridge, but that his son Mohummud Kouli Meerza Mokhara, (the ornament of the land,) had caused a few boards to be laid over the broken arches, and kept the money to pay the Ghazeaun-e-Islam, (warriors of Islam, his

* 200 rupees=20l.

soldiers,) a courtier-like mode of expressing that the prince had put the money into his own pocket. It may be imagined that the roads in the province of such a governor were not of the best. Once a public-spirited individual began to repair the fine causeway which Shah Abbas made, but a stop was presently put to his undertaking by a message from the capital, intimating that if he had any spare cash, the prince would be glad of it."—*Conolly*, vol. i. p. 22.

But supposing all necessary improvements made in Astrabad, merchants would still have to encounter the horrors of the Turkman desert between Khorassan and Bokhara. Let us first take a view of the physical obstacles.

"We had before heard of the deserts southward of the Oxus; and had now the means of forming a judgment from personal observation. We saw the skeletons of camels and horses bleaching in the sun, which had perished from thirst. The nature of the roads or pathways admits of their easy obliteration; and, if the beaten track be once forsaken, the traveller and his jaded animal generally perish. A circumstance of this very nature occurred but a very few days previous to our leaving Charjoee. A party of three persons travelling from the Orgunje camp lost the road, and their supply of water failed them. Two of their horses sank under the parching thirst; and the unfortunate men opened the vein of their surviving camel, sucked its blood, and reached Charjoee from the nourishment which they thus derived. The camel died. These are facts of frequent occurrence. The Khan of Orgunje in his late march into the desert, lost upwards of two thousand camels that had been loaded with water and provisions for his men. He dug his wells as he advanced; but the supply of water was scanty. Camels are very patient under thirst; it is a vulgar error, however, to believe that they can live any length of time without water. They generally pine and die on the fourth day, and, under great heat, will even sink sooner."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 17.

The roving hordes of the Turkmans, and the soldiers of the Khans of the Khiva and Orgunje are plagues to the full as great as superabundant sand and deficient water. Tenantless, these deserts would be formidable, but the hordes by which they are infested complete the picture of ruin, and add new horrors to desolation. Both our British travellers supply abundant anecdotes of their ferocity, their eagerness to obtain slaves, and their frequent expeditions for this purpose into the north-eastern provinces of Persia.

"We had been treading in our last marches on the very ground which had been disturbed by the hoofs of the Toorkmuns who were advancing on Persia. It was with no small delight that we at last lost our traces of the formidable band, which we could discover had branched off the high road towards Meshid. Had we encountered them, a second negotiation would have been necessary, and the demands of robbers might not have been easily satisfied. "Allamans" seldom attack a caravan, but still there are authenticated instances of their having murdered a whole party in the very road we were travelling. Men with arms in their hands, and in power, are not to be restrained. After losing all traces of this band, we came suddenly upon a small party of Allamans, seven in number, who were returning from an unsuc-

cessful expedition. They were young men, well mounted and caparisoned, in the Toorkmun manner; a lance and a sword formed their arms; they had no bows, and but one led horse. Their party had been discomfited, and four of them had fallen into the hands of the Persians. They told us of their disasters, and asked for bread, which some of our party gave them. I wish that all their expeditions would terminate like this."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 48.

Even those tribes which have more permanent habitations, and pay a nominal allegiance to a settled government, cannot lay aside the manners of their race and abstain from plunder. When we began to read the account of Shurukhs, we hoped that we had found a resting-place for civilization, but the following anecdote put all our hopes to flight.

"Shurukhs is the residence of the Salore Toorkmuns, the noblest of the race. Two thousand families are here domiciled, and an equal number of horses, of the finest blood, may be raised in case of need. If unable to cope with their enemies, these people flee to the deserts, which lie before them, and there await the termination of the storm. They pay a sparing and doubtful allegiance to Orgunje and Persia, but it is only an impending force that leads to their submission. When we were at Shurukhs, they had a Persian ambassador in chains, and refused to grant a share of the transit duties to the Khan of Orgunje, which they had promised in the preceding month, when that chief was near them. These are commentaries on their allegiance."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 51.

Nadir Shah, after returning from his Indian expedition, invaded Turkistan and Bokhara, A. D. 1739, without experiencing any resistance, except from the Khan of Khiva. He might almost have said with Cæsar, that "he came, saw, and conquered;" his biographers assure us that he was himself ashamed of the ease and rapidity with which the conquest was achieved. Hence many continental writers have speculated on the possibility of the Persians, aided by the Russians, becoming once more masters of Transoxiana, and rewarding their auxiliaries by giving them the monopoly of its commerce. The short answer is, that Nadir Shah's conquests were lost with the same rapidity that they were acquired; that the line of the Kajars is not likely to produce such a warrior as Nadir, and that a predatory incursion is a very different thing from an attempt to acquire a permanent possession. Lieutenant Burnes has examined the desert with a soldier's eye, and thus describes its military incapacities.

"I have now a little leisure to speak of the desert which we had traversed on our route to the Moorghab. In a military point of view, the scarcity of water is a great obstacle. In some places the wells were thirty-six miles apart, and generally the water was both bitter and scanty. The water which we had transported with us from the Oxus, was not less nauseous than that of the desert; for it must be carried in skins, and these must be oiled to preserve them from bursting. The grease mixes with the water, which latterly became so tainted, that the horses even refused to drink it. There is nothing of which we feel the want so much as good water. In the march, several people of the caravan, particularly the camel-drivers, were attacked with inflammation of the eyes; I suppose from the sand, glare, and dust. With such an enumeration of petty vexations and physical obstacles, it is dubious if an army could cross it at this point. The heavy sandy pathways, for there are no roads, might certainly be rendered passable to guns, by

* It may be remarked as a singular coincidence, that the most formidable of the Germanic hordes that plundered and destroyed the Roman empire was called the Allamans.

placing brushwood on the sand; but there is a great scarcity of grass for cattle, and the few horses which accompanied the caravan were jaded and worn out before they reached the river. A horse which travels with a camel has great injustice done to him; but an army could not outstrip the motions of a caravan, and fatigue would still fall heavily upon them. History tells us, that many armies have fought in and crossed this desert; but they consisted of hordes of light cavalry, that could move with rapidity. It is to be remembered that we had not a foot-passenger in our party. Light horse might pass such a desert, by divisions, and separate routes; for besides the high-road to Merve, there is a road both to the east and the west. It would, at all times, be a difficult task for a great body of men to pass from the Moorghab to the Oxus, since our caravan, of eighty camels, emptied the wells; and it would be easy to hide, or even fill up these scanty reservoirs. Where water lies within thirty feet of the surface, an energetic commander may remedy his wants, since we have an instance of it in the advance of the Orkunje Khan to the banks of the Moorghab."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 25.

But by no means the slightest obstacle to the supposed designs of Russia in this quarter of the globe, is the mingled hatred, fear and scorn with which the Russian name is regarded in the countries east of the Caspian. We will not say that the reasoning by which the enslaving of Russians is defended should be received as conclusive, but we venture boldly to assert that it is infinitely superior to the miserable sophistry in defence of the African slave-trade, which for more than a quarter of a century passed current in both the British houses of parliament.

"The Mahomedans are not sensible of any offence in enslaving the Russians, since they state that Russia herself exhibits the example of a whole country of slaves, particularly in the despotic government of her soldiery. 'If we purchase Russians,' say they, 'the Russians buy the Kuzzaks on our frontier, who are Mahomedans, and they tamper with these people by threats, bribery, and hopes, to make them forsake their creed, and become idolaters. Look, on the other hand, at the Russians in Bokhara, at their life, liberty, and comfort, and compare it with the black bread and unrelenting tyranny which they experience in their native country.' Last, not least, they referred to their cruel banishment to Siberia, (as they called it Sibere) which they spoke of with shuddering horror, and stated that it had on some occasions driven Russians voluntarily to betake themselves to Bokhara. We shall not attempt to decide between the parties; but it is a melancholy reflection on the liberties of Russia, that they admit of a comparison with the institutions of a Tartar kingdom, whose pity, it is proverbially said, is only upon a par with the tyranny of Afghan."—*Burnes*, vol. i. p. 296.

We have been greatly interested in the account of his melancholy situation given by one of those captives to Lieutenant Burnes, and as it illustrates the estimation in which the Russians are held by the Turks, we shall extract it.

"I expressed a wish soon after reaching Bokhara, to see some of the unfortunate Russians who have been sold into this country. One evening a stout and manly-looking person fell at my feet, and kissed them. He was a Russian of the name of Gregory Pulkoff, who had been kidnapped when asleep at a Russian outpost, about twenty-five years ago. He was the son of a soldier, and now followed the trade of a carpenter. I made him sit down with us, and give an account of his woes and condition: it was our dinner-

time, and the poor carpenter helped us to eat our pilao. Though but ten years of age when captured, he yet retained his native language, and the most ardent wish to return to his country. He paid seven tillas a year to his master, who allowed him to practice his trade and keep all he might earn beyond that sum. He had a wife and child, also slaves. 'I am well treated by master,' said he; 'I go where I choose; I associate with the people, and play the part of a Mahomedan; I am happy, but my heart yearns for my native land, where I would serve in the most despotic army with gladness. Could I but see it again, I would willingly die. I tell you my feelings, but I smother them from the Uzbeks. I am yet a Christian, (here the poor fellow crossed himself after the manner of the Greek church,) and I live among a people who detest, with the utmost cordiality, every individual of my creed. It is only for my own peace that I call myself a Mahomedan.' The poor fellow had acquired all the habits and manners of an Uzbek, nor should I have been able to distinguish him, but for his blue eyes, red beard, and fair skin."—*Burnes*, vol. i. p. 294.

We now enter on the consideration of a much more interesting question than any connected with Russia and its policy; namely, whether there is a possibility of opening commercial communications between Bokhara and British India? and if there be, what would be the most prudent course of policy to adopt in order to secure the safety of the traders? In discussing these questions, it is necessary to observe that we by no means intend to accuse the East India Company of having neglected any available means of extending British commerce, or of adopting a course of policy injurious to trading interests. The trade of which that body had the management was more than sufficient to give employment to a single company, however numerous, or however extensive. The management of the commerce with India and China alone had become a task too onerous for a single association; a body corporate has a character of individuality, and can no more with safety grasp at a great diversity of objects, than any firm in London can venture to engage in all branches of trade at the same moment. Again, it must be remembered that the Company's operations must have varied with the shifting policy of the countries by which its territories are surrounded. It is commonly said that political revolutions make little change in commercial relations, for it is soon discovered that every government is interested in protecting the merchant. The aphorism should clearly be limited to civilized governments, for the policy of barbarous rulers towards traders is that of the boy to the goose that laid golden eggs. But a stronger exception to the rule arises when "the merchants are princes;"—then every commercial question becomes decidedly political; the trader is regarded as an agent or a spy, and every bargain becomes a treaty between sovereign powers. To blame the Company for not becoming absolute over circumstances would be just as wise as to accuse it of not having possessed the attributes of Deity; the management of all the commerce between Europe and Asia, that has existed or may exist, would require not one, but five hundred companies, and, after all, would be much better directed by voluntary associations and individual enterprise.

The feasibility of opening direct commercial communication between Bokhara and British India may be very easily demonstrated. Our refer-

ences in the discussion are made to Lieutenant Burnes's map, constructed by Mr. John Arrow-smith, which is the most accurate and most clear that has yet been published.

If oceans deserve to be called the highways of nations, rivers may be regarded as the cross-roads; and two nobler lines of communication than the Indus and the Oxus could scarcely be found on the earth's surface. Now the Indus is navigable from the sea to Attock, and though the impolicy of the Sind government impedes at present the commerce on the lower part of the river, yet England could command its navigation without obstruction, both from Cutch and the Sutledge. Neither do we deem it altogether hopeless to teach the Ameers of Sind the benefits that may be derived from more liberal policy; the interesting account published by Dr. James Burnes (brother of the traveller to Bokhara,) of a visit to the Sindian court, proves that the Ameers are men capable of being awakened to their true interests. The Memoir of the Indus, by Lieutenant Burnes, contained in the appendix to the third volume of his Travels, refers principally to the navigation between the sea and Lahore, a distance by the course of the river of about a thousand miles. His observations are, however, equally applicable to the communication with Attock.

"This extensive inland navigation, open as I have stated it to be, can *only* be considered traversable to the boats of the country, which are flat-bottomed, and do not draw more than four feet of water, when heavily laden. The largest of these carry about seventy-five tons English: science and capital might improve the build of these vessels; but in extending our commerce, or in setting on foot a flotilla, the present model would ever be found most convenient. Vessels of a sharp build are liable to be upset when they run a-ground on the sand-banks. Steam-boats could ply, if constructed after the manner of the country, but no vessel with a keel could be safely navigated.

"The voyage from the sea to Lahore occupied exactly sixty days; but the season was most favourable, as the south-westerly winds had set in, while the stronger inundations of the periodical swell had not commenced. We reached Mooltan on the fortieth day, and the remaining time was expended in navigating the Ravee, which is a most crooked river. The boats sailed from sunrise to sunset, and, when the wind was unfavourable, were dragged by ropes through the water.

"There are no rocks or rapids to obstruct the ascent, and the current does not exceed two miles and a half an hour. Our daily progress sometimes averaged twenty miles, by the course of the river; for a vessel can be haled against the current at the rate of one mile and a half an hour. With light breezes we advanced two miles an hour, and in strong gales we could stem the river at the rate of three miles. Steam would obviate the inconveniences of this slow and tedious navigation; and I do not doubt but Mooltan might be reached in ten, instead of forty days. From that city a commercial communication could best be opened with the neighbouring countries.

"A boat may drop down from Lahore to the sea in fifteen days, as follows:—to Mooltan in six, to Bukkur in four, to Hyderabad in three, and to the sea-ports in two. This is, of course, the very quickest period of descent; and I may add, that it has never been of late tried, for there is no trade between Sind and the Punjab by water."—Burnes, iii. 194.

At Attock the Indus is joined by the Cabul river, whence there is a good navigation on the latter

stream to Jelallabad, about one hundred miles westward. The account given of the former city by Lieutenant Burnes merits our attention.

"About two hundred yards above Attock, and before the Indus is joined by the Cabul river, it gushes over a rapid with amazing fury. Its breadth does not here exceed one hundred and twenty yards; the water is much ruffled, and dashes like the waves and spray of the ocean. It hisses and rolls with a loud noise, and exceeds the rate of ten miles in the hour. A boat cannot live in this tempestuous torrent; but after the Cabul river has joined it, the Indus passes in a tranquil stream, about two hundred and sixty yards wide and thirty five fathoms deep, under the walls of Attock. This fortress is a place of no strength: it has a population of 2000 souls.

"Before crossing the Indus, we observed a singular phenomenon at the fork of the Indus and Cabul river, where an ignis fatuus shows itself every evening. Two, three, and even four bright lights are visible at a time, and continue to shine throughout the night, ranging within a few yards of each other. The natives could not account for them, and their continuance during the rainy season is the most inexplicable part of the phenomenon, in their estimation. They tell you, that the valiant Man Sing, a Rajpoot, who carried his war of revenge against the Mahomedans across the Indus, fought a battle in this spot, and that the lights now seen are the spirits of the departed. I should not have believed in the constancy of this will-o'-the-wisp, had I not seen it. It may arise from the reflection of the water on the rock, smoothed by the current; but then it only shows itself on a particular spot, and the whole bank is smoothed. It may also be an exhalation of some gas from a fissure in the rock, but its position prevented our examining it.

"We found the fishermen on the Indus and Cabul river washing the sand for gold. The operation is performed with most profit after the swell has subsided. The sand is passed through a sieve, and the larger particles that remain are mixed with quicksilver, to which the metal adheres. Some of the minor rivers, such as the Swan and Hurroo, yield more gold than the Indus; and as their sources are not remote, it would show that the ores lie on the southern side of the Himalaya."—Burnes, i. 79.

From the Cabul river an easy portage might be established to Koondooz on the Oxus, for one of the roads over the Hindu Kush is passable even in winter. Lieutenant Burnes left the city of Cabul on the 18th of May, and reached Koondooz on the 1st of June, but we incline to believe that the time of the passage may be considerably diminished; if the native governments could be persuaded to join in improving the roads and providing for the security of travellers. The Oxus is navigable to Koondooz, but the trade of the river extends at present only from Orgunje to Charjoee, a distance of about 200 miles. The state of the navigation of the river may be easily understood from the account given of the transport-boats.

"The boats which are used on the Oxus are of a superior description, though they have neither masts nor sails. They are built in the shape of a ship, with a prow at both ends, and are generally about fifty feet long, and eighteen broad. They would carry about twenty tons English; they are flat-bottomed and about four feet deep; when afloat, the gunwale is about two and a half or three feet above the stream; for they do not draw much more than a foot of water when laden. They are constructed of square logs of wood, each about six feet long, formed of a dwarf

jungle-tree, called "puker," or "sheeshum," which grows in great abundance throughout the banks of the river, and cannot be procured of greater dimensions. These trees are felled, their bark is peeled off, and they are chipped into a square shape, which makes them ready for the workmen. The logs are clamped with iron, and, though these boats have a rude appearance, there is a strength and solidity in their build that admirably fits them for the navigation of such a river. There are few boats in the higher part of the Oxus above Charjoee. From that place to where it becomes fordable, near Koondooz, there are about fifteen ferries, and as each is provided with two, we have only a tonnage of thirty vessels in a distance of three hundred miles. The reason is obvious, for the inhabitants make no use of the navigable facilities of the Oxus. Below Bokhara the supply increases, and there are about 150 boats between it and the Delta, chiefly belonging to Orgunj. Here they are not appropriated as ferry-boats, but used in the transport of merchandise to and from Bokhara. The embarkations take place at Eljeek, on the north bank of the river, about sixty-five miles from the city. Below that Delta there are no boats; and I am informed that the sea of Aral is without vessels of any other description than small canoes. In ascending, the boats are dragged against the stream; and in dropping down, they make for the middle, where the current is rapid, and float down with their broadsides to it. Neither rafts nor skins are used in the Oxus."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 195.

The conclusion of Lieutenant Burnes's Memoir on the Oxus so well expresses the capabilities of this noble river, that we shall not weaken its effect by a word of comment.

"The advantages of the Oxus, both in a political and commercial point of view, must, then, be regarded as very great: the many facilities which have been enumerated point it out either as the channel of merchandise, or the route of a military expedition; nor is it from the features of the river itself that we form such a conclusion. It is to be remembered that its banks are peopled and cultivated. It must therefore be viewed as a river which is navigable, and possessing great facilities for improving the extent of their navigation. This is a fact of great political and commercial importance, whether a hostile nation may turn it to the gratification of ambition, or a friendly power here seek for the extension and improvement of its trade. In either case, the Oxus presents many fair prospects, since it holds the most direct course, and connects, with the exception of a narrow desert, the nations of Europe with the remote regions of Central Asia."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 199.

The ancient glories of Transoxiana may have been exaggerated, but no description, we are assured, can do justice to the beauty and fertility of the valley of Sogd from Bokhara to Samarcand; when the Khalifs described it as one of the three terrestrial paradises, they were scarcely guilty of exaggeration. The upper valley of the Oxus, that is, the countries above Koondooz, though subjected to a ruthless tyranny, would probably afford some opportunities for commercial speculations north of the Hindu Kush. Budukhsan has, indeed, been almost depopulated by the Sultan of Koondooz, and has also suffered severely from a recent convulsion of nature; but a country of which from its fertility it is proverbially said that "bread is never sold within its precincts," is one of whose recovery we cannot despair. The account of its mineral treasures is very curious:—

"Budukhsan has acquired great celebrity for its ruby mines, which were well known in early times, and also to the emperors of Delhi. They are said to be situated on the verge of the Oxus, near Shughnan, at a place called Gharan; which may simply mean caves. They are dug in low hills; and one man assured me that the galleries passed under the Oxus; but I doubt the information. It is a mistake to believe that they are not worked, as the present chief of Koondooz has employed people in digging them since he conquered the country. These persons had been hereditarily engaged in that occupation; but, as the returns were small, the tyrant of Koondooz demanded their labour without pay; and on their refusing to work, he marched them to the unhealthy fens of Koondooz, where their race has almost become extinct. In the search of rubies, it is a popular belief that a pair of large ones will be always found together; and the workmen will often conceal a gem till its match can be found, or break a large ruby into two pieces. The rubies are said to be imbedded in limestone; and to be found like round pieces of pebble or flint, which exist in such deposits. In the vicinity of the ruby mines, great masses of lapis-lazuli are found on the verge of the Oxus. The mode of detaching it from the cliffs appeared to be ingenious, though I think I have heard of similar means being used to quarry stone in other quarters. A fire is lit over the block of lapis-lazuli, and when the stone becomes sufficiently heated, cold water is dashed upon it, and the rock is thus fractured.* The lapis-lazuli of the Oxus was sent in former years to China; but the demand has lately decreased. I have seen many specimens of this stone, with veins, which were said to be gold; but I imagine they were mica. Lapis-lazuli and the rubies are only collected in winter."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 150.

Enough has been said of the possibility of opening commercial communications between British India and Central Asia. Let us now cast a glance at the line of policy necessary to be adopted for facilitating and protecting this commercial intercourse. Our present expensive connexion with Persia is worse than useless. Sir Harford Jones, in a recent publication, claims the gratitude of his country for having persuaded Futteh Ali to receive our subsidies, and for preventing Sir John Malcolm and Lord Minto from occupying the island of Carrack. We approve neither of the expedition, nor the subsidy; the former would have given us only a worthless and expensive island; the latter exposes us to the disgraceful imputation of having purchased the protection of a power "which to describe simply as feeble, is sadly to overrate its strength." And this treaty has tended more to degrade the English name among Oriental nations than any other circumstance in the history of our connection with the East. Whatever Persia may have been in 1809, she is now as completely subject to Russia, as any of the Indian tributary princes are to Great Britain. As soldiers, the Persians are perfectly contemptible; their irregular troops indeed, gave some annoyance to the Russians, but in regular battle they were found worthless. Many European officers have attempted to discipline and organize the Kuzzilbashes, but their efforts have failed; and what hope can be entertained of a country unable to protect its own frontier against

* Our readers need scarcely be reminded of Hannibal's mode of cutting through the Alpine rock.

the marauding tribes of the Turkmans? The connection with Persia has hitherto been of no advantage to us; the sooner, therefore, we abandon it, the better. The Russians are masters of the field, and we are not disposed to envy them the acquisition.

Afghanistan and Lahore are, however, daily rising in political importance. Lieutenant Conolly, indeed, speculates on the probability of Russia pushing the Persians onwards against the Afghans, giving to Shah Kamraun the territories of his ancestors, to hold as a vassal of Persia, and thus establishing what Meyendorff calls "the salutary influence of Russia" from the Caspian to the Indus. Now, in opposition to these speculations, it must be remarked that the Afghans are Soonnees, and, though perhaps more tolerant than the Turks or the Turkmans, they never would submit to Shah supremacy; more especially as the Persians are notorious for their bitter hatred to the three first Khalifs, and for incessant insults to their memory. In fact, it was this intolerance, as we are informed by Lieutenant Burnes, which so irritated the Soonnees of Bokhara and Khiva, that they began to seize the Persians as slaves. It is not, to be sure, the first time that bigotry has been made a pretext for cruelty; but still the Turkmans were justified in feeling some animosity against those who insulted their religion. The fatal consequences should be a warning to others as well as the Persians.

"The practice of enslaving the Persians is said to have been unknown before the invasion of the Uzbecks; and some even say that it has not continued for a hundred years. A few Bokhara priests visited Persia, and heard the three first caliphs publicly reviled in that country; on their return, the synod gave their 'futwa,' or command for licensing the sale of all such infidels. Sir John Chardin even tells us that when a Persian shoots an arrow, he frequently exclaims, 'May this go to Omar's heart.' I myself have heard many similar expressions; and, since the report of the Bokhara priests is true, the Persians have brought their present calamities upon themselves. It is said that one of the Persian princes, in a late communication with the Khan of Orgunje, sent him the four books which Mahomedans hold sacred, the Old and New Testament, the Psalms of David, and the Koran, begging him to point out in which of these holy books the laws of slavery, as practised against the Persians, were to be found. The Khan solved the difficulty by replying, that it was a custom from which he had no intention of departing; and, as the Persians do not possess power to suppress it, it is likely to continue to the detriment and disgrace of their country."—*Burnes*, vol. i. 343.

The Suddozye in Afghanistan well deserved its fate; it is not, and has never been popular in the country. Is it then credible that the Afghans, strict Soonnees and gallant soldiers, would easily yield to the Kuzzilbashs, whose creed they detest, and whose cowardice they despise; or receive at their hands such a sovereign as he who now rules in Herat? The character which Lieutenant Conolly himself gives of Shah Kamraun is sufficient to prove his unfitness for the crown, and the great improbability of an Afghan being found who would wish to see it placed upon his head:—

"Of Shah Kamraun's character there is not much to be said in praise. Even his enemies give him credit for courage and natural talent, but he is avaricious, cruel, and debauched. When I say that he has

been guilty of breaking his solemnly pledged oath, I need not add a word more against his private character:—as a king he has behaved unwisely and ill, for he has ruined trade by heavy imposts, and no man living within the influence of his authority dares avow himself possessed of wealth.

"The following anecdote which was related to me by several different inhabitants of Herat, will enable the reader to appreciate the character of the heir to the Afghan monarchy. A merchant of the Bukhtecawree tribe gave a Hindoo banker the sum of one thousand eight hundred golden ducats for a bill of exchange upon Caubul. This he covered with cloth, to make it look like a charm, and hung it about his neck, hoping thus to convey it safely to Caubul. Somehow or other Kamraun learned what he had done, and sent two or three men to take the pretended charm from him. They accosted their victim by asking him for a pinch of snuff; and when he replied that he had none, they abused him for being without so necessary an article; then swore that they believed he had snuff, but would not give away a pinch; engaged him in a quarrel, scuffled with him, and tore the (pretended) charm from his neck. They next went to the Hindoo banker, and returning him his draught, forced him to refund the cash, which there is no doubt they duly paid to their royal employer. The Bukhtecawree petitioned the Shah, who, affecting to take pity upon him, ordered that he should be paid a real day from the royal treasury. This pension was discontinued after a week, and the man was ordered to receive in lieu of it a daily portion of bread from the royal oven. Even this dole was denied the man after a short time, and he long remained as a beggar at the palace-gate, hoping that part even of his money might be restored, but he received not a black farthing, and returned to his own country.

"Kamraun was always of a gloomy disposition, a circumstance not to be wondered at, considering that at an early age, he was initiated into scenes of stratagem and bloodshed, and taught to sacrifice the best feelings of humanity to the interests of ambition. Morality of any sort was not likely to be studied to much purpose in such a school, and Kamraun is now a slave to wine and the harem. We learned that his majesty would at times deliberately set about making himself drunk; not for love of drinking, for he could get no liquor except vile arrack, or thin sour wine made by the Jews, but solely to raise his spirits, which would sometimes be excited to perfect phrenzy. No one, it was said, but the altar bashs dared attend on the king while he was in "the horrors;" and during the days of illness which succeeded such debauches, unlucky did that person deem himself, whose affairs brought him under the royal cognizance. At all times the people of Herat seemed to labour under considerable fear of his majesty, and the only man who appeared always merry and at ease was Shems-hooddeen Khan, whose sister, report said, influenced the disposition of her royal consort as she would, by the fascination of her beauty."—*Conolly*, vol. ii. p. 47.

Notwithstanding all this, Lieutenant Conolly asserts that the Afghans would gladly see Kamraun restored to the throne; Dr. Gerard and Lieutenant Burnes, on the contrary, declare, that they are well satisfied with the aristocracy of the Khans, and certainly they have good reason to be so, for better sovereigns do not exist in Asia than the rulers of Cabul and Peshawar. Dost Mahomed Khan, the ruler at Cabul, is a good and a great man; though we cannot quite agree with Dr. Gerard that he has adopted republican prin-

ciples,* we are convinced, from an account given of his conversation with Lieutenant Burnes and his companion, that he has the interest of his subjects at heart, and is able to protect Afghanistan from the feeble Persians, though he may be exposed to some danger from Runjeet Sing and his gallant Sikhs. Our readers will probably agree with us when they read the following narrative of his conversation.

"He arose on our entrance, (Lieutenant Burnes was accompanied by the celebrated missionary Mr. Wolff,) saluted us in the Persian fashion, and then desired us to be seated on a velvet carpet near himself. He assured us that we were welcome to his country; and, though he had seen few of us, he respected our nation and character. To this I replied as civilly as I could, praising the equity of his government, and the protection which he extended to the traveller and the merchant. When we sat down, we found our party consist of six or eight native gentlemen and three sons of the chief. We occupied a small but neat apartment, which had no other furniture than the carpet. The conversation of the evening was varied, and embraced such a number of topics, that I find it difficult to detail them; such was the knowledge, intelligence, and curiosity that the chief displayed. He was anxious to know the state of Europe, the number of kings, the terms on which they lived with one another; and, since it appeared that their territories were adjacent, how they existed without destroying each other. I named the different nations, sketched out their relative power, and informed him, that our advancement in civilization did no more exempt us from war and quarrels than his own country; that we viewed each other's acts with jealousy, and endeavoured to maintain a balance of power; to prevent one king from overturning another. Of this, however, there were, I added, various instances in European history; and the chief himself had heard of Napoleon. He next requested me to inform him of the revenues of England; how they were collected; how the laws were enacted; and what were the productions of the soil. He perfectly comprehended our constitution from a brief explanation; and said there was nothing wonderful in our universal success, since the only revenue which we drew from the people was to defray the debts and expense of the state. 'Your wealth, then,' added he, 'must come from India.' I assured him that the revenues of that country were spent in it; that the sole benefits derived from its possession consisted in its being an outlet to our commerce; and that the only wealth sent to the mother country consisted of a few hundred thousand pounds, and the fortunes taken away by the servants of the government. I never met an Asiatic who credited this fact before. Dost Mahomed Khan observed, that 'this satisfactorily accounts for the subjection of India. You have left much of its wealth to the native princes; you have not had to encounter their despair, and you are just in your courts.' He enquired into the state of the Mahomedan principalities in India, and as to the exact power of Runjeet Sing, for sparing whose country he gave us no credit.

"Dost Mahomed Khan then turned to Mr. Wolff for an explanation of his history; and, as he was aware of that gentleman's vocation, he had assembled among the party several Mahomedan doctors, who were

prepared to dispute on points of religion. Since I stood as Mr. Wolff's interpreter, I might proceed to make mention of the various arguments which were adduced on either side; but I do not anticipate what the reverend gentleman will, no doubt, give to the world. As is usual on such subjects, the one party failed to convince the other; and, but for the admirable tact of the chief himself, the consequences might have been disagreeable.

"We left him at midnight, quite charmed with our reception, and the accomplished address and manners of Dost Mahomed Khan."—*Burnes*, vol. i. p. 139.

Nor had our traveller less reason to be pleased with this intelligent ruler at a second interview.

"As the chief desired, I passed another evening with him; and the doctor, being convalescent, accompanied me; Mr. Wolff had proceeded on his journey to India. Dost Mahomed Khan pleased us as much as ever; he kept us till long past midnight, and gave us a full insight into the political affairs of his country, and the unfortunate differences that exist between him and his brothers. He expressed hopes of being able to restore the monarchy, evinced a cordial hatred towards Runjeet Sing, and seemed anxious to know if the British Government would accept his services as an auxiliary to root him out; but I replied, that he was our friend. He then promised me the command of his army, if I would remain with him; an offer which he afterwards repeated. 'Twelve thousand horse and twenty guns shall be at your disposal.' When he found that I could not accept the honour, he requested me to send some friend to be his generalissimo."—*Burnes*, vol. i. p. 164.

The historian, the antiquarian, and the lover of classical learning, have in Burnes's delightful work the best account that has yet been given of Alexander's route through the provinces of the Indus, and the impress which his mighty mind has stamped upon remote Asia; in the same pages alone can they find accurate information respecting the Bactrian kingdom, where Greek civilization flourished like an exotic, brilliant during a brief existence, and then lost for ever. From these volumes the statesman will best learn the policy of those countries that border on our dominions in India, and see whether they can be established as bulwarks against aggressive ambition, or whether they are to be dreaded as future agents in our expulsion from Hindustan. The merchant will consult the work to learn by what means the new commercial routes here developed may be turned to advantage; the general reader will delight in the novelty of countries previously unexplored, and races hitherto unknown; while the philosopher will rejoice in witnessing the devotion of great energies to a great purpose. It is impossible, we think, for any reader to rise from the perusal of Mr. Burnes's interesting volumes without the strongest impression of his accuracy of observation, patient inquiry, close adherence to truth, and abstinence from mere speculation.

Should trade be established on the Indus, it will be necessary to conciliate the favour of the Afghans; and it is gratifying to learn that they are less prejudiced against Christians than most Mahomedan nations.

"The people seemed too busy in the exercise of religious and worldly matters to mind us, and as yet we had not experienced the slightest incivility from any person in the country, though we strolled about everywhere. They do not appear to have the smallest prejudice against a Christian, and I had never

* See F. Q. R. No. XXV. p. 124. We are happy to correct the mistake under which we were then labouring as to the death of Dr. Gerard, originating from a false report.

heard from the lips the name of dog or infidel, which figures so prominently in the works of many travellers. 'Every country has its customs,' is a proverb among them; and the Afghan Mohammedans seem to pay a respect to Christians which they deny to their Hindoo fellow-citizens. Us they call 'people of the book,' while they consider them benighted and without a prophet."—*Burnes*, vol. i. p. 123.

The following account of the general character of the Afghan character is on the whole favourable.

"The language of the Afghans is Persian, but it is not the smooth and elegant tongue of Iran. Pooshtoo is the dialect of the common people, but some of the higher classes cannot even speak it. The Afghans are a nation of children: in their quarrels they fight, and become friends without any ceremony. They cannot conceal their feelings from one another, and a person with any discrimination may at all times pierce their designs. If they themselves are to be believed, their ruling vice is envy, which besets even the nearest and dearest relations. No people are more capable of managing an intrigue. I was particularly struck with their idleness; they seem to sit listlessly for the whole day, staring at each other. How they live it would be difficult to discover, yet they dress well, and are healthy and happy. I imbibed a very favourable impression of their national character."—*Burnes*, vol. i.

We shall not accompany Lieutenant Burnes in his visit to the court of Lahore, as in our recent review of Jacquemont's Letters from India we entered at large into the subject of the constitution of the Sikhs and the character of their able sovereign, Runjeet Sing. A translation of Jacquemont's interesting correspondence, enriched with some additional letters addressed to influential British noblemen and gentlemen, which were unknown to the French editors, has just appeared, and we really know not a more interesting and curious illustration of national character than the "alike but different" accounts which the Briton and the Frenchman give of the court of Lahore. Jacquemont's dash of lively enthusiasm, his characteristic mixture of the frivolous and the serious, his rapid arrival at conclusions without taking any particular notice of the premises, contrast strangely and strongly with the cautious investigation, cool reasoning, and plain common sense of Burnes. In both are exhibited a daring spirit of enterprise, a zeal for knowledge not to be conquered by danger or difficulty; and it is singular that two such richly endowed travellers should at the same time have been engaged in exploring Asia.

But on this subject we cannot venture to expatiate, it would lead us too far from our proper purpose, of showing the great importance of endeavouring to open a trade with Bokhara, and turn the vast mass of information collected by Lieutenant Burnes to some practical account. This we deem may be done; nay, more, we believe, must be done.

In expressing an earnest anxiety for the opening of a trade between Central Asia and the northern provinces of British India, we by no means regard the benefits that will result to British commerce as the only, or even the most important, consideration that merits our regard. We deem that the extension of such a commerce would greatly raise the social and political condition of the natives of Hindustan, and our duties as well as our interests imperatively demand that we should neglect nothing which may tend to pro-

duce such a desirable change. There is no getting over the proof of our indifference exhibited by the glaring fact, that our government has not even yet constructed one good road through its extensive territories. The rule of Baber and his descendants has left the marks of his brilliant existence in noble causeways, caravanserais, and public edifices; but were we driven from India tomorrow, what similar structures would preserve the memory of our sway? The past is dark, but the future is bright with hope, and we trust that soon it will be impossible to say, that the only benefit the English have conferred on India is to have enabled Sultan Mahmoud's owl to make up his complement of ruined villages:

—"pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse recelli."

From the same.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

THE Armenian Institute for the Oriental Languages in Moscow, was founded by the family of Lasarev in 1816, and is supported by funds from Lombardy and from other sources, amounting in value to nearly a million of roubles. Besides the general objects of the institution, for the education of youth, and bringing forward young men for the civil and military service, the Institute further aims at providing the state with interpreters, in its relations with various Asiatic states, and educating teachers and clergymen for the Armenian schools and churches in Russia. The course of study embraces the Catechism of the Greek and Armenian confessions; Scripture history, moral philosophy; arithmetic, algebra, geometry and trigonometry; natural history, natural philosophy; ancient and modern history, and particularly the history of Russia, geography and statistics, grammar, rhetoric, and the theory of the fine arts; the Russian, Latin, French, German, Armenian, Turkish, Arabic and Persian languages. The course of study lasts seven years, and the scholars are divided into four classes. The Institute has a printing press for the European and Oriental languages, a library of nearly 5000 volumes, a museum of natural history, and is provided with globes, maps, scientific instruments, &c.

The publication of M. Jaubert's Translation of the Geography of Edrisi, commenced in 1828, from a MS. in the King's Library, has been postponed from circumstances independent of the author, but it is hoped that it will not experience much further delay, as the Keeper of the Seals has given the necessary authority for its being proceeded with at the Royal Press. Since M. Jaubert's first attention to the subject, the Royal Library has obtained another MS., which is the more valuable, as it furnishes the means of correcting the proper names of places. This MS. is accompanied with seventy-two Arabic maps, which it is proposed to publish as a supplement to the work.

The Works of Confucius and of Mencius (Koung-Fou-Tseu and Meng-Tseu) are about to appear in Chinese and French, by G. Pauthier, of the Paris Asiatic Society, 2 vols. 8vo. M. Pauthier is also preparing for publication the *Tao-Te-King* or *Book of Reason and of Virtue*, by Lao Tseu, a Chinese philosopher, who preceded Confucius.



Saml. Egerton. Bridges.

AUTHOR OF 'MARY DE CLIFFORD.'

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